

What's Coming Next.

Only a few more days of April showers and then we enter the month of May. Did you ever notice how almost everybody begins to feel happy when the calendar finally points its finger in this direction each year—happy, that is, in a lazy, satisfied, languorous sort of fashion.

Well, that is natural enough, after all, is it not? For, certainly, of all the months, May is the time of bright sunshine and genial gladness.

Anyone can be excused a certain feeling of glumness when the winter snows lie piled upon the ground and the flowers and trees seem covered with a perpetual icy blanket. But when the birds begin to sing in the freshly bowered woods, and the friendly little flowers spring up in their characteristic riot of colorful beauty—then everybody must wear a smile.

Next month the Western Home Monthly will exhibit its most bewitching spring smile, so to speak. We are all going to be happy together—happy about the reawakening of Nature and very much interested in every page of a splendid and timely May-Day Number.

Aside from the spring note of gladness characterizing every page, a brilliant galaxy of fiction, articles and pictures will be the distinguishing characteristic of the May number.

There will be special articles filled with chatty and interesting information about the household, while if your aspirations tend toward artistic achievement, you will also find much interesting material for your consumption.

Recognition of woman's work in all branches of activity is becoming more pronounced everywhere nowadays, and many contributions from Western women will be found in the pages of our May issue. Just a word now about the fiction you will find in this "Smiling Spring" number.

May, of all months, seems to have been made for fiction—that is, the right kind of fiction. We feel sure that, in this respect, the Western Home Monthly is bounteously and richly supplied. In all of the stories you can feel the pulse of outdoor life and sense the personal touch of human interest.

This hint should be sufficiently suggestive to make you really very impatient. At least, this is our opinion.

These are, of course, only a few little glimpses into the contents of your May-Day magazine.

We have not forgotten to pack it full of springtime suggestion and sunny cheer.

But for the rest we must ask you to wait until the issue comes to demand its own warm welcome.

One thing is certain, however—you cannot help being happy after you have read the May number.

Of course, you wish to have correct views on the many important subjects that are at present demanding Western attention. You can rely on W.H.M. Editorial to be impartial, well considered, and well informed. The magazine is edited by expert men and women who have made the study of all that is for the well being of Western Canada their life work.

To Our Club Raisers,

In nearly every community there are dozens, in many there are scores, and in others there are hundreds of people who would gladly subscribe for the Western Home Monthly for the coming year if they were shown one issue. Everybody should get up a club this year. It will be the greatest year for club raisers in the history of the Western Home Monthly, and all who make an effort in this direction will be successful and secure one or more of the splendid premiums we offer.

Tell all your friends and neighbors that by joining in a club, the enlarged, improved and beautified Western Home Monthly may be had for only 62½ cents, which is even less than our old subscription price. Make up your

clubs of both renewals and new subscriptions—it makes no difference—both are taken upon the same terms. Clubs may be made up now in less time and less effort than ever before, therefore you should "make hay while the sun shines," and get as many subscribers as you possibly can, and so secure some of our splendid premiums, which are finer this year than ever. In conclusion, you will therefore note that while single subscriptions for the Western Home Monthly cannot be accepted for less than \$1.00, \$2.00 will pay for three yearly subscriptions, while all club raisers sending us \$2.50 for four yearly subscriptions will be entitled to select any of the valuable premiums which we are now offering. Club raisers sending us \$5.00 for eight yearly subscriptions will be entitled to two premiums and so on.

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Yours truly,
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Wishing you much success, we are,

Yours truly,
Geo. Wigglesworth.

Carey, Man.

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Dear Sir.—Please find enclosed \$1.00, being my renewal. I could not do without the Western Home Monthly, and we all look eagerly for it every month. It is the only magazine we read and it fills the bill O.K.

We wish you continued success.

Yours truly,
Peter Musser

Arnprior, Ont.

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Dear Sir.—I have been a subscriber to the Western Home Monthly for about ten years, and from a literary point of view would be helpless without it.

Yours truly,
Mrs. R. W. Magee.

Adanac, Sask.

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Dear Sir.—I am sending you herewith \$1.50 to be applied on my subscription. We find the Western Home Monthly the best magazine we ever had in our home, and I certainly do not think it can be beaten in Canada for a good bargain.

Yours truly,
Ernest Corner.

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Note also that we deliver free to your address any order however small or large.

Note moreover that two leading banks endorse our financial standing and thousands of satisfied customers certify to the excellence of our goods and the great values we offer.

Every risk is eliminated in buying your Spring and Summer outfits from the Bon-Ton Factory and with the Bon-Ton Catalogue in hand you make your selection in quiet and comfort and secure the very latest styles at lowest prices.

Write to-day for this Free Style Book to

THE BON-TON CO., 441 St. Joseph St., Quebec.

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

Mental House-Cleaning.

This is the month when there is a general cleaning up process. Women are digging out the corners and letting the sunshine in. It is well that we have these times, as it is necessary for the health of the family. There is another kind of cleaning that is likewise essential. We need mental house-cleaning to get the unhealthy thoughts out of the corners of our brains. Just as the housewife lets light into the corners that she may see the dirt and untidy accumulation of things, so we need to open the closets of our minds to intellectual and spiritual light. We can all cultivate the habit of pleasant thoughts. It is not hard to recognize the girl who has this habit. Unpleasant thoughts are unhealthy. The sweet serenity which comes from healthy thoughts shines out of a girl's eyes. In her manner of saying "good morning," her step in the sunshiny atmosphere which surrounds her, you recognize the result of habitually thinking of what is helpful and uplifting.

Diseased, unsound thoughts create an ugly disposition, and no cosmetic can hide the deformity of a sour temper, no face powder can cover up the wrinkles of a fretful face.

Often I have admired the tasty dress and hat on a girl, but when she turned her face toward me I felt a mental shock. It seemed so old for such girlish attire.

Maxine Elliott says: "People who are at the heart of things keep young. The busy woman is the thinker. The busy woman remembers: the woman with no active work is the sluggard—the sluggard forgets. The busy one has the bright, intelligent, alert expression. The sluggard looks inanimate and stupid. She who has no brains is tiresome. Active brains improve the looks. They have more effect on the appearance than lotions. Regularity is something to be cultivated by those who would keep well and youthful looking. Make your life revolve around someone big, important, necessary thing. The finest gift one can have is that of making people laugh and forget."

There is a little germ that breeds cruel thoughts and selfish hearts among girls—found in the tiny seed "it." In a crowd of school-girls Mary wants to be "it" in every affair. If she be not first in her examination, if the teacher choose another girl to represent her class, if she be not the leader of the class party—in other words, if she be not "it" all the time, she makes life most uncomfortable for all about her. Often other girls give in because they dread the shadow of ill humor that they would be compelled to live in for a week or more. "It" whines, but she does not realize that whining never compels sympathy. I presume the battle for "it" is the most important, and is fought more frequently than any other on the battle ground of school life. Some of the most sweetly patient people in the world are those who have most to endure. Girls who are "it" at school grow up into women "its," and create havoc in their homes and in society.

"It" is responsible for bribes, suicides, murders, and for thousands of broken hearts in social, political and commercial worlds.

There is a lot of downright selfishness back of all desire and determination to be first in everything, and such people are sure to come up against many disappointments in life.

The trouble among many school girls is that they are unreasonably ambitious. A normal ambition is a fine thing. It acts as an incentive and keeps one to her tasks when her energies flag, but distorted, abnormal, dangerous ambition—in other words, the ambition to be "it" ruins a girl, because she thinks more of getting certain marks than she does of learning something that is of real help.

This aspiration is the cause of the dishonesty which is practiced in schools, and also of much misdirected effort. I like to see girls ambitious—you know I am always preaching it, but I want you to direct your ambition in the right path. I once offered a prize to a class of high school girls. Later I learned that the girl who won the prize for her essay did not write it herself—her older sister at college wrote it. The prize winner had an attack of "it-itis." Do you think the prize aided in developing in her womanly qualities? Your business, my dear school girl is to make as much of a woman of yourself as you can out of the materials you have. Your aim should be not to do better than somebody else, but to do the best you can. Climb, climb, climb up beyond the petty position of "it"—the higher up you get, the harder it will be for others to bother you with diseased desires. There is such a thing as living too high to be touched by the arrows of malice.

A Little Secret.

All normal girls like to be admired, and many wonder why their young men friends drop them and seek other company. One day an engaged young couple sat near me at lunch. The young man, with an unusually kind expression, asked considerably; "Well, dear, how have things been going today?" The girl replied: "Oh, just terrible. I could not find anything I wanted while shopping, and I've had a most wretched time. My sister had a headache and could not come with me, and Kathleen is so selfish that she would not come either. It's horribly sloppy out, and everything has gone wrong." The girl ended with a decided frown. I wish she had noticed the shadow of disappointment that crept over the face of her companion. If you want a man to enjoy your society, be cheerful. Do not fill his ears with all the disagreeable things you can think of or he will soon begin to say to himself: "I've made a mistake, this girl is too fond of the doleful side of life. I'll draw back while there is yet time." We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

Teachers.

Young women in the teaching profession need to be highly commended for the splendid training they are giving our western boys and girls. I am greatly interested in their work because I was a teacher myself, and yet, how strange! I have not yet written a word to teachers in this department. The boys and girls in Western Canada are fortunate indeed to have the privilege of educational advantages such as are offered today. I have visited school exhibits here where I have been lost in admiration at the display of all that is not only educational but extremely practical. Our schools are educating girls for the home. They see in it a vision of life purposes, and appreciate the grandeur of common things. This education is enlarging the little things of daily living and it glorifies the whole realm of woman's work. It will develop in this country, women fitted for home life, and that is the secret of a prosperous, happy and powerful nation.

I wish the teachers could realize just how much their present training is appreciated by parents. I have often heard a tired mother remark: "Janet is such a help to me, she makes splendid bread and such nice cakes, and it helps me so much, and she learns it all at school." Then mothers appreciate their assistance in mending and sewing more than they can express. Furthermore, in the present system, they really gain more in real text learning than we did when we were children. This extra practical education has done away with that awful system of discipline that we experienced.

The girls are interested, they love their work and do not need the proverbial discipline of former days. This condition has changed the irritated, sour and snappy teacher of the bony, squint-eyed species to the happy, sympathetic and lovely young woman of the ideal kind.

Home work is a life purpose, and it helps the teacher as well as the pupils. Teachers are now the interpreters of life. Someone says real culture comes from association with action, and in this specializing in life's purposes the girl students are developing a culture that reaches the soul. They develop strength that will create beauty in the darkest of surroundings, and when they leave the school and are in homes of their own, this training will create boys and girls that this country will need. I know that teachers have problems—I have experienced them, but I am not going to mention them because these very problems are usually solved into blessings.

A Sermon on the Stage.

"This is a man's world. Man sets the standard for woman. He knows that she is better than he is, and he demands that she be—and if she isn't, she's got to suffer for it." This is the theme of the play, "A Man's World," which was acted at the Walker theatre last month by Mary Mannering, an actress who is an artist in every sense of the word; I saw it, and it was an impressive sermon to me. I wish every young woman among my readers could have seen it. The play was so full of moral lessons that I have been trying to teach to my club of young women that I advised every girl I met that week to go to the play.

Ever since the serpent tempted Eve there has been a double standard for men and women. Really, girls, the majority of men want you to be pure, they demand it, and they are disappointed if they learn you are weak. I wish girls could realize this. My young women are never quite agreed on the double standard question, but they admit that it exists.

Young men of fast tendencies seldom marry girls of their own sort, but demand a wife above suspicion.

Here are some quotations from the play: "Women give too much—they're fooled too much."

"Don't blame nature for ruining the life of a good woman."

"If women decided that men should be equally disgraced for the same sin, they would be."

Is there any reason why young men should not be as virtuous as young women?

If the loss of your society and love be the price they have to pay for immorality they would not pay it.

Pure, sweet girls, kept from the touch of evil through the years of their girlhood, give themselves with their costly dower of womanhood into the keeping of men who have lived in vice and corruption.

There is but one way out of it. Let the young women demand in association and marriage, purity for purity; sobriety for sobriety, and honor for honor.

I believe there are enough thoughtful, earnest girls in our country to work a decided reform in this evil existing condition. Why should the prodigal son be received with open arms and invited to partake of the fatted calf while the prodigal daughter is driven out to starve or die in those cold, friendless dungeons that are filled with other prodigal daughters that have been driven from other parental homes.

The play, "A Man's World," is one of many splendid sermons I have seen acted on the stage of the Walker theatre—a theatre that the public of Winnipeg appreciate. By the way, many do not appreciate the fact that some of the best actors and actresses on the stage today are doing a great deal of sincere reform work. A young actress recently refused to play a part which she considered objectionable because of its immoral teaching, and in defense she said: "I have Maude Adams as an example. She never played a part that her own mother or father would not have wanted to see her play. She is at the head of her profession, and if I ever get there, I am going to get there in the same way."

Miss Rose L. Fritz.

Have you ever stood in the presence of a mind that was entirely concentrated on a piece of work? If you have, did not a feeling of reverential awe thrill every nerve fibre of your body?

I stood in the presence of such a mind this month. Hundreds of stenographers watched her marvellous execution on the Underwood typewriter, and the words, "She is a genius," were whispered through the great crowd that gathered to see the demonstration of the world's champion typist. She—a genius? No. She has mastered the power of concentration; she has developed unusual will power, she has conquered difficulties. There were those who thought it was easy for her. They were mistaken. After the demonstration she told me that she was tired. It had been an evening of strenuous work, honest work, conscientious work, hard work. She remarked: "During the last part of the ten minutes I felt the blood warm up all over—it was a great strain."

Miss Fritz is a young woman with frank, cordial address, pleasing in her manner and remarkably self-contained. Like most people who have won fame in the world of renown, she is kindly, approachable. This young girl of twenty-three had a high ideal, and she trained her power of concentration towards it. I am told that Miss Fritz commands a salary of five thousand dollars a year from her company, and has four months during the year for a vacation. This champion of thirteen world's type-writing contests was heartily cheered by a crowd of stenographers and business men who gathered to see a demonstration, and they were not disappointed. The outstanding feature of her work is accuracy, for an error is rarely found in her work. The large audience burst in applause several times. Miss Fritz's demonstrations included the following: One minute test from ordinary dictation, 131 words; one minute test from dictation, writing blindfolded, result, 129 words; one minute test from copy, during which time Miss Fritz carried on a conversation with a man, result, 152 words; one minute test from new copy, result, 158 words; two minute test from copy, during which she performed a problem in mental arithmetic, result, 299 words; one minute test on memorized sentence, result, 265 words; ten minute copying test, result, 1,500 words, or 150 words per minute. This surpassed her best previous record on this test. During the last test everyone jumped at the explosion of a flashlight picture, but Miss Fritz worked on entirely unconscious of it. She had absolute control of her will.

In personal appearance she is a small clear-eyed girl with blond hair. Her hands are short and plump, and her arms above the wrists show well developed muscular power. At the typewriter the hand reminds one of "flying fairy fingers."

Her toilette is dainty and simple, in excellent taste.

When this little queen of typists felt an ambition to become the world's champion typist she bent every energy in that direction. She practiced concentration until she learned to shut herself off from every disturbing influence. When she is writing she sees and feels only the copy and the keys before her.

Miss Fritz travels constantly for the United Typewriter Company, attending business shows, conventions, visiting commercial colleges on this continent and in Europe. When in England she demonstrated before our king. After watching her demonstration he exclaimed: "It is wonderful!"

It is one thing to wish for something, and quite another to work for it. Rose Fritz wished to become the world's champion typist and she was willing to work for it. I have admired her ever since I heard of her achievement in mind concentration, and now, since I have met her, I admire her not only for this very marked accomplishment, but for her sweet, womanly personality. What do you think the manager said to me? "Miss Fritz says she will give a demonstration Saturday morning in the office; I can depend on her—when she says she will, she will, for she never fails to keep an appointment."



Madam, Consider This



There is One Safe Way to Buy Tea, Coffee, Baking Powder,
Spices and Jelly Powders==It is the Blue Ribbon Way

What the Blue Ribbon Plan Is

When you buy Blue Ribbon Products we say to you:—

"These are the best goods we can possibly sell you at their price. But we don't ask YOU to take any chances by buying them.

Give any Blue Ribbon article a fair trial.

If it does not prove fully satisfactory to you, take back the balance and your grocer is authorized to refund every cent you paid for it.

We believe you will agree that our offer is a fair one.

We ask you to buy Blue Ribbon Products on that basis.

We know you will be well pleased and will most likely use Blue Ribbon Products all the time, after the first trial."

Have You Used Blue Ribbon Tea?

How often have you read about Blue Ribbon Tea—read about its delicious flavor, its strength, its great popularity with western people?

Now, Madam, we want you to do more than read about Blue Ribbon.

We want you to use ONE PACKET of it.

Will you not ask next time for Blue Ribbon instead of buying your tea by chance?

There is no chance-work when you ask for Blue Ribbon.

You are protected in this way—if you try it and find it unsatisfactory in any degree, return the balance to your grocer and he will immediately refund your money.

We ask you to try a packet of Blue Ribbon Tea on that basis.

BLUE RIBBON, LIMITED

WINNIPEG, MAN.

COUPON

GOOD FOR 10 CENTS

For this coupon with 25 cents we will send you the famous Blue Ribbon Cook Book.

(Name)

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All

Blue Ribbon
Products

are sold under
a guarantee of
Quality



CONSERVATION

THE saving not only of national, but of personal resources is important.

Your greatest resource is health and the preservation of your health includes the preservation of your teeth by the regular use of such a dentifrice as



Cleans---preserves---polishes deliciously and antiseptically.

Different from other dentifrices in its *delightful* flavour and *double* efficiency. Not only a germ-destroyer, killing decay-germs *when you use it*, but also so lastingly antiseptic that it *keeps* the mouth in that sweet, clean, non-acid condition that counteracts germ-growth.

Delicious---Efficient.

Colgate's is the antiseptic, anti-acid cream, delicious without the presence of sugar, efficient without "grit" and all that is beneficial without any injurious effect. The dentifrice which proves that a "druggy" taste is not necessary to efficiency.

You too should join this conservation movement for "Good Teeth--Good Health."

42 Inches of Cream in Trial Tube for 4 Cents.

Colgate & Co., (Estd. 1806), Dept. M., **Coristine Building, Montreal.**

Makers of the famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap, Perfume and Talc Powder.

W. G. M. Shepherd, Montreal, Sole Agent for Canada.



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APRIL, 1911

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Western Home Monthly.

Dear Sir.—Please find enclosed \$1.00, being my renewal. I could not do without the Western Home Monthly, and we all look eagerly for it every month. It is the only magazine we read and it fills the bill O.K.

We wish you continued success.

Yours truly,
Peter Musser

Arnprior, Ont.

The Editor,

Western Home Monthly.

Dear Sir.—I have been a subscriber to the Western Home Monthly for about ten years, and from a literary point of view would be helpless without it.

Yours truly,
Mrs. R. W. Magee.

Adanac, Sask.

The Editor,

Western Home Monthly.

Dear Sir.—I am sending you herewith \$1.50 to be applied on my subscription. We find the Western Home Monthly the best magazine we ever had in our home, and I certainly do not think it can be beaten in Canada for a good bargain.

Yours truly,
Ernest Corner.

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472—Tailor-made Suit, of excellent quality imported English Repp. One of the very latest Spring and Summer models. Jacket 28 inches long, in the semi-fitting style. Lapels daintily trimmed with inlaid good black and whitestriped silk. Cuffs with dainty piping; small pearl buttons to match collar. Skirt in the new seven-gore model, with the straight lines with wide, tailor-stitched band at bottom, trimmed with buttons. Inverted plait at back. Colors: White, pink, light blue, tan or mauve.....\$7.98

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Note also that we deliver free to your address any order however small or large.

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THE BON-TON CO., 441 St. Joseph St., Quebec.

CANADA CEMENT CO., LIMITED

Annual Report of the Board of Directors

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:

Your Directors beg to present herewith the annual statement of the affairs and financial position of the Canada Cement Company, Limited, as of the 31st December, 1910.

In presenting the Balance Sheet, we call attention to the Company's strong financial position as disclosed by the large amount of cash on hand, and other quick assets, and the comparatively small amount of current liabilities. After providing for interest on our Bonds and Dividends on our Preferred Stock for the year, we have been able to set up reserves for depreciation, extraordinary repairs and renewals, bad debts, etc., and carry forward a substantial balance to Surplus Account.

The consumption of cement during the past year was not as large as anticipated. Our business also suffered on account of the Railways not being able to meet our full requirements for cars during the heavy shipping season; consequently, we carry over from last year 781,116 barrels of cement.

Early in 1910 the price of our product was fixed at a lower price than cement had ever been sold for in Canada, excepting for a short period in 1909, but your Directors are pleased to state that the anticipated savings in manufacturing and distributing our products were such that they were able to still further reduce this price.

We trust, when you consider the above mentioned conditions, and also the fact that during 1910 our plants were only operated to 57.6 per cent. of their capacity, the profits shown will be satisfactory to the Shareholders.

During the current year, we look for a larger natural demand, which demand will be stimulated by continuing to manufacture a strictly high grade article, and by selling it at the lowest possible price. This anticipated increase will enable us to operate our plants to better advantage than in the past, but we do not expect that the demand will be sufficient to enable us to put into operation either of the two plants which have been idle since the organization of this Company. However, it is confidently expected that the increased demand, and increased output, will result in further savings in the cost of manufacture and distribution, and it is the policy of your Directors to give your customers the benefit of these reductions.

The Shareholders' profits will depend on the increased volume of the Company's business, the policy of the Company being the maintenance of such a stable position as will insure regular and uniform payments of interest on its bonds and dividends on its Preferred stock, and at the same time be in a position to withstand any unforeseen emergency that may arise consequent on business depression or otherwise, which condition naturally necessitates the accumulation of, and the maintenance of, a large cash reserve.

It is also the policy of the Company to equalize the price of cement throughout Canada in so far as the physical conditions make such possible, and in furtherance of this policy, your Directors have arranged to purchase a site near Winnipeg, on which they will erect, this year, a mill to grind clinker, which clinker will be shipped from one of our Eastern mills. The buildings, machinery, etc., will be planned so that, should it at any time in the future be advisable, a Burning Department can be added, and the clinker produced on the property.

And further, an agreement has been entered into whereby this Company expects to acquire, in the near future, a property at Exshaw, which, added to our Calgary plant, and the projected plant at Winnipeg, will put us in the position of anticipating any extraordinary growth in the consumption of cement in the Great West.

With the view of educating the public, and popularizing the use of cement, in addition to the ordinary advertising, the Company has published a small book illustrating some of the many uses to which cement may be put, for which book there has been a great demand, 25,000 applications for same having been received during the past six months.

For the purpose of stimulating interest in the Company on behalf of the Employees, both in efficiency and cheapening production, as well as creating a feeling of mutual goodwill, your Directors deem it expedient to introduce a system, already adopted by several large industrial corporations with beneficial results, viz., to enable employees to become the possessors of Preferred and Common Stock at prices which will be attractive to them, the employees paying a fixed amount per share per month out of their earnings, and the Company carrying the stock for them, charging a rate of 5% interest. If the plan is put into effect, all dividends will be credited to the employees applying for the stock. Said stock will be held in trust for the employee for a term of five years, excepting in exceptional cases, such as death, when his heirs will receive what benefit a deceased employee has derived from subscribing to the stock.

Your Directors feel that the policy, as herein outlined, will, as nearly as possible, make the interests of the consumers, the employees, and the shareholders identical, and will inure to the most enduring and beneficial results for all concerned.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

On behalf of the Board of Directors,
WILLIAM C. EDWARDS,
President.



\$25

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Corresponding fares to other points in British Columbia.

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Canadian Loyalty.

In connection with the reciprocity negotiations there has been such an exuberance of loyal sentiment that it is well to bring some of the orators to book, and to inquire somewhat closely into their utterances and actions, for to the unbiassed onlooker word and act do not seem to harmonize any too well.

A man's loyalty is to be measured by his actions and not by his words. When a public servant makes a parade of his virtues he is always to be suspected. It is not surprising, then, to find that some of those who are today clamoring most loudly for retaining our British connection, and who are speaking as if they had a mortgage on the Old Flag, are daily committing acts which are making for natural disintegration.

TWO FORMS OF LOYALTY.

There are two ways in which one may be untrue to his land. He may work from within or from without. In the former case he may plant seeds of dissension among the people so that in due time there will be a harvest of civil ills that make it impossible for conditions of peace and harmony to prevail.

On the other hand he may assist in furthering alliances that make it impossible for old and cherished ideals to be maintained. The most dangerous enemy for us always is the man who works from within, for in Canada or in any other British possession, there is but little danger of affiliation with any other power. Even if we should be bettered financially by separating from the Mother Land and uniting with no other nation, our sentiment is stronger than our greed. We shall always be glad to live on good terms with our neighbors to the South. We shall trade with them and co-operate with them. In a social way they shall be treasured friends. They can even borrow our preserving kettle, and we can borrow their step ladder, but as for annexation!—why, that is an entirely different matter. We are married, and don't believe in divorce. Yet there are not a few just at this time whose interest it is to appear ultra loyal.

THE FOREIGN BORN.

Take as a first illustration the part played by some of the men prominent in political life. A few years ago they were seized with the idea that this West must be peopled. Instead of going to the Mother-land and enlisting the sympathies and co-operation of the Home Government, they canvassed Central Europe and brought out colonies of people, and hived them in such a way that it will be impossible in two, and even four, generations to Canadianize them. America has found it almost impossible to assimilate her foreign-born population, and yet her highest average was 1½ per cent. Western Canada has gone three times this, owing to the unnecessary haste of these men who pose as loyalists. Some men should have grace enough to keep quiet at times. It does seem strange that among those who are loudest in their cry for the preservation of British connection, there are to be found men who have done their utmost to wreck British institutions by giving the right of voting to these ignorant foreigners—men out of sympathy with British and Canadian laws and institutions. No non-English settler should receive the right to vote until he is here for a long term of years, and none but British born should have a vote for three years at least. There would be some loyalty in

legislation of this kind, but the modern politician forgets loyalty in his desire to find a purchasable vote.

RACE LOYALTY.

There are thousands who are shouting "Loyalty and United Canada" until nothing else can be heard, but at the same time they are pushing their schemes for the domination of the whole Dominion by one race. They want to receive not only the plums that are served out at Ottawa, but are looking with greedy eyes on the small baskets that the provinces have to offer. It is rank disloyalty for any race or creed to claim special privilege in Canada.

EASTER.

Tis the Spring of souls to-day,
Christ hath burst his prison,
And from three days' sleep in death,
As a sun hath risen

—Neale

TO OUR COLONIST.

Let Great Britain's piece of the world increase,
Let Colonies be her ken,
But never a race can fill the place
Of our brave Canadian.

In a land so classed in the years long past
As a lap of Luck and Gain;
With a mineral store from shore to shore
That girdles a fertile plain.

With the spoil of seas; with a wealth of trees;
The strength of Niagara's shower
That an active brain can cut in twain
And give to the world as power.

Does it come amiss in a land like this
That men out of every clime
Should form a band that is bound to stand
The vicissitudes of time.

Then give us the man, whatever his clan
Or national tongue may be;
We've a land that moulds, a land that holds,
Where a man's a man and free.

Where a creature's need has a country's heed;
The coin of the realm is "Do";
The man that gives is the man that lives
A patriot, staunch and true.

They are silent, p'raps, but they're manly chaps
Where the nation's need is men,
And never a race can fill the place
Of our brave Canadian,

—Madge Bond Sinclair, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

It is a land of equal opportunity and equal privilege, as is becoming wherever our good flag waves.

TRADE LOYALTY.

Outside of the political camp are found many who are raising a loyalty cry. "Made in Canada" is a fine motto. It should be marked on all goods that are worthy, but if the consumer is to pay from one-quarter to one-third more for an article so labelled, it is anything but loyalty for him to purchase the article. Any man who would impose a tax upon his neighbors for his own gain—a tax which causes resentment, which is in itself unjust—destroys that good feeling which is essential to national unity. The real traitor in a land is the man who through gross selfishness works injustice to his fellows. Civil discord is always more to be feared than international strife.

So we all know just where we are to be placed. If we are working for purely selfish ends, if we are the servants of any section or class, or body, if we in our hearts are true to any other flag than the Union Jack, then we are disloyal, and no honeyed words, no blatant egotism and vociferous protestations will hide the fact.

CLASS LOYALTY.

It may be that some Western farmer may read this and agree with it. Let him, too, be sure that he is loyal in all his acts. If a change in fiscal policy will enrich him, that is not a sufficient reason for supporting it. The question behind this is: "Will it be fair and just to the country as a whole?" We believe that the Western farmers as a class are not afraid to ask themselves that question. What is in the interests of the country as a whole today is the very thing that will favor them in their occupation. There are some who see in the farmers' agitation the death of the old political parties, and the rise of a class organization that will be a menace to national life, for this new organization will be strong enough to demand class legislation, and all class legislation is dangerous. Very true, but will any body tell us what we have had this last twenty-five years but class legislation, the class to demand it being the capitalists and corporation owners? How much worse is it for the farming class to seek special legislation than for others to get it? The present division into parties is altogether artificial. There is no principle involved in the division. If party government has nothing better to show than the illustration furnished by Canada, the sooner it gives way to some other system the better. There is absolutely no loyalty in slavish devotion to party. The only loyalty worth a farthing is that which seeks the highest welfare of the whole social organism. Excessive loyalism to the larger race, class or party, is disloyal in the highest degree.

DISLOYALTY.

We believe Canadians are loyal when they get half a chance. They are true to the Mother-land, and they are bound to preserve their independence, but they may fail in their desires if self-seeking spirits among her people continue to work their plans, according to which classes are favored, and the votes of unsympathetic foreigners are allowed to outweigh the votes of loyal Canadian citizens. There is indeed a sense in which "Canada for the Canadians" is a good cry. It is bad enough for a man in public office to use it to enrich himself and his friends, but it is a thousand times worse for him to hand over the control of Canadian affairs to those who have no knowledge of our past and no national ambition.



Doukhobor Boys Ploughing. Swan River Valley.

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SOME OF OUR LEADING SPECIALITIES:

Household Linen.

Dinner Napkins, $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. \$1.42 doz. Tablecloths, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 yds., \$1.42 ea. Linen Sheets, \$3.24 pair. Linen Pillow Cases, frilled, .33c each. Linen Huckaback Towels, \$1.18 doz. Glass Cloths, \$1.18 doz. Kitchen Towels, \$1.32 doz.

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Afternoon Teacloths, from .90c ea. Sideboard Cloths from .90c ea. Cushion Covers from .48c ea. Bedspreads for double beds, from \$3.30 ea. Linen Robes, unmade, from \$3.00 each.

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White Dress Linen, 44in. wide, soft finish, .48c yard. Coloured Linen, 44in. wide, 50 shades, .48c yard. Heavy Canvas Linen, in colours, 48in. wide, .42n yard.

Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hems, .84c doz. Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched with drawn thread border, \$1.08 doz. Gent's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hem, \$1.66 doz.

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Ladies' Nightdresses from .90c ea. Chemises trimmed embroidery, .56c ea. Combinations, \$1.08 each. Bridal Trousseau, \$32.04. Layettes, \$15.00. Irish Lace goods direct from workers at very moderate prices.

Collars & Shirts.

Gentlemen's Collars, made from our own linen, from \$1.18 doz. Dress Shirts, "Matchless" quality, \$1.42 each. Zephyr, Oxford, and Flannel Shirts, with soft or stiff cuffs and soft fronts, at manufacturers' prices.

N.B.—Illustrated Price Lists and samples sent post free to any part of the world. Special care and personal attention devoted to orders from Colonial and Foreign customers.

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Unbroken Fetters.

By P. H.



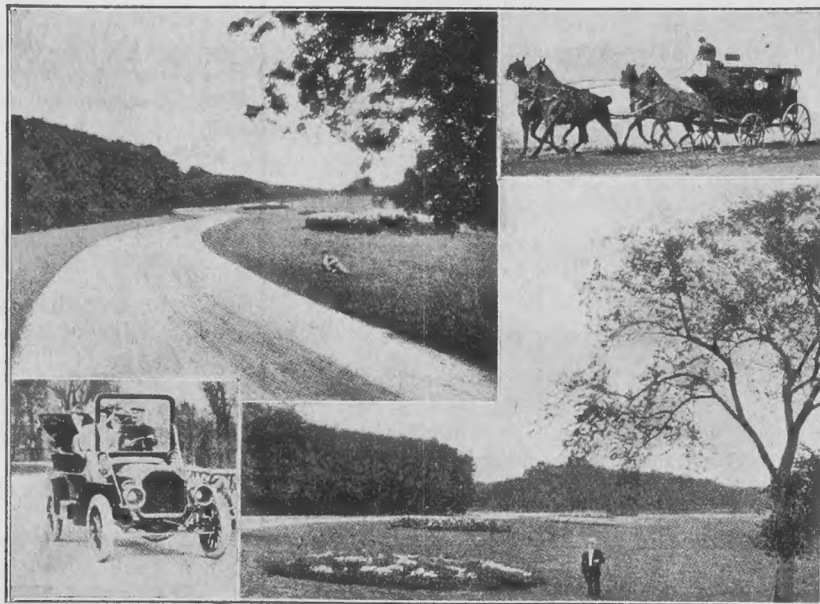
DON'T, Mamma, don't. I simply cannot marry him!" and a well-grown girl of twenty summers turned a pair of beseeching blue eyes upon the rather sad-faced matron who sat calmly sewing beside the front window of a roomy dwelling in Toronto.

"Please do not speak quite so hastily, Ethel dear," enjoined the elder lady, in gentle remonstrance. "You admit that you like Mr. Finch, and you know that he is very fond of you, and in a position to make you very happy. Besides," she added, persuasively, "it is the dearest wish of both your father and myself that you consider favorably Mr. Finch's very excellent proposal."

"But, Mamma, how can I break with Jack?" exclaimed the girl in passionate reply.

"I am under the impression, my dear," said Mrs. Carsby, a trifle severely, "that there is nothing to break, except it be the bubble of a school-girl notion that you are in love with him. You are not engaged to Mr. Chadwick, and, although I allowed him to visit you, you know that you seldom went out together. As for this understanding that you say

wick for the first time were nearly always made to think in this fashion, and wonder what forcible attraction the Church could have for such a man as he. But they had not to know him long before their wonder was answered; for beneath that happy, boyish exterior, there beat a heart as stout as his rugged hand—a heart, moreover, surcharged with a great human passion—the passion for the saving of souls. The full, firm lips were ever ready with an encouraging smile, and the blue, sympathetic eyes seemed ever able to seek for and find truth where all else seemed untrue. This was the Jack Chadwick that Ethel knew and loved, but to her mother he was different. To Mrs. Carsby he was good and honest enough a soul, but poor, and with but a slight chance of preferment in a poor profession. Had he been a good, shrewd business man, as was Mr. Finch, Mrs. Carsby would have considered him a very eligible young man indeed. But as a clergyman in a cattle country, with its scattered missions and attendant hardships—how could she deem him an eligible suitor for the hand of her only daughter? Moreover, Mr. Carsby was none too strong, and very shortly might be compelled to retire from business. Already future financial troubles were threatening the Carsbys, and the only



Park Scenes, Winnipeg.

exists between you, it has no binding force whatever. Mr. Chadwick may have a dozen such understandings for all you know to the contrary."

"How can you say such a thing, Mother?" exclaimed Ethel Carsby, with a little stamp of indignation. "You know Mr. Chadwick better than that!"

"I know, my dear," responded Mrs. Carsby, "that a clergyman is still a man, and is quite as susceptible to feminine charms as other men."

Ethel did not answer. She thought that this might be true of clergymen, generally; but it would not apply in this particular case. Her mother did not understand Jack. And yet, she remembered, it was over a year since Jack had left Toronto for the mission-fields of Alberta, and how could she be sure that he had not met with someone who would make him a more suitable companion than she, poor Ethel Carsby? The thought was painful. She remembered his parting words: "Ethel, you will not forget me, will you?" She remembered, too, her answer, and how his strong, athletic frame trembled as he endeavored to suppress his feeling. No, she could not doubt Jack—it was not his nature to be fickle.

Now, although Jack Chadwick was a clergyman, no one would have suspected it but for his orthodoxy in matters of dress. It seemed almost a perversion of principle that so fine a specimen of physical manhood should follow a profession that made so little demand for physical strength. Those who met Jack Chad-

possibility of averting them seemed to lie in the much desired alliance of Ethel with the kindly and prosperous Mr. Finch.

These were the thoughts that were vaguely written in the respective minds of the ladies during the short silence that followed Mrs. Carsby's last utterance. Ethel understood dimly the reason of Mr. Finch's preferment, and would have done almost anything but this to help the parents she loved so dearly. Was there no other way out of the difficulty but that she should be called upon to make this sacrifice? Why wasn't Jack rich? she wondered. Never before had she wished Jack Chadwick rich—but now it seemed necessary to their happiness. "Why doesn't he get rich?" she asked herself, and remembered in answer that he knew nothing of the conditions that made riches desirable. Tell him, she could not. Every fibre in her being shrank from so shameful a confession.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do, Mamma!" was the expression with which Ethel at length broke the silence. "It would be wrong for me to marry Mr. Finch, when I do not love him, and I don't know what Jack would think, I'm sure."

"You could learn to love, Ethel," her mother reminded. "The true love seldom comes before marriage—but let us say no more at present," suggested Mrs. Carsby; for she thought she could detect traces of weakening in Ethel's tone, and she judged that her daughter would soon come to view the matter in a more prac-

tical light. "It is nearly four o'clock," she added, glancing at her watch, "and I promised to accompany Mrs. Locke to the Church bazaar, so I must get ready at once." And she rose, leaving Ethel to her own thoughts.

Poor Ethel! Forget what had passed between her mother and herself she could not, and at varying intervals the distracted cries: "What shall I do? Oh, what can I do?" broke from her lips, as her mind wavered between her loyalty to, and love for, Jack, and the desire to help and please her parents. Ethel was thinking hard. Each possible solution that presented itself was eagerly and minutely examined, only to be finally cast aside as either useless or impracticable. Thus an hour must have passed since Mrs. Carsby went out when Ethel was suddenly startled from her meditation by the sharp knock on the front door that signalized the arrival of the postman. She hurried to receive two letters, one for her father and one, in bold handwriting, addressed to herself. It was from Jack, and she carried it to her room before she opened it.

It ran:

Canyon, Alberta.

"Dear Ethel.—I have just returned from a three days' ride among the foothills to the west of here, the Governor having asked me to see whether or no there were prospects of opening another mission in that direction. I did not find many people in there, as the country is very broken but I tell you little girl, I had one of the most delightful rides in my experience. The scenery, in places, was simply magnificent in its solemnity, and grandeur, and more than once, as I brought my broncho to a halt, I found that I had unconsciously removed my hat, so awful and solemn was the silence.

My house is finished now, and looks very attractive indeed. It is nicely situated; nestling, as it does, among the trees that skirt the river, with its front windows looking away to the west over the broken foot hills until the gaze is arrested where the hazy blue of the distant Rockies shades off into the blue of the sky. I am gradually getting it furnished, but I cannot help thinking how barren indeed it must be in spite of all that I do to make it homelike, until you, dear Ethel, consent to come and grace it with your presence.

I no longer hesitate to urge upon you to hasten the day of our marriage; for the country is being rapidly settled with a good class of people, so that you need not fear being lonely here. I need your love and companionship to inspire me in my work, and I am sure that, with your parents' consent, we should be very happy in this little home in the West.

"God grant that the way may be speedily paved for our union is the heart-felt prayer of one who is privileged to sign himself

Yours, in respect and love,
Jack."

Ethel read the letter through twice, and, as the bitter irony of her position came home to her, she was shaken with passionate sobbing. Why had she promised to go out to him? She had no right to. She could not leave her parents, come what may, she could not leave them now. She must answer Jack on this point at once and not keep him lingering in suspense. And with this in view, Ethel went to the table and commenced the letter that would inform him of the utter impossibility of their marriage for some time to come—if ever. Yes, it was better to hint here what she felt he must learn, sooner or later: that there was the possibility of the transference of her affections to another. It would have to be delicately put. "I must break it as delicately as possible," thought Ethel, and with this in view she found herself using a great deal of ingenuity and much more notepaper than was her custom. But now it was tea-time—she would finish the letter afterwards.

During tea Ethel was entirely engrossed with her thoughts. She was thinking out newer and better ways of conveying the information that she felt she must convey to Jack with the least possible laceration of his feelings. She felt a sense of elation at her ingenuity. It would be put in such a way that Jack

would scarcely realize that all was over between them until he grew not to care. True there was the painful thought that Jack was not the only one who must suffer, but she did not care for herself. Her father had, that day, had more than usual ill success at business and did not notice his daughter's preoccupation. Mrs. Carsby noticed it, but, thinking that she knew the reason, judged it better to offer no comment, and the meal was finished in silence.

After tea, Ethel soon betook herself to her room and finished the letter to her own satisfaction. She was quite pleased as she read it over. It was a literary triumph, she thought. She had always been a good letter writer, but had never before been called upon to execute such a masterpiece. She was gathering the pages together to place them in an envelope when, as she lifted the last page her eye fell on an advertisement in pronounced type in the columns of the Toronto paper which she had placed beneath her writing paper to act as a pad.

It read:

Short Stories and Poems Wanted.

Authors! send your M.S.S. to the — Publishing Co., where they will receive prompt and careful consideration.

The words fascinated Ethel. Why should she not write stories? She felt sure that she could. She knew not the philosophy that "need creates," and fell to wondering why she had not thought of doing something before. "If I could earn enough to help papa," she muttered reflectively, "I should not have to marry Finch." The idea took shape and grew. She would purchase the necessary material when she went out to post her letter—the purport of which was, for the time being, quite forgotten.

It was nearly four o'clock the next morning before Ethel dragged her weary limbs to the bedside and undressed. She had finished her first story. It was a brief portraiture of her own sad heart's experiences. She had found no difficulty in writing, once she had determined upon her theme. As the thoughts came she expressed them, and the plot unfolded event by event, as fast as the eager fingers could guide the willing pen. Ethel was too tired to read it over once she had finished the story, so the review and correction were left till morning. She had crawled into bed ere she remembered that she had forgotten her nightly prayers, but as she sank into slumber the words of Browning's "Pippa" seemed to wander with reassuring sweetness through her tired brain:

"All service ranks the same with God:
... each only as God wills
Can work

... there is no first nor last."

Jack Chadwick was cantering leisurely across country to the post office. He was expecting a letter from Ethel, and, as he rode, he was wondering what Ethel's reply would be. He was a natural man with all the natural longings for simple joys of true home life. He fell to thinking how different everything would be when Ethel came out; for, although he loved his work, his home life was very lonely to him out there, and by the time he had reached the post office he had completed an extravagant dream-picture of the rides and rambles they would have amongst the alluring scenery of the adjacent foot-hills. Yes, there was a letter for him and it was from Ethel. It seemed to be rather a long one judging from its bulk. "Ethel is not in the habit of writing such a long letter as this," he said to himself, "she must have a great deal to say. I guess I'll canter out to the creek before I open it."

A couple of miles brought him to the secluded spot he sought. He dismounted and threw the rein over the pommel of the saddle, allowing his pony to graze, then, stretching himself on the grass, he proceeded to read the letter. Almost the first lines he read caused his brows to pucker, and, as he read on, the frown continued to deepen until, as the full significance dawned upon him, his pent feelings found expression in a hoarse, angry cry, as of a wounded moose brought to bay by the hunter. He crushed the letter in his hand and turned a frozen gaze to the un pitying sky, as



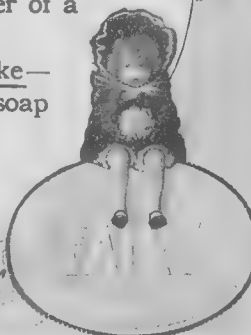
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though challenging an answer to his cry: "My God! this is not true! My Ethel never wrote that—she never wrote that. I'll swear!"

He thrust the crumpled pages into his pocket and tried to whistle for his horse. But something in his throat made mockery of his pursed lips, and, as no sound came, he strode over to where the broncho was feeding, threw himself into the saddle and rode madly away.

When Jack Chadwick reached home he proceeded to straighten out and reread the crumpled pages. There could be no doubt as to the meaning conveyed in what was unmistakably Ethel's writing. She suggested that, perhaps, after all, they were not suited to each other, and that it was probably better that their paths should in future diverge. He would find another who would make him more happy, and under the circumstances she thought it would be better if he would release her from her promise. Jack Chadwick was tempted to take pen and paper and answer the letter with all the bitter promptings of his wounded heart; but, as he regained his wonted calmness, he resolved to postpone his reply. "Yes, until I can be sure that it is not all a horrid mistake or dream," he muttered. And, with this resolution once made, he endeavored to lose sight of his trouble in ministrations among his scattered flock. Hence it was some time before he determined to write what would, perhaps, be his last letter to Ethel.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Carsby's motherly heart was sore troubled by the turn affairs had taken beneath the Carsby roof. In less than three months, as she well knew, Mr. Carsby must have money or lose the business, and the hope of receiving temporary relief from Mr. Finch had been almost blasted by Ethel's strange conduct of late. Three times during the past two weeks Mr. Finch had called, and on each occasion Ethel, pleading headache, had retired to her room; where indeed, she now spent most of her time in spite of her mother's remonstrance. Mrs. Carsby regretted having spoken to Ethel with regard to Mr. Finch, for, dearly as she had hoped for the fruition of her plan, she could not bear to see the effect it had on her daughter. To lose the business would be a sad blow, but unless Ethel could be persuaded to desist from her habit of brooding, Mrs. Carsby feared a much sadder blow, the loss of her daughter's health.

And yet Ethel was far from being in the desponding mood that her appearance led her mother to believe. In fact, she was happier than she had been for some time, and, in spite of the apparent anxiety on her fair young face, there was a secret joy burning in her heart. She had had little time to brood or despond of late; she had been too feverishly busy with the scheme that had formed in her mind on the occasion that we last saw her. Those frail fingers that Mrs. Carsby imagined were nursing a desponding head behind the closely-guarded door, were, in reality, feverishly active guiding a pen over page after page of manuscript. Success beyond her wildest dreams had attended Ethel's venture, and she wished only to complete the long serial story upon which she was then engaged before taking a well-earned rest.

The rest, however, came much sooner than Ethel anticipated, for that evening her father, to whom Mrs. Carsby had confided her fears, insisted that Ethel should accompany him for a stroll in the park. Inwardly assuring herself that she could make up for lost time before retiring that night, Ethel consented. The September evening was very refreshing to the tired overworked girl as she walked through the park leaning on her father's arm. It was refreshing to feel the last sweet breath of the dying day stealing silently over her cheek to pounce suddenly upon the careless curls that clustered on her forehead. Between the trees that leaned far away to the west she could see the tip of the setting sun already sufficiently low to tinge the dark cloud's ragged edge with gold. Higher up in the broad blue of the sky idly floated the scattered cloud islands upon which the "levered" rays were still lingering, until they appeared like flakes of burnished gold. Ethel's thoughts

were westward. Alberta was there—and Jack. It was strange that she had not thought much about Jack lately. She wondered now that he had not answered her letter—it was a month since she had written it. Perhaps she had offended him. She tried to recall what she had written. No, he was probably away from home, and the mail-service was very slow and erratic out there. She would soon get his reply, and then—

"Let us sit down for a few moments, Ethel," suggested her father, and Ethel's thoughts were back in Toronto again.

Together they watched the glow of the sunset, remarking how that the fleecy cloudings were touched, successively, into amber and gold and gray, until at last Ethel ventured: "Is your business any better lately, papa?"

"Yes, dear, very much better indeed, very much better indeed," replied Mr. Carsby. "If it were not for that 'note' our prospects would be brighter than they have been for years. But, Ethel dear," he added affectionately, "you are causing us much more anxiety just now than business. Why do you brood, my dear? You must not worry your pretty head over what your mother said to you. Your health, child," stroking her thin face, "is more dear to us than business—without you there would be little incentive to business," and he kissed her quivering lips.

Poor Ethel! There was something in her throat that seemed to be choking her, and her eyes were dim as she gazed out over the tree tops. Endearments from her father had been somewhat rare of late years, and now they brought memories of happier days—when business had prospered and home life had been smoother. But the business was being struggled with for her sake—Oh, how glad she was that she had determined to try to help!

"How much do you owe, papa?" Ethel felt forced to timidly enquire, after a pause of some moments. She had a vague notion that it was a huge amount and was trembling in anticipation.

"Never mind, dear, never mind," said Mr. Carsby. "Worry will not help matters. No doubt everything will turn out for the best." But his tone did not convince Ethel.

"Papa," she persisted, "can you not tell me—it would not hurt me to know, would it?"

"No, no, child! but you must not worry about it. We owe two thousand dollars, but only the half is due in November. If I could raise that," he added reflectively, "I believe I could pull through—I believe I could pull through."

"Why, papa!" exclaimed Ethel, her eyes ablaze with excitement, "I can help you if that is all!" and in excess of feeling she had thrown her arms about her father's neck and bestowed a dozen kisses on his wondering lips. "Why, I have over seven hundred in the bank already, and more to come—see!" and springing to her feet she waved a Bank or Toronto account book before his astonished eyes. "How beautifully I deceived Mamma!" she cried. "Mamma thought I was sulking, and all the time I've been writing—writing stories, papa—don't you understand?"

"Writing stories," muttered Mr. Carsby looked confusedly at the bank book Ethel had thrust into his hand. Yes, he understood now. He saw that there was a credit balance of seven hundred and twenty-five dollars in his daughter's name, and with her explanation there came the consciousness that a double load was lifting from his mind. He had a vague feeling that he ought to chide Ethel for worrying her mother by her secrecy, but speech proved almost beyond him.

"My dear, foolish, little child," was all he could whisper as he rose and kissed Ethel tenderly. "Let us go home before it gets too dark."

There was joy as of family reunion in the Carsby household that night. Not much was said by the parents, but a feeling of thankful pride took possession of their hearts as Ethel told how she had earned her money. She would not have to work so hard now, and with more leisure she felt sure that she could accomplish better work. When at last they retired for the night, Mrs. Carsby glanced with pride over the manuscript which Ethel was then preparing, at the

same time begging her daughter to do only a very little each day until she grew strong again. Ethel promised, and throwing her arms about her mother's neck as the latter kissed her good night, she whispered:

"I shall not have to marry Mr. Finch now, shall I, Mamma?"

"Why no, child, no! not unless you want to! answered her mother in pained tones. "I had no intention of forcing you into the marriage, my child. I thought you would come to look upon it as a good match for you. However, I shall never again interfere with your wishes in that respect. 'Understandings,' with a mischievous smile, "are more binding than I thought for. By the way," she added, "before I forget again, there is a letter for you—downstairs, on the book-case—it came with the evening delivery." And then teasingly, "I noticed it had the Alberta postmark," as Ethel started downstairs in search of the letter.

Ethel soon returned with the letter. It was from Jack, and as she opened it her fingers were trembling. For some reason she dreaded to read it, and having opened the letter she laid it aside. "Suppose Jack has done what I asked him to," she murmured, "whatever shall I do? But he won't! I know he won't! he must not!" and as she could bear the suspense no longer she took up the letter and began to read.

It was not a long letter, but a frank, courteous reply to the one she had written. He could not understand, he said, the change in her attitude towards him. He could scarcely believe that she was in earnest—that she was really herself when she wrote him that letter, which he was now answering. However, since she wished it, he would release her from the promise she had given him. "I feel, Miss Carsby," he wrote, "that no fetters can bind you to me except they are fetters of love, and since these are broken you are free to follow the dictates of your own heart."

Nothing but the sight of her own name kept the letter from falling from Ethel's nerveless fingers, and forced her to read what was written in conclusion.

"But, Ethel," it ran, "(if I may dare again to call you by that name) although I give you up, I cannot cease to love you. You gave your loving heart to me, you sealed the compact with your loving lips, and, while the consciousness of the past is mine, I cannot cease to love you. Forgive me. Good-bye."

"You poor, silly, old goose!" sobbed Ethel, crying, she knew not whether for sorrow or joy. "You need not—I don't want you to stop loving me—I'm going to sit right down and tell you so."

And she began the letter with "My dear, dear Jack—"

The End.

The Claw of the Silver Spoons.

A Chapter from the Memoirs of M. Valmont, Formerly High in the Confidence of the French Government. By Robert Barr.



WHEN the card was brought in to me I looked upon it with some misgiving, for I scented a commercial transaction, and although such cases are lucrative enough, nevertheless I. Eugene Valmont, formerly high in the service of the French Government, do not care to be connected with them. They usually pertain to sordid business affairs that present little that is of interest to a man who, in his time, has dealt with subtle questions of diplomacy upon which the welfare of nations sometimes turned.

The name of Bentham Gibbes is familiar to everyone, connected, as it is, with the much advertised pickles, whose glaring announcements in crude crimson and green strike the eye everywhere in England, and shock the artistic taste wherever seen. Me! I have never tasted them, and shall not so long as a French restaurant remains open in London, but I doubt not they are as pronounced to the palate as their advertisement is distressing to the eye. If, then, this gross pickle manufacturer expected me to track down those who were infringing upon the recipes for making his so-called sauces, chutneys, and the like, he would find himself mistaken, for I was now in a position to pick and choose my cases, and a case of pickles did not allure me. "Beware of imitations," said the advertisement; "none genuine without a fac-simile of the signature of Bentham Gibbes." Ah, well, not for me were either the pickles or the tracking of imitators. A forged check, yes, if you like, but the forged signature of Mr. Gibbes on a pickle bottle was not for me. Nevertheless, I said to Armand: "Show the gentleman in," and he did so.

To my astonishment there entered a young man, quite correctly dressed in dark frock coat, faultless waistcoat and trousers that proclaimed the Bond Street tailor. When he spoke, his voice and language were those of a gentleman.

"Monsieur Valmont?" he inquired.

"At your service," I replied, bowing and waving my hand as Armand placed a chair for him and withdrew.

"I am a barrister with chambers in the Temple," began Mr. Gibbes, "and for some days a matter has been troubling

me about which I have now come to seek your advice, your name having been suggested by a friend in whom I confided."

"Am I acquainted with him?" I asked.

"I think not," replied Mr. Gibbes; "he is also a barrister with chambers in the same building as my own. Lionel Dacre is his name."

"I never heard of him."

"Very likely not. Nevertheless, he recommended you as a man who could keep his own counsel, and if you take up this case I desire the utmost secrecy preserved, whatever may be the outcome."

I bowed, but made no protestation. Secrecy is a matter of course with me.

The Englishman paused for a few moments as if he expected fervent assurances; then went on with no trace of disappointment on his countenance at not receiving them.

"On the night of the twenty-third I gave a dinner to six friends of mine in my own rooms. I may say that so far as I am aware they are all gentlemen of unimpeachable character. On the night of the dinner I was detained later than I expected at a reception, and, in driving to the Temple, was still further delayed by a block of traffic in Piccadilly, so that when I arrived at my chambers there was barely time for me to dress and receive my guests. My man, Johnson, had everything laid out ready for me in my dressing-room, and as I passed through to it I hurriedly flung off the coat I was wearing and carelessly left it over the back of a chair in the dining-room, where neither Johnson nor myself noticed it until my attention was called to it after the dinner was over. This coat had an inside pocket. Usually any frock coat I wear at an afternoon reception has not an inside pocket, but I had been rather on the rush all day. My father is a manufacturer whose name may be familiar to you, and I am on the directors' board of his company. On this occasion I had to take a cab from the city to the reception I spoke of, and had not time to go and change at my rooms. The reception was a somewhat Bohemian affair, extremely interesting, of course, but not too particular as to costume, so I went as I was. In this inside pocket rested a thin package, composed of two pieces of paste board, and between them five twenty-

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five pound Bank of England notes, folded lengthwise and held in place between the pasteboards by an elastic rubber band. I had thrown the coat over the chair in such a way that the inside pocket was exposed and the ends of the notes plainly recognizable. Over the coffee and cigars one of my guests laughingly called attention to what he termed my vulgar display of wealth, and Johnson, in some confusion at having neglected to put away the coat, now picked it up and took it to the reception room where the wraps of my guests lay about promiscuously. He should, of course, have placed it in my wardrobe, but he said afterwards he thought it belonged to the guest who had spoken. You see he was in my dressing room when I threw my coat on the chair in making my way thither, and, of course, he had not noticed the coat in the hurry of arriving guests, otherwise he would have put it where it belonged. After everybody had gone Johnson came to me and said that the coat was there but the package was missing, nor has any trace of it been found since that night.

"The dinner was fetched in from outside, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"How many waiters served you?"

"Two. They are men who have often been in my employ before, but, apart from that, they had left my chambers before the incident of the coat happened."

"Neither of them went into the reception room, I take it?"

mended me to see you. Oh, yes, and to Johnson, of course."

I could not help noticing that this was the fourth or fifth time that Dacre's name had come up during our conversation.

"Why to Dacre?" I asked.

"Oh, well, you see, he occupies chambers in the same building, on the ground floor. He is a very good fellow, and we are by way of being firm friends. Then it was he who had called attention to the money, so I thought he should know the sequel."

"How did he take your news?"

"Now that you call attention to the fact, he seemed slightly troubled. I should like to say, however, that you must not be misled by that. Lionel Dacre could no more steal than he could lie."

"Did he seem surprised when you mentioned the theft?"

Bentham Gibbs paused a moment before replying, knitting his brows in thought.

"No," he said at last; "and, come to think of it, it almost appears as if he had been expecting my announcement."

"Doesn't that strike you as rather strange, Mr. Gibbs?"

"Really my mind is in such a whirl I don't know what to think. But it's perfectly absurd to suspect Dacre. If you knew the man you would understand what I mean. He comes of an excellent family, and he is—oh! he is Lionel Dacre, and when you have said that you have made any suspicion absurd."

"I supposed you had the rooms thor-



I was startled by the expression in his eyes, they were fixed on a distant corner of the room.

"No. I am certain that not even suspicion can attach to either of the waiters."

"Your man Johnson—?"

"Has been with me for years. He could easily have stolen much more than the hundred pounds if he had wished to do so, but I have never known him to take a penny that did not belong to him."

"Will you favor me with the names of your guests, Mr. Gibbs?"

"Viscount Stern sat at my right hand, and at my left Lord Templemere; Sir John Sandlere next to him, and Angus McKeller next to Sandlere. After Viscount Stern was Lionel Dacre, and at his right was Vincent Innes."

On a sheet of paper I had written the names of the guests, and noted their places at the table.

"Which guest drew your attention to the money?"

"Is there a window looking out from the reception room?"

"Two of them."

"Were they fastened on the night of the dinner party?"

"I could not be sure: Johnson would know, very likely. You are hinting at the possibility of a thief coming in through a reception room window. I think such a solution highly improbable. My rooms are on the third floor and a thief would scarcely venture to make an entrance when he could not but know there was a company being entertained. Besides, the coat was there but an hour or so, and whoever stole those notes knew where they were."

"That sounds reasonable," I had to admit. "Have you spoken to anyone of your loss?"

"To no one but Dacre, who recom-

oughly searched? The packet didn't drop out and remain unnoticed in some corner?"

"No, Johnson and myself examined every inch of the premises."

"Have you the numbers of the notes?"

"Yes, I got them from the bank next morning. Payment was stopped, and so far not one of the five has been presented. Of course, one or more may have been cashed at some shop, but none has been offered to any of the banks."

"A twenty-pound note is not accepted without scrutiny, so the chances are the thief may have some difficulty in disposing of them."

"As I told you, I don't mind the loss of the money at all. It is the uncertainty, the uneasiness caused by the incident that troubles me. You will comprehend that when I say that if you are good enough to interest yourself in this case I shall be disappointed if your fee does not exceed the amount I have lost."

Mr. Gibbs rose as he said this, and I accompanied him to the door, assuring him that I should do my best to solve the mystery. Whether he sprang from pickles or not, I realized he was a polished and generous gentleman, who estimated the services of a professional expert like myself at their true value.

I shall not give the details of my researches during the following few days, because the trend of them must be gone over in the remarkable interview I had somewhat later, and there is little use in repeating myself. Suffice it to say, then, that an examination of the rooms and a close cross-questioning of Johnson satisfied me that he and the two waiters were innocent. I was also convinced that no thief made his way through the window, and I came to the conclusion

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that the notes were stolen by one of the guests. Further investigation convinced me that the thief was no other than Lionel Dacre, the only one of the six in pressing need of money at that time. I had Dacre shadowed, and during one of his absences made the acquaintance of his man Hopper, a surly, impolite brute, who accepted my golden sovereign quickly enough but gave me little in exchange for it. But while I conversed with him there arrived in the passage, where we were talking together, a huge case of champagne, bearing one of the best known names in the trade, and branded as being of the vintage of '78. Now, I knew that the product of Camelot Freres is not bought as cheaply as British beer, and I also had learned that two short weeks before Mr. Lionel Dacre was at his wit's end for money. Yet he was still the same briefless barrister he had ever been.

On the morning after my unsatisfactory conversation with his man Hopper I was astonished to receive the following note, written on a dainty correspondence card:

3 and 4 Vellum Buildings,
Inner Temple, E.C.

Mr. Lionel Dacre presents his compliments to Monsieur Eugene Valmont, and would be obliged if Monsieur Valmont could make it convenient to call upon him in his chambers tomorrow morning at eleven.

Had the man become aware that he was being shadowed, or did the surly servant inform him of the inquiries made? I was soon to know. I called punctually at eleven next morning, and was received with charming urbanity by Mr. Dacre himself. The taciturn Hopper had evidently been sent away for the occasion.

"My dear Monsieur Valmont I am delighted to meet you," said the young man with more of effusiveness than I had ever noticed in an Englishman before, although his very next words supplied an explanation that did not occur to me till afterwards as somewhat far-fetched. "I believe we are by way of being countrymen, and, therefore, although the hour is early, I hope you will allow me to offer you some of that bottled sunshine of the year '78 from lo belle France, to whose prosperity and honor we shall drink together. For such a toast any hour is propitious," and to my amazement he brought forth from the case I had seen arrive two days before, a bottle of that superb Camelot Freres' '78.

"Now," I said to myself, it is going to be difficult to keep a clear head if the aroma of that nectar rises to the brain. But, tempting as is the cup, I shall drink sparingly, and hope he may not be so judicious."

Sensitive, I already experienced the charm of his personality, and well understood the friendship Mr. Bentham Gibbs felt for him. But I saw the trap spread before me. He expected under the influence of champagne and courtesy to extract a promise from me which I must find myself unable to give.

"Sir, you interest me by claiming kinship with France. I had understood that you belonged to one of the oldest families of England."

"Ah, England!" he cried, with an expressive gesture of outspreading hands truly Parisian in its significance. "The trunk belongs to England, of course, but the root—ah! the root, Monsieur Valmont, penetrated the soil from which this wine of the gods has been drawn."

Then, filling my glass and his own, he cried:

"To France, which my family left in the year 1066!"

I could not help laughing at his fervent ejaculation.

"1066! Ah, that is a long time ago, Mr. Dacre."

"In years, perhaps; in feelings but a day. My forefathers came over to steal, and, Jove, how well they accomplished it! They stole the whole country—something like a theft, say I—under that prince of robbers well named the Conqueror. In our secret hearts we all admire a great thief, and if not a great one, then an expert one, who covers his tracks so perfectly that the hounds of justice are baffled in attempting to follow them. Now, even you, Monsieur

Valmont (I can see you are the most generous of men, with a lively sympathy found to perfection only in France), even you must suffer a pang of regret when you lay a thief by the heels who has done his task deftly."

"I fear, Mr. Dacre, that you credit me with a magnanimity to which I dare not lay claim. The criminal is a danger to society."

"True, true; you are in the right, Monsieur. Still, admit that there are cases which would touch you tenderly. For example, a man ordinarily honest; a great need; a sudden opportunity. He takes that of which another has abundance, and he nothing. What then, Monsieur? Is the man to be sent to perdition for a momentary weakness?"

His words astonished me. Was I on the verge of hearing a confession? It almost amounted to that already.

"Mr. Dacre," I said, "I cannot enter into the subtleties you pursue. My duty is to find the criminal."

"You are in the right, Monsieur Valmont, and I am enchanted to find so sensible a head on French shoulders. Although you are a more recent arrival if I may say so, than myself, you nevertheless already give utterance to sentiments which do honor to England. It is your duty to hunt down the criminal. Very well, in that I think I can aid you, so I have taken the liberty of requesting your attendance here this morning. Let me fill your glass again, Monsieur Valmont."

"No more, I beg of you, Mr. Dacre."

"What, do you think the receiver is as bad as the thief?"

"I was so taken aback at his remark that I suppose my face showed the amazement within me. But the young man merely laughed with apparently free-hearted enjoyment, poured more wine in his own glass and tossed it off. Not knowing what to say, I changed the trend of conversation.

"Mr. Gibbs said you had been kind enough to recommend me to his attention. May I ask you how you came to hear of me?"

"Ah, who has not heard of the renowned Monsieur Valmont?" and as he said this, for the first time there began to grow a suspicion in my mind that he was chaffing me, as it is called in England, a procedure which I cannot endure. Indeed, if this young man practised it in my own country he would find himself with a duel on his hands before he had gone far. However, the next instant his voice resumed its original fascination, and I listened to it as to some delicious melody.

"I have only to mention my cousin, Lady Gladys Dacre and you will at once understand why I recommended you to my friend. The case of Lady Gladys, you will remember, required a delicate touch which is not always to be had in this land of England, except when those who possess the gift do us the honor to sojourn with us."

I noticed that my glass was again filled, and as I bowed my acknowledgments of his compliment I indulged in another sip of the delicious wine, and then I sighed, for I began to realize it was going to be difficult for me, in spite of my disclaimer, to tell this man's friend he had stolen the money. All this time he had been sitting on the edge of the table, while I occupied a chair at its end. He sat there in careless fashion, swinging a foot too and fro. Now he sprang on the floor and drew up a chair, placing on the table a blank sheet of paper. Then he took from the mantel-shelf a packet of letters and I was astonished to see that they were held together by two bits of cardboard and a rubber band. With great nonchalance he slipped off the rubber band, threw it and the pieces of cardboard on the table before me, leaving the documents loose to his hand.

Now, Monsieur Valmont," he cried jauntily, "you have been occupied for several days on this case, the case of my dear friend, Bentham Gibbs, who is one of the best fellows in the world."

"He said the same of you, Mr. Dacre."

"I am gratified to hear it. Would you mind letting me know to what point your researches have led you?"

"They have led me to a direction rather than to a point."

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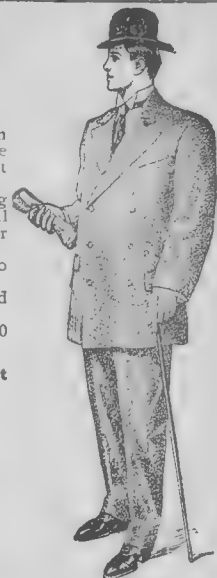
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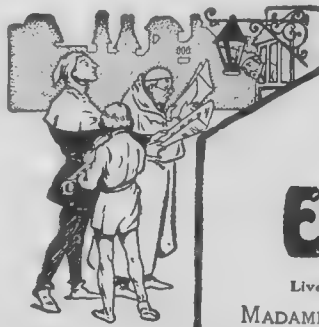
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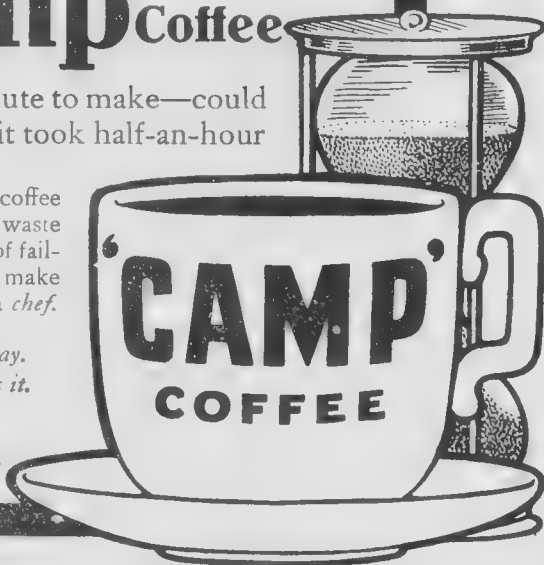
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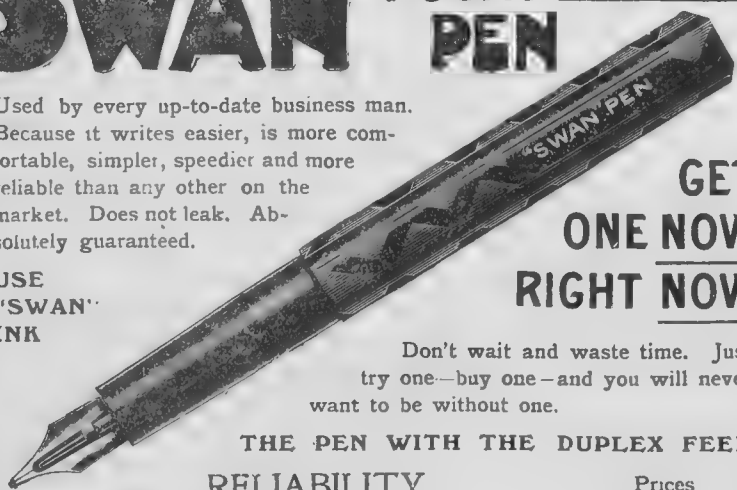
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"Aho! In the direction of a man, of course?"

"Certainly."

"Who is he?"

"Will you pardon me if I decline to answer you at the present moment?"

"That means that you are not sure?"

"It may mean, Mr. Dacre, that I am employed by Mr. Gibbs, and do not feel at liberty to disclose to another the results of my quest without his permission."

"But Mr. Bentham Gibbs and I are entirely at one in this matter. Perhaps you are aware that I am the only person with whom he discussed the case besides yourself."

"That is undoubtedly true, Mr. Dacre; still, you see the difficulty of my position."

"Yes, I do, and so shall not press you further. But I also have been interesting myself—in a purely amateurish way, of course. You would, perhaps, have no disinclination to learn whether my deductions agree with yours."

"Not in the least. I should be very glad to know the conclusion at which you have arrived. May I ask if you suspect anyone in particular?"

"Yes, I do."

"Will you name him?"

"No I shall copy the admirable reticence you yourself have shown. And now let us attack this mystery in a sane and business-like manner. You have already examined the room. Well, here is a rough sketch of it. There is the table: in this corner the chair on which the coat was flung. Here sat Gibbs at the head of the table. Those on the left-hand side had their backs to the chair. I, being in the centre to the right, saw the chair, the coat, and the notes, and called attention to them. Now, our first duty is to find a motive. If it were a murder, our motive might be hatred, revenge, robbery, what you like. As it is simply the stealing of money, the man must have been either a born thief or else some hitherto innocent person pressed to the crime by great necessity. Do you agree with me, Monsieur Valmont?"

"Perfectly. You follow exactly the line of my own reasoning."

"Very well. It is unlikely that a born thief was one of Mr. Gibbs' guests. Therefore we are reduced to look for a man under the spur of necessity: a man who has no money of his own, but who must raise a certain amount, let us say by a certain date; if we can find such a man in that company, do you not agree with me that he is likely to be the thief?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then let us start our process of elimination. Out goes Viscount Stern, a man with 20,000 acres of land, and no one knows what income. I mark off the name of Lord Templemere, one of her Majesty's judges, entirely above suspicion. Next Sir John Sanciere: he, also, is rich, but Vincent Innes is still richer, so the pencil obliterates his name. Now we have Angus McKeller, an author of some note, as you are well aware, deriving a good income from his books and a better one from his plays; a canny Scot, so we may rub his name from our paper and our memory. How do my erasures correspond with yours, Monsieur Valmont?"

"They correspond exactly, Mr. Dacre."

"I am flattered to hear it. There remains one name untouched: Mr. Lionel Dacre, the descendant, as I have said, of robbers."

"I have not said so, Mr. Dacre."

"Ah! my dear Valmont, the politeness of your country asserts itself. Let us not be deluded, but follow our inquiry wherever it leads. I suspect Lionel Dacre. What do you know of his circumstances before the dinner?"

"As I made no reply he looked up at me with his frank, boyish face illumined by a winning smile."

"You know nothing of his circumstances?" he asked.

"It grieves me to state that I do. Mr. Lionel Dacre was penniless on the night of the dinner on the twenty-third."

"Oh, don't exaggerate, Monsieur Valmont," cried Dacre, with a laugh; "He had one sixpence, two pennies and a halfpenny. How did you know he was penniless?"

"I knew he ordered a case of cham-

pagne from the London representative of Camelot Freres, and was refused unless he paid the money down."

"Quite right; and then when you were talking to Hopper you saw that case of champagne delivered. Excellent, excellent, Monsieur Valmont. But will a man steal, think you, to supply himself with even so delicious a wine as this we have been tasting—and, by the way, forgive my neglect. Allow me to fill your glass, Monsieur Valmont."

"Not another drop, if you will excuse me, Mr. Dacre."

"Ah, yes, champagne should not be mixed with evidence. When we have finished, perhaps. What further proof have you?"

"I have proof that Mr. Dacre was threatened with bankruptcy if on the twenty-fourth he did not pay a bill of seventy-eight pounds that had been long outstanding. I have proof that this was paid, not on the twenty-fourth, but on the twenty-sixth. Mr. Dacre had gone to the solicitor and had assured him he would have the money on that date, whereupon he was given two days' grace."

"Ah, well, he was entitled to three, you know, in law. Yes, there, Monsieur Valmont, you touch the fatal point. The threat of bankruptcy will drive a man in Dacre's position to almost any crime. Bankruptcy to a barrister spells ruin. It means a career blighted; it means a life buried with little chance of resurrection. I see you grasp the supreme importance of that bit of evidence. The case of champagne is as nothing com-



Under the influence of the black coffee I reasoned it out.

pared with it, and this reminds me that in the crisis I shall take another sip, with your permission. Sure you won't join me?"

"Not at this juncture, Mr. Dacre."

"I envy your moderation. Here's to the success of our search, Monsieur Valmont."

I felt sorry for the gay young fellow as with smiling face he drank the champagne.

"Now, Monsieur," he went on, "I am amazed to learn how much you have found out. Really, I think tradespeople, solicitors and all such should keep better guard on their tongues than they do. Nevertheless, these documents I have at my elbow, and which I expected would surprise you, are merely the letters and receipts. Here is the letter from the solicitor threatening me with bankruptcy; here is his receipt dated the twenty-sixth; here is the refusal of the wine merchant, and here is his receipt for the money. Here are smaller bills liquidated. With my pencil we will add them up. Seventy-eight pounds bulks large. We add the smaller items, and it totals ninety-three pounds, seven shillings and fourpence. Let us now examine my purse. Here is a five pound note; there is a minted sovereign. Here is twelve and sixpence in silver; here is twopence in coppers. Now the purse is empty. Let us add this to the amount on the paper. Do my eyes deceive me, or is the total exactly a hundred pounds? Thus is the stolen money accounted for."

"Pardon me, Mr. Dacre," I said, "but there is still a sovereign on the mantelpiece."

Dacre threw back his head and laughed with greater heartiness than I had yet

known him to indulge in during our short acquaintance.

"By Jove!" he cried, "you've got me there. I'd forgotten entirely about that pound on the mantel-piece, which belongs to you."

"To me? Impossible!"

"It does, and cannot interfere in the least with our hundred pound calculation. That is the sovereign you gave to my man Hopper, who, believing me hard pressed, took it, that I might have the enjoyment of it. Hopper belongs to our family, or the family belongs to him. I am never sure which. You must have missed in him the deferential bearing of a manservant in Paris, yet he is true gold like the sovereign you bestowed upon him and he bestowed upon me. Now here, Monsieur, is the evidence of the theft, together with the rubber band and two pieces of cardboard. Ask my friend Gibbes to examine them minutely. They are all at your disposition, Monsieur, and you will learn how much easier it is to deal with the master than with the servant when you wish information. All the gold you possess would not have wrung these incriminating documents from old Hopper. I had to send him away today to the West-end, fearing that in his brutal British way he might have assaulted you if he got an inkling of your mission."

"Mr Dacre," said I slowly, "you have thoroughly convinced me—"

"I thought I should," he interrupted with a laugh.

"—that you did not take the money."

"Oho! this is a change of wind, surely. Many a man has been hanged through a chain of circumstantial evidence much weaker than this that I have exhibited to you. Don't you see the subtlety of my action? Ninety-nine persons in a hundred would say, 'No man would be such a fool as to put Valmont on his track, and then place in Valmont's hands such striking evidence.' But there comes in my craftiness. Of course, the rock you run up against will be Gibbes' incredulity. The first question he will ask you may be this: 'Why did not Dacre come and borrow the money from me?' Now there you have a certain weakness in your chain of evidence. I knew perfectly well that Gibbes would lend me the money, and he knew perfectly well that if I were pressed to the wall I should ask him."

"Mr. Dacre," said I, "you have been playing with me. I should resent that with most men, but whether it is your own genial manner or the effect of this excellent champagne, or both together, I forgive you. But I am convinced of another thing. You know who took the money."

"I don't know, but I suspect."

"Will you tell me whom you suspect?"

"That would not be fair, but I shall now take the liberty of filling your glass with champagne."

"I am your guest, Mr. Dacre."

"Admirably answered, Monsieur," he replied, pouring out the wine, "and now I shall give you the clew. Find out all about the story of the silver spoons."

"The story of the silver spoons? What silver spoons?"

"Ah, that is the point. You step out of the Temple into Fleet Street, seize by the shoulder the first man you meet, and ask him to tell you about the silver spoons. There are but two men and two spoons concerned. When you learn who those two men are you will know that one of them did not take the money, and I give you my assurance that the other did."

"You speak in mystery, Mr. Dacre."

"But certainly, for I am speaking to Monsieur Eugene Valmont."

"I echo your words, sir. Admirably answered. You put me on my mettle, and I flatter myself that I see your kindly drift. You wish me to solve the mystery of this stolen money. Sir, you do me honor, and I drink to your health."

"To yours, Monsieur," said Lionel Dacre; "and here is a further piece of information which my friend Gibbes would never have given you. When he told me the money was gone I cried in the anguish of impending bankruptcy, 'I wish to goodness I had it!' whereupon he immediately compelled me to accept his check for a hundred pounds, of which, as I have shown you, alas, only six

pounds twelve and eightpence remains."

On leaving Mr. Dacre I took a hansom to a cafe on Regent Street which is a passable imitation of similar places of refreshment in Paris. There, calling for a cup of black coffee, I sat down to think. The clew of the silver spoons! He had laughingly suggested that I should take by the shoulders the first man I met and ask him what the story of the silver spoons was. This course naturally struck me as absurd, and he doubtless intended it to seem absurd. Nevertheless it contained a hint. I must ask somebody, and that the right person, to tell the tale of the silver spoons.

Under the influence of the black coffee I reasoned it out in this way: On the night of the twenty-third some one of the six guests there present stole a hundred pounds, but Dacre had said that one of the actors in the silver spoon incident was the actual thief. That person, then, must have been one of Mr. Gibbes' guests at the dinner of the twenty-third. Probably two of the guests were the participators in the silver spoon comedy, but, be that as it may, it followed that one, at least, of the men around Mr. Gibbes' table knew the episode of the silver spoons. Perhaps Bentham Gibbes himself was cognizant of it. It followed, therefore, that the easiest plan was to question each of the men who partook of that dinner. Yet if only one knew about the spoons that one must also have some idea that these spoons formed the clew which attached him to the crime of the twenty-third, in which case he was little likely to divulge what he knew, and that to an entire stranger. Of course, I might go to Dacre himself and demand the story of the silver spoons, but this would be a confession of failure on my part, and I rather dreaded Lionel Dacre's hearty laughter when I admitted that the mystery was too much for me. Besides this, I was very well aware of the young man's kindly intentions toward me. He wished me to unravel the coil myself, and so I determined not to go to him except as a last resource.

I resolved to begin with Mr. Gibbes, and, finishing my coffee, got again into a hansom and drove back to the Temple. I found Mr. Gibbes in his room, and, after greeting me, his first inquiry was about the case.

"How are you getting on?" he asked.

"I think I'm getting on fairly well,"

I replied, "and expect to finish in a day or two if you will kindly tell me the story of the silver spoons."

"The silver spoons?" he echoed, quite evidently not understanding me.

"There happened an incident in which two men were engaged, and this incident related to a pair of silver spoons. I want to get the particulars of that."

"I haven't the slightest idea what you are talking about," replied Gibbes, thoroughly bewildered. "You will have to be more definite, I fear, if you are to get any help from me."

"I cannot be more definite, because I have already told you all I know."

"What bearing has all this on our own case?"

"I was informed that if I got hold of the clew of the silver spoons I should be in a fair way of settling our case."

"Who told you that?"

"Mr. Lionel Dacre."

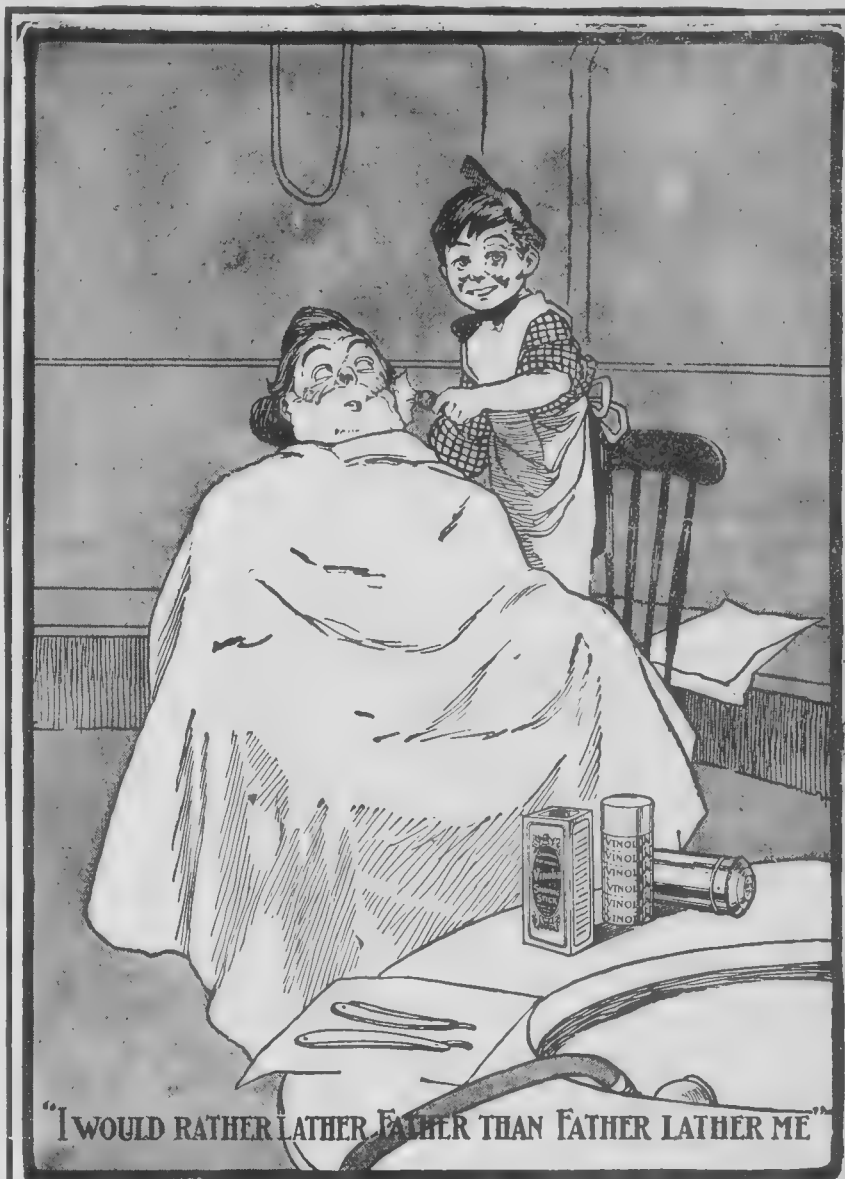
"Oh, does Dacre refer to his own conjuring?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. What was his conjuring?"

"A very clever trick he did one night at dinner here about two months ago."

"Had it anything to do with silver spoons?"

"Well, it was silver spoons or silver forks, or something of that kind. I had entirely forgotten the incident. So far as I recollect at the moment there was a sleight-of-hand man of great expertness in one of the music halls, and the talk turned upon him. Then Dacre said the tricks he did were easy, and, holding up a spoon or a fork, I don't remember which, he asserted his ability to make it disappear before our eyes, to be found afterward in the clothing of someone there present. Several offered to make him a bet that he could do nothing of the kind, but he said he would bet with no one but Innes, who sat opposite him. Innes, with some reluctance, accepted



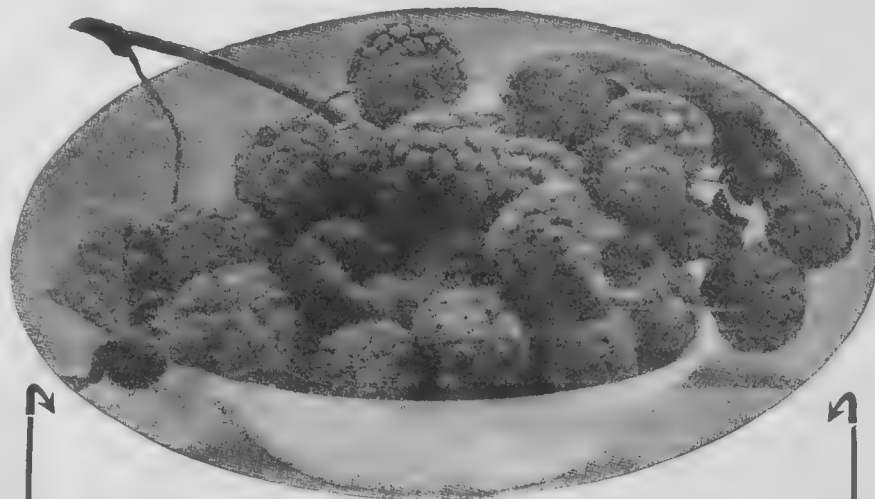
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the bet, and then Dacre, with a great show of the conjuror's usual gesticulations, spread forth his empty hands, and said that we should find the spoon in Innes' pocket, and there, sure enough, it was. It was a clever trick, but we were never able to get him to repeat it."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Gibbs; I think I see daylight now."

"If you do you are cleverer than I by a long chalk," cried Bentham Gibbs as I took my departure.

I went directly downstairs and knocked at Mr. Dacre's door once more. He opened the door himself, his man not having yet returned.

Ah, Monsieur," he cried, "back already? You don't mean to tell me you have so soon got to the bottom of the silver spoon entanglement?"

"I think I have, Mr. Dacre. You were sitting at dinner opposite Mr. Vincent Innes. You saw him conceal a silver spoon in his pocket. You probably wait-

ed for some time to understand what he meant by this, and, as he did not return the spoon to its place, you proposed a conjuring trick, made the bet with him, and thus the spoon was returned to the table."

"Excellent, excellent, Monsieur; that is very nearly what occurred, except that I acted at once. I had had experiences with Mr. Vincent Innes before. Never did he come to these rooms without my missing some little trinket after he was gone. I am not a man of many possessions, while Mr. Innes is a very rich person, and so if anything is taken I have little difficulty in coming to a knowledge of my loss. Of course, I never mentioned these disappearances to him. They were all trivial, as I have said, and so far as the silver spoon was concerned, it was of no great value either. But I thought the bet and the recovery of the spoon would teach him a lesson; it apparently has not done so. On the night

of the twenty-third he sat at my right hand, as you will see by consulting your diagram of the table and the guests. I asked him a question twice, to which he did not reply, and, looking at him, I was startled by the expression in his eyes. They were fixed on a distant corner of the room, and following his gaze, I saw what he was looking at with such hypnotizing concentration. So absorbed was he in contemplation of the packet there so plainly exposed that he seemed to be entirely oblivious of what was going on around him. I roused him from his trance by jocularly calling Gibbs' attention to the display of money. I expected in this way to save Innes from committing the act which he seemingly did commit. Imagine, then, the dilemma in which I was placed when Gibbs confided to me the morning after what had occurred the night before. I was positive Innes had taken the money, yet I possessed no proof of it. I could not

tell Gibbs, and I dared not speak to Innes. Of course, Monsieur, you do not need to be told that Innes is not a thief in the ordinary sense of the word. He has no need to steal, and yet apparently cannot help doing so. I am sure that no attempt has been made to pass those notes. They are doubtless in his house at Kensington at this present moment. He is, in fact, a kleptomaniac, or a maniac of some sort.

"And now, Monsieur Valmont, was my hint regarding the silver spoons of any value to you?"

"Of the most infinite value, Mr. Dacre."

"Then let me make another suggestion. I leave it entirely to your bravery; a bravery which I must confess I do not myself possess. Will you take a hansom, drive to Mr. Innes' house on the Cromwell Road, confront him quietly, and ask for the return of the packet? I am anxious to know what will happen. If he hands it to you, as I expect he will, then you must tell Mr. Gibbs the whole story."

"Mr. Dacre, your suggestion shall be immediately acted upon, and I thank you for your compliment to my courage."

I found that Mr. Innes inhabited a very grand house. After a time he entered a study on the ground floor, to which I had been conducted.

He held my card in his hand, and was looking at it with some surprise.

"I think I have not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Valmont," he said, courteously enough.

"No. I have called on a matter of business. I was once investigator for the French Government, and now am doing private detective work here in London."

"Ah! And how is that supposed to interest me? I have nothing that I wish investigated. I did not send for you, did I?"

"No, Mr. Innes, I merely took the liberty of calling to ask you to let me have the package you took out of Mr. Bentham Gibbs' frock coat pocket on the night of the twenty-third."

"He wishes it returned, does he?"

"Yes."

Mr. Innes calmly went to a desk, which he unlocked and opened, displaying a veritable museum of trinkets of one sort and another. Pulling out a small drawer, he took from it the packet containing the five twenty-pound notes.

Apparently it had never been undone. With a smile he handed it to me.

"You will make my apologies to Mr. Gibbs for not returning it before. Tell him I have been unusually busy of late."

"I shall not fail to do so," I said with a bow.

"Thanks so much. Good morning, Monsieur Valmont."

"Good morning, Mr. Innes."

And so I returned the packet to Mr. Bentham Gibbs, who pulled the notes from between their pasteboard protection and begged me to accept them.

Scotticisms.—A great many Scotsmen speak the "English" they found in their books at school, but, after all, pronounce it in their own way; such words as active, motive, native, they pronounce as "acteeve," "moteeve," "nateeve," and wonder that people "pick them out" for "Scotch." But the funniest thing in that line for a long time was in St. Catherine's, Ont., when an Armenian, a native of Asia Minor, was telling us of the needs, spiritually, of his countrymen in our North-West. He had a good and fluent mastery of English, but he must have learned it from some Scotsman in the North-West, for in many of his words there was a strong and distinct "Scotch" sound. An old Scotsman in a pew near me would give me a wink occasionally to remind me of it.

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Read the Guarantee printed here. You will then be sure that the largest hosiery mill in Canada would not risk its capital on such a Guarantee unless it had the goods to make good. Reasons for this Guarantee are few and simple:

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No. 1020—Same quality as 1760, but heavier. Black only. Box of 3 pairs \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.
No. 1150—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg, 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.
No. 1720—Fine quality Cotton Hose.

- Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.
No. 1175—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

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- No. 2404—Medium weight Cashmere. 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

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The Lady Noggs.

By Edgar Jepson.



IT WOULD be absurd to say that the Lady Noggs looked her best on horseback, for she looked her best in so many costumes and circumstances, but as she came trotting into Stonorill village in her violet habit and feathered picture-hat she looked, probably, her most eighteenth century. At the first outlying cottage she suddenly reined in her pony Villikins with a look of dismay at the sight of the doctor coming down the garden path; for there dwelt the Cotterils, and ever since she had rescued William from the claws of the law she had taken the keen interest of a protector in them.

"What's the matter, Doctor Hamerton?" she cried. "Who's ill?"

"Mrs. Cotteril's baby. He's swallowed a pin, and it's stuck in his throat," said the doctor; and his cheery face was overcast and gloomy.

"Is he very ill?"

"I'm afraid there's no hope for him. I could get it out if I had the instruments but I haven't, and I know of

and the big tears ran down the cheeks of the Lady Noggs. Then there came again the choking cough and the moan. The Lady Noggs turned her eyes away from the baby; she could not bear the sight. They wandered round the room and rested on the red handkerchief knotted round William's throat. All those who have suffered know how in moments of painful emotion the mind will seize on some trivial object and busy itself with it to get away from the pain. So the mind of the Lady Noggs seized on the red handkerchief, started a relieving train of thought, and jumped by a natural association, seeing that she had been talking of the express, to the red flag of the railway guard.

Then came an idea so dazzling that she shut her eyes for twenty seconds to grapple with it, opened them and cried, "I'll stop the Northern Star!"

The Cotterils stared at her, bewildered; the sharpness of the cry roused even Mrs. Cotteril from her stupor; and William said dully:

"You'll stop the Northern Star, your Ladyship?"

"Yes, I'll stop it in Chandler's Bury. How many of those red handkerchiefs



The Evening Meal

none nearer than London. There every hospital has them."

"Then he must go to London!" cried the Lady Noggs.

"It can't be done. I've just worked it out. The pin must be extracted inside of four hours to save him. If we could have caught the Northern Star at Micklefield we could have got him to a hospital in plenty of time. But it's due at Micklefield in twenty minutes; and it's fifteen miles away. No; there's no hope for the poor little soul."

"Oh, what a pity! what a pity!" said the Lady Noggs with a sob.

"It is a pity; and that confounded express runs through Chandler's Bury—only a mile and a half away!" And with a hopeless gesture the doctor raised his hat and went on into the village.

The Lady Noggs slipped off Villikins, threw the reins over the gate-post, and went softly in through the open door of the cottage. Mrs. Cotteril sat beside the fire, staring down with dazed eyes at the suffering mite on her lap; William sat just in front of her, all the ruddiness faded out of his face.

"I'm so sorry, Liza," said the Lady Noggs, coming in to her and touching her hand; and she looked at the child, which was shaken by a choking little cough and the most pitiful moanings.

Mrs. Cotteril's lips moved, but no sound came from them, and her eyes never moved from the little drawn face; but William said thickly:

"It's crool 'ard, your Ladyship, crool 'ard."

They were silent for a minute or two;

have you?" said the Lady Noggs with quick firmness.

"Three," said William, yet more bewildered.

"Get them quick! We'll make a red flag, and wave it in front of the train, and stop it. Then Liza can get into it and take the baby to a London hospital."

A dull glimmer of understanding shone in William's eyes; and he rose.

"Be quick!" cried the Lady Noggs imperiously. "And — and — take that broomstick to tie them to! Put on your hat, Liza! Be quick!"

Her vehemence carried them away. William stumbled to the chest of drawers and took out two handkerchiefs. Mrs. Cotteril, a faint flush of hope on her cheeks, got on her hat somehow, and wrapped the baby in a shawl. She was half way out of the door when William said, "But what about the money for the tickets?"

"I never thought of that!" said the Lady Noggs, and her face fell. "We can't tell any one or they'll stop us."

She stood still, her quick little brain working swiftly; then she cried:

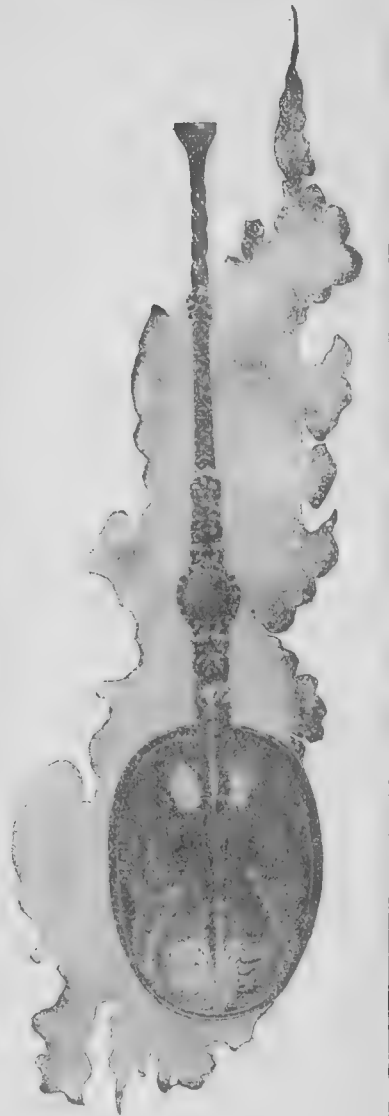
"I know! I can get it! You go on to the Bury, and I'll bring it!"

She ran down the path, mounted Villikins, and galloped off toward the castle. The Cotterils stared after her: then William said:

"Come on, lass! It's the little 'un's only chance! Carry him soft!" And they set off at a run down the road.

Villikins galloped for all he was worth to the castle stables. The Lady Noggs jumped off him, cried to a groom to

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hold him, and raced up to the nursery. She took down from the mantelpiece the missionary-box which a misguided aunt had given her in the hope of benefitting her and the heathen at one stroke, and looked round the room for something with which to break it open. The poker was too light; the coal-scuttle was empty. Her eyes fell on the soapstone Buddha which occupied, inappropriately enough, the place of honor on the mantelpiece beside the missionary-box. She dragged up a chair, mounted it, lifted him down, set the missionary-box on the hearthrug, and banged him down, stern foremost, on the top of it. There was a crunch and a jingle; she pulled the Buddha off the ruin, dropped on her knees, and with deft fingers sorted out the gold and silver subscribed by her uncle's guests from the copper offerings of her humbler friends. She thrust the money into her pocket, bolted down the stairs, and in less than a minute was on the back of Villikins and galloping for Chandler's Bury.

A quarter of a mile from it she overtook the hurrying Cotterils, and they

"It's as like as not," said William hoarsely.

The Lady Noggs was silent with knitted brow, striving to find a way to prevent this misfortune. The Cotterils looked at her, open-mouthed, with beseeching eyes, as to an oracle. At last she said:

"I was going to wave the flag and stop the train myself, because they wouldn't send me to a prison, at least not to an ordinary one. I'm a peeress, you know. But if you stopped the train, William, we might get in on the other side while the guard and the engineer were asking you what's the matter. But they're nearly sure to send you to prison."

"I don't care, I'm game, your Ladyship! I'd go to prison for ten years for the little 'un!" said William; and his heavy face was transfigured by devotion.

"You might run away when the guard is a good way from his van; the train will have to wait till he gets back to it."

"Never you mind about me, if only you gets the missus an' the little 'un into the train," said William feverishly.



Dressing for Dinner.

pressed on together. At the top of the cutting the Lady Noggs dismounted, gave Villikins a cut which sent him galloping home, and they went down to the railway line. The baby seemed no worse for the hasty journey: the little choking cough and moan came no oftener. They sat down a few feet from the line, panting; and William began to knot the handkerchiefs together for the flag. Mrs. Cotteril snatched them out of his trembling, clumsy fingers, and made it herself very quickly. Then, shading their eyes, they stared down the line for the train. The minutes dragged.

Presently the Lady Noggs said: "I think I'd better go to London with Liza and the baby, William. I know all about cabs; and I can see they don't lose time."

"Yes, your Ladyship," said William; and then his face working with a new terror, he added, "But suppose they won't let none of you get into the train, stopping it like this?"

"I never thought of that," cried the Lady Noggs, dismayed.

"I will," said the Lady Noggs firmly.

She and Mrs. Cotteril crossed the line, and settled themselves beside a clump of furze which screened them not a little. William doggedly pulled off his boots, stood up, and looked down the line. Presently he cried:

"There's the smoke!" and began to wave the red flag furiously, though the express was a mile away.

In a minute the Lady Noggs could see the body of the train and hear its roar; then she distinguished its two engines. The rattling roar grew and grew as it came tearing along; and it seemed as if it must rush past them. But of a sudden there arose a grating squeal from the tortured metals as the brakes locked the wheels, which rose louder and louder and then died down as the train came to a standstill in front of them. It was the work of a few moments for the active child to clamber on to the footboard and open the door of a first-class compartment. She helped Mrs. Cotteril up and in, and shut the door. The bang made a tall man, who was head and shoulders

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out of the opposite window, pull himself in:

"Sakes alive!" he said.

"Hush! Hush!" cried the Lady Noggs, clasping her hands. "Please don't say anything! The baby's swallowed a pin; and I stopped the train to take it to a London hospital!"

"Jee-rusalem!" said the stranger, dropping into a seat.

The Lady Noggs slipped past him, thrust her head out of the window, cried, "Run, William! Run!" and drew it in again.

William gave a hoarse shout, wrenched the handkerchiefs off the broomstick, flung it from him and bolted up the steep bank. The guard, who was within thirty yards of him, bolted up after him, but the bootless William gained at every step, and was over the hedge and on the level ground with a good fifty yards start. The Lady Noggs and the stranger watched the guard gallantly breast the ascent and come to the top. There he stopped suddenly and put up his hand to shade his eyes. His head turned this way and that, he shook his fist at the landscape, turned, and came running back. Plainly, William had disappeared. The guard reached the bottom just beneath their window; the stranger put his head out of it and cried, "Hello, conductor; what's the matter?"

"Some—yokel playing a joke!" said the guard; very red with rage and exercise.

"Curious notion of humor you Britishers have," drawled the stranger.

"The company'll humor him when it gets the detective down here," snorted the guard; and he ran along to his van.

"I reckon we've shook him," said the stranger, smiling at the Lady Noggs.

"Thank you very much," she said; and her grateful eyes shone on him.

"Say, now," said the stranger, feasting his eyes on her, "you flagged a British express—a British express!"

"Flagged it?" said the Lady Noggs in some doubt. "Oh, yes, I made William stop it with a flag. I had to. The doctor said it was the only chance of getting the pin out of the baby's throat, to take him to a London hospital."

"Sand," said the stranger with evident extreme enjoyment—"sand up to the brim, and they told me this decayed old country was played out. Who are you, young lady?"

"I'm Lady Felicia Grandison."

"Lady Felicia Grandison?" said the stranger, and his eyes opened wider. "This beats the Dutch!—a scion of corrupt and effete aristocracy. Well, travelin' teaches. I'm John P. Cooper, of New York City."

The train started with a little jerk; the tension suddenly relaxed, and the Lady Noggs threw up her hands over her face and burst into a fit of tearful sobbing. John Cooper let her sob for three minutes, then he said sharply, "Take a pull, Lady Grandison, take a pull! You've got to look after the youngster!"

The Lady Noggs choked down her sobs, though her mouth went on twitching, and turned to the baby. The stranger moved down to the seat opposite him and took a careful look at him.

"He's a fearful sick," he said, "and I have had a sick child of my own, a very sick child. It's my notion that brandy is what he wants. It'll keep him going."

With that he took from his gripsack a flask of brandy and water, poured some on to his little finger, and let a single drop trickle into the baby's mouth. He did this at intervals of about two minutes till the baby had had ten drops.

"Seventy-five more minutes," he said looking at his watch. "He'll do for another hour." And truly the baby's face looked a little less drawn, though the little choking cough and the moan came at the same interval.

They sat watching him in a strained silence only broken by an occasional question from John Cooper, and the oft-reiterated cry of the Lady Noggs, "Oh, I do wish the train would go quicker!"

In about an hour John Cooper gave the baby some more brandy and the train was running through the suburbs as he finished.

"Now," he said, "what about tickets? I guess we've no time to waste. Micklefield was the last stop before you flagged

this excited bathing-machine; and we'll have the money ready."

He took a time-table from his gripsack, looked up at the list of fares, and said, "Sixteen and eightpence." Then he pulled out a handful of money from his pocket and looked at it ruefully. "I don't seem to get ahead with this money of ours," he said. "How many of these coins go to sixteen and eightpence?"

"Oh, I must pay!" said the Lady Noggs. "William is my uncle's tenant, and I really must pay."

John Cooper gave her a quaint look and said: "I reckon that's the feudal spirit, and it's got to be humored. Have you got the money?"

"Yes," said the Lady Noggs, pulling it out of her pocket. "I—I broke open my missionary-box."

John Cooper held out his hand, crying, "You robbed the heathen to play this game? Shake!"

The Lady Noggs shook hands and said, "I had to."

"You bet you had," said John Cooper.

After some arithmetic the Lady Noggs gave him a sovereign and two half-crowns, the price of a ticket and a half. The train ran into the terminus, and he said cheerfully, "Now it's up to John P. Cooper."

It was: he had them through the crowd, past the ticket-barriers, and into a hansom in eighty seconds, and they were off to the Charing Cross Hospital as fast as the horse could get through the traffic. John Cooper had them out of the hansom and into the hospital hall before they realized that they had reached it and was saying to the receiving nurse: "This is Lady Felicia Grandison. She's brought up a tenant's baby with a pin in its throat. If you're going to put it through it's got to be done straight!"

His briskness seemed catching, for a smart young house-surgeon and another nurse were on the spot in a moment; he took a look at the baby, said sharply, "Bring it along quick! Number three!" and hurried on ahead.

The nurse took the baby, and they followed her along a corridor to the door of number three. She said, "Wait here, please," went in with the baby and shut the door.

John Cooper made them sit down on a bench beside the door, and there they waited, the Lady Noggs holding Mrs. Cotteril's hand. Now and again the poor woman said feverishly, "Oh, I hope they won't hurt him! I hope they won't hurt him!"

Always John Cooper said cheerily, "You bet they won't—no, ma'am."

The minutes dragged: it was worse than waiting for the Northern Star. But at last the nurse came out with the baby in her arms.

"It's all right," she said triumphantly. "It's out. Seven minutes: almost a record. I'm taking him up to the children's ward to give him restoratives. Come back in an hour; we shall know then how he's stood it."

"God bless your little Ladyship!" cried Mrs. Cotteril, and burst out crying and sobbing.

When they had soothed her she would by no means leave the hospital till she had learned that the baby was out of danger. They left her in the hall; and John Cooper arranged with the receiving nurse that she should have some tea.

Outside the hospital John Cooper said: "You look as if you wanted restoratives, too, Lady Grandison—a square meal."

"Well, I missed my dinner, of course," said the Lady Noggs, who was looking a little pale after the strain. "But I mustn't spend much of this missionary money."

"This is my shout," said John Cooper firmly.

They wired to William Cotteril, drove to the Carlton, and over the meal improved their acquaintance at a great rate. By the time they had done, indeed, the Lady Noggs reckoned John Cooper one of her intimate and most amusing friends. When they went back to the hospital they learned that the baby was doing well after the operation; and the Lady Noggs was taken to see him sleeping in his cot. When she came down she learned that he was to be kept at least three days in the hospital, and that Mrs. Cotteril wanted to stay in London, and a nurse had offered to find her a room near the hospital. At once the Lady

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THRIVE ON
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Noggs gave her the rest of the missionary money. They bade her good-by and left.

Outside John Cooper said, "Have you left yourself any money to get home with, Lady Grandison?"

The Lady Noggs thrust her hand into her pocket, drew it out empty, and said with an air of dismay, "Oh, dear, I forgot all about that!" Then her face cleared. "But you'll lend it to me, won't you?"

"I'm taking you home," said John Cooper. "I'm going to see you to the end of this."

He took her to the station, saw to his neglected luggage, and they caught a train down to Stonorill. As they rattled along from the station in a fly they met two or three groups of searchers, for Villikins having returned without a rider, and William prudently lying low, the country was up, as it was well used to be, looking for the Lady Noggs. They reached the castle before news of her safety, and the Lady Noggs, dragging John Cooper with her, rushed into the

ed fairly evenly into those who applauded and those who were shocked at the invasion of the sacred rights of the inviolable express. She herself was entirely defiant; she thoughtfully dropped William out of the affair and took the whole responsibility, repeating again and again more and more hotly, "I had to stop the beastly old train! I had to!"

In the end it was resolved that Mr. Borrodaile, her uncle's private secretary, should go to London on the morrow and deal with the railway company, and he said sadly, "This time, Noggs, it's a touch and go whether then send you to prison or not. They're rather besotted; and I've told you many times about the pitcher that went to the well too often."

"I don't care!" cried the Lady Noggs joyfully. "I shall go to the Tower—they'll have to send me there because I'm a peeress—and I shall escape, Billy; you see if I don't!"

"We know you will—we know you will, Noggs," said Mr. Borrodaile. "But the Tower will be anxious, not we."

Having gathered how that John Cooper



The Hunter's Call, in a B. C. Forest.

hall to find her uncle in the middle of an anxious group of his guests concerting measures for her discovery.

"Oh, Uncle," she cried, "I'm so glad you're not at work! This is Mr. John P. Cooper, of New York City; and he's awfully interested in our old nobility—that's what he calls us. And he'll be so pleased to see you, because you must be a—a—a chief old noble. This is my uncle, Lord Errington, Mr. Cooper: he's Prime Minister."

"Oh, Felicia," groaned the Prime Minister. "What have you been doing? We have been so anxious about you; we thought—"

"Now what's the good of being anxious about me? I always come home some time!" cried the Lady Noggs in a bitterly aggrieved tone. "Somebody's always worrying. How was I to know that Liza's baby would get a pin in its throat, and I should have to flag the Northern Star, and take him to London? I hadn't time to tell anyone—I hadn't really."

A chorus of questions and exclamations rose on the air; and as the Lady Noggs unfolded her tale the group divid-

had helped the Lady Noggs, the Prime Minister insisted that he should stay to dinner and sleep at the castle. In the morning, under the intelligent guidance of the Lady Noggs, he explored it from attic to basement. About noon a wire from Mrs. Cotteril set their minds at rest about the baby. After luncheon the Lady Noggs drove John Cooper to the station in her pony-cart, and having arranged to meet soon in London, they parted with every expression of mutual regard.

"Here! What's this you've given us now, waiter?"

"Whipped cream, sir."

"Humph! It certainly deserved whipping—it's bad enough!"

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The Wife of Ben Bow.

By Hezekiah Butterworth.

Author of "The Ghost of Graylock," "Brook Farm," "How Longfellow Wrote His Best-Known Poems," etc.



LOSE by the bowery old country roads of West Roxbury is the historic town of Dedham, Massachusetts, in whose woods, fields, and old houses New England still lives. The Dedham woods still grow green, and shade the silent Charles River, and the old Fairbanks house, built in the year 1636, is yet visited, and especially by artists on account of the beautiful trees in its yard.

On the border of the Dedham woods some sixty years ago, there lived a young farmer by the name of Benjamin Bow. His wife was a hard working woman of simple tastes and habits. She had very strong sympathies and antipathies, and these gave her individuality, and she came to be known among the farmers as "The Wife of Ben Bow." The farm of Ben Bow was on a lonely road between Wigwan Pond and the Charles. It yielded a bare support. The wife of Ben Bow helped her husband in the field and meadow, and rarely left the place.

One summer day two of the amiable philosophers who were frequent visitors to the Brook farm community rode into the Dedham woods and called at the solitary farmhouse of Ben Bow. They were young ladies, and were looking for Indian pipe, a remedy then famous for the cure of certain nervous diseases. The lonely wife of Ben Bow received them kindly, and went with them into the near woods, and found plenty of the looked-for waxy plant amid the Creeping Jenny, boxberry leaves and liverwort of certain hollows among the rocks. The poor woman gathered it eagerly, like a slave. She would not let the young ladies touch it until she had prepared it for them by cleaning the roots.

"I understand all these things," she said, "and it is not often that I have the chance to do polite ladies like you a favor. I wish I could see such folks oftener. Ben is good to me, but it seemed as though I should go distracted sometimes before the little one came, I was so much alone. My heart hungers for friends. But, then, I have the river, and the ponds, the trees, and the birds, and my dear babe. Nature is pleasant here, and I ought to be grateful with that little heart. Where do you live?"

"At Brook Farm."

"I want to know. You are some of those book people who are trying farming there. I wish you would let me come over there and help you sometimes. I would be willing to work for nothing for the sake of the company. I make beer out of roots; it is good for the blood, they say. Come in and have some. I wish I had something better to offer you. They tell me that your people do not eat meat."

The two young ladies followed the wife of Ben Bow into her humble home. The root beer was excellent. As she was passing the rustic beverage the glass fell from her hand and broke.

"I'm so unfortunate," she said. "My right hand isn't steady. See there, I have lost my middle forefinger."

She raised her hand and moved the fingers, showing the misfortune. The two visitors looked at it with real pity, for they had already found kinship in the heart of the woman.

"I lost that finger by an accident when I was a little girl. I got it crushed in the mill, and the doctor came and took it off. My hand has never been steady since—kind of paralyzed. But I can strike with it a hard blow. It is in light work that it trembles and fails. My arm isn't over steady, and sometimes I think my brain isn't over right. I sometimes fear that I may become touched in mind. Have you a doctor among the folks at Brook Farm?"

"Yes," said one of the ladies. "If you will return our call I will have him look into your case, and it shall cost you nothing."

"You talk from your heart," said the woman. "I have often wished I could find some persons of learning to speak to. There are many things in this world that I do not understand."

"There are many things that none of us understand," was the humble confession of this pupil of the philosophers. There are some things that even George Ripley does not know."

The woman looked very much surprised.

"I have thought some thoughts of my own and Ben says they are queer. It seems to me that there is an inward world, and that everything is governed by the law of the spirit of life, which is the law of the inward world. All of the oak for a hundred years is in the acorn—in the inward principle. All of the golden robin, its joy, its feathers and song, is in the egg—the inward principle. It seems to me that things come down from Heaven through the inward law and principle—through the mysterious agent we call life. The Ought, which is the law of the Eternal Spirit, is written in every soul. It is living revelation. Now, when life begins to grow, it come out of the inward world, and when we die it is to go into the unseen regions of life, or to the inward world whence we came."



Ben Bow's Wife.

That world tends upward. I believe that the whole universe of life will be our home, and I believe—I'm glad Ben is not here—that animals have souls. I study over these things when I am alone."

The ladies heard this rustic philosophy with sympathetic interest, whether or not they believed it. They dreamed that they had found a priestess, and they had.

"You are one of us," said Miss Needham. "You are seeking truth."

"May you be blessed for saying that," said the woman. "That makes me happy in my immortal and inward nature, that will one day leave the form that adapts itself to outward nature here."

The two ladies spoke of Kant's view of apperception, of the soul's consciousness of itself, its thoughts and creations. The woman listened eagerly.

"I never saw the soul as I do now," said she. "Apperception, do you call it? That makes one see the spirit. Oh, I am so glad you called! Ladies, listen. I believe that when I die I can come back again. I believe that if I were dead and you were in danger, I could give you warning."

There was a faint cry in a cradle that had been partly covered, and that the visitors had not noticed.

"My baby is waking up. He generally sleeps two hours at this time of day. I feel safe to go out and leave him, if I don't go too far, for the dog watches



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and gives the alarm when he awakes."

She took out of the cradle a beautiful boy.

"How I do love that child!" said she. "It is the life of my life. If I were dead and an one should abuse it I would defend it. Such things do happen in the inward world."

The two young women rode away from the place.

"There is nothing new in the woman's thoughts," said Miss Needham, "but it does seem strange that she should have reasoned thus."

"Miss Needham," said the other, "there is something very strange, very strange indeed, about the wife of Ben Bow."

In the Indian summer days our two Brook Farm friends, whom we will call Mary Needham and Hester Fifield, rode again to the Dedham woods, among the falling leaves, wild grapes and gathering flocks of birds, and called on the wife of Ben Bow.

She received them gratefully, and said that her babe had been ill, and that she had hardly left the place since their former call.

"I have thought much over the matters of which you talked," she said, "and I have wished to come over and call on you for my hand and arm have become swollen. See." She held up her hand from which the middle forefinger was gone. The visitors marked the appearance of the hand very distinctly.

"I have had," she added, "some strange experiences of late. My soul at times has seemed to soar away and be in other places. I sometimes think that I am not constituted like other people. You know that I believe that the body

is merely a mass of organs adapted to the needs of the soul—the means of communication between the outward and inward world. It is the inward world that is the source of all mysteries, as the bloom of the rose is but the rose principle in the outward world, bodied forth. I shall go in some day, and it will not be long, and they will shut the door. But I can come out again." She pressed her child closely to her heart. "I can come out again, at least, in appearance. What the soul sees, it sees: I do not mean that these bones or that this or that dress or shoes can come out again. But the inward world will be a reality then, and all its mysteries now will then be a part of life."

The two ladies invited her again to visit Brook Farm.

She came one still November day, while the summer splendor lingered, bringing her babe with her. One of the men of the Community, Dr. Fifield, who had had a medical education, examined her hand and arm and gave her advice and a prescription. They never again saw her alive, and here begins the inexplicable mystery of "The Wife of Ben Bow."

The ladies did not belong to the original Community of rustic philosophers at Brook Farm. The charm, possibly the romance, of the little Community, drew many visitors there, and Miss Fifield having a brother, and Miss Needham a sister there, they liked to be much with the people who were making the novel social experiment. But they found their thought more stimulated by the poor wife of Ben Bow than by the learned and glowing conversations of Margaret Fuller, or of Alcott, whom they also knew. They had heard this woman say that the Ought which was written in the soul of every man was the true law of life. This they could understand, and they began to build up a bit of philosophy upon it which made them interesting, though they had learned it in the bush, and had hardly had an idea before, except such as had been endorsed by wholesome Mt. Holyoke or Catherine Beecher's prudent school. So they began to study the Ought between them, which they decided came out of the "inward world," and evolved into infinite consciousness, and they became numbered among the speckled birds of the stream-cleaved meadows of Brook Farm.

But a darker problem haunted their minds. This, also, came from the poor woman in the bush. Does the soul have power after death which it can exercise over the living? They talked of this by themselves, for the amiable disciples of Kant and Fourier did not regard any such old-fashioned speculations as this as a part of their transcendental investigations. The Communists, or Transcendentalists, as they came to be called, had gathered to study those things that transcended human experience, but the topic of a ghost was ruled out as a matter of vulgar superstition, although ghosts were still believed in by the people at large at this time to make lively many old New England houses and cemeteries. So our ladies talked of the Ought in the symposiums of the parlor, and of avenging spirits by themselves, and a year passed amid the lights of agreeable speculations and the shadows of apprehensions, and the leaves came out of the inner world, expanded, breathed the air, turned red and crisp, and fell, in the bowery groves of peaceful Brook Farm.

It was a dark, still night of one of the short days of December. Snow had fallen. There had been made a fire on the hearth in the keeping-room, whose noble proportions may still be seen. Without, the crystals in the thin snow were glistening in the moonlight. There was heard the gallop of a horse's feet up the high bank before the door, which are now seats on the terrace under the trees. There followed a sharp rap on the door. Miss Needham, who was at the time in the room alone, hurried to answer the call.

"I am Ben Bow," said the man at the door. "Call Dr. Fifield. My wife is dying."

Miss Needham called the doctor, who left with Ben Bow for a keen-aired ride through the Dedham woods.

Dr. Fifield returned late. In answer to Miss Needham's inquiries, for the

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young lady had awaited him, he said: "The woman will die. A strange thing happened. Don't let's speak of it to-night."

The next evening Dr. Fifield, in a gathering about the fire in the parlor, related the strange thing that had happened.

"That woman," said he—"the wife of Ben Bow—was at death's door. She asked for the women who had called on her from the farm. Miss Needham and Miss Fifield, I suppose. She said, gasping, 'Tell them I am one of them.' Her hands lay out on the bed, and she would raise the one from which the finger was missing and look at it pitifully. My heart ached for that poor woman. There was a nurse there whose name was Cone. As I was sitting by the bed the child cried. The dying woman started, and said with a look that was fearful: 'Margaret Cone, Mar-

"Margaret Cone, the nurse. So Ben Bow said when I told him that his wife must die."

"I hope she will be good to it," said Miss Needham.

"Well, I have now to repeat to you the dying woman's last words to me. She said: 'Tell my two friends at Brook Farm to come and see my child. I shall know if it is treated well.' She added, 'I shall know.'"

Miss Needham and Miss Fifield planned to call on Ben Bow and see the child and to attend the funeral. But there came a fearful drifting snowstorm, and a rounded year passed before they heard again anything of the family of Ben Bow, except a notice in a newspaper that he had married Margaret Cone. They then had a call from one of the farmers in Dedham woods.

"I hate to trouble ye," said he, "and about a matter that don't concern me

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"Sarah's hand! . . . It met me at the door and struck me on the forehead."

garet Cone, if you or anyone else ever injure that child, this dead hand will appear to you, or to whoever it be.' She lifted the hand from which the forefinger was missing. I have seen that scene ever since. There seemed to be something of hidden meaning in it—something like a prophecy. Then she grew calm, and lay uttering poetry, I heard her say:

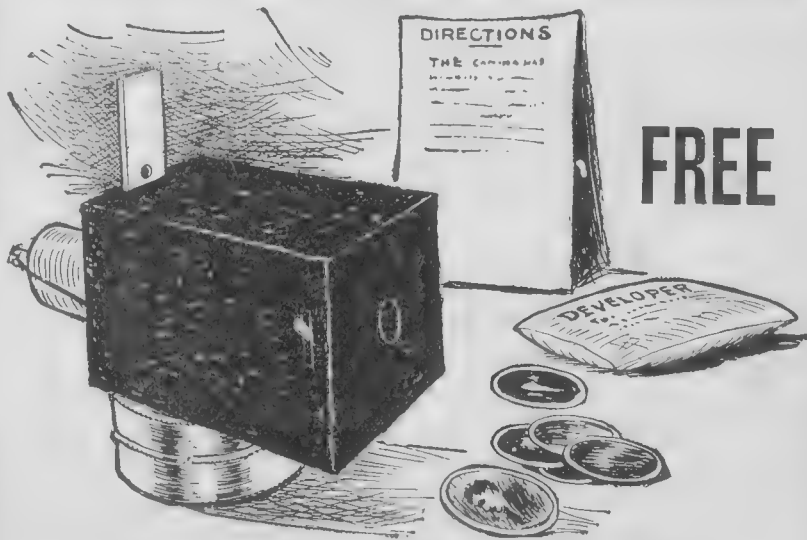
"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground."

"There is something strange, very strange, about the woman—her very nickname haunts me—'The Wife of Ben Bow.'"
"If she dies, who will care for the child?"

directly. But Ben Bow's wife—his second wife, she that was Margaret Cone—they do say that she treats that child—the first wife's child—just awful, and they say that you were friendly to the first wife of Ben Bow, and how that Mrs. Bow, afore she died, requested you to look after the child. I came over to inquire if what they say be true. If it is so you are needed. By good rights the child ought to be taken away. The selectmen have considered the matter and they advised me to come here, and see if the two friends of the mother of the child couldn't do something. Beg your pardon, I mean no harm. This is a hard case."

Miss Needham and Miss Fifield heard the pitiful story with real sympathy and promised to call on the child at once, and the man went away with a hopeful face. I do not know how it was, but

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this story seemed to affect the two young women strangely after the man had gone. They pitied the child, but that was not all. The woman's strange words on the sunny summer days came back. Miss Fifield would raise her right hand at times, and look at it nervously, as if not sure that it was not her middle finger that had gone. The prophetic words that the lone woman had uttered were vividly recalled, and Miss Needham almost unconsciously repeated them. Neither of the ladies was superstitious, but each seemed to live in an apprehensive atmosphere.

"I wish I had that child here," said Miss Fifield. "and that we were not under any obligation to call there tomorrow. I would gladly help the child for its own and its mother's sake, and would take it into our school, but I have no wish to meet the new wife."

"But we must," said Miss Needham, and we must not shirk our duty. I dare to be plain-spoken under necessity, and if there be any one that would make me resolute to face with the truth it would be a stepmother who would abuse a defenceless child. Whatever happens I shall do as the mother requested. Sometime I seem to feel her will upon me. Did you ever think of that?"

"Yes, but it must be only fancy"

"It may be. But I seem to live as under an impression. There is a cloud before me. I wish to be free from the influence. I feel as though something dark were going to happen."

"So do I."

"And what causes this shadow—this eclipse of life? You cannot think that it is the dead wife of Ben Bow?"

The two women left Brook Farm in the late morning and rode over to the Dedham woods, and arrived at the house of Ben Bow early in the afternoon. They were coolly and inquiringly received by the new wife, Margaret Cone Bow.

"What may your names be?" said the woman cautiously.

"Hester Fifield and Mary Needham," answered Miss Needham firmly.

"And where do you live?"

"At Brook Farm."

Oh, you do! Do you belong there?"

"We spend much time there. We have relatives there who are members of the Community."

"Dr. Fifield one of them?"

"Yes," said Miss Fifield, and that is why I am here. I am his sister."

"And what brings you here this cold day?"

"We knew Mrs. Bow, and she asked us to take an interest in the welfare of her child."

"Ye didn't know that I was here, did ye?"

"We read in the papers that Mr. Bow had married again."

"Well, one mother is enough for one child. When the dead Mrs. Bow wants to see ye she'll send for ye. I'm sure I have no wish to ever meet ye again in this world or any other. Do you mean to tell me by coming over here on a cold day like this that I am not competent to take care of that child, though he is the worst youngster I ever knew? I am breaking his will. It is my duty to see that the child's will is broken, and there was never another such stubborn boy as that. But I have about a stubborn in breaking his will. I have made him stop crying for his mother. She was an airy-minded, no-account woman, anyway. Benny, come here."

A child somewhat more than two years old came into the room from the kitchen. He had a thin face, high forehead, and a bashful, pitiable face.

"Here, boy, these women folks have called to see ye. Speak up good and tell them who your mother is."

The boy hesitated.

"Speak up and tell 'em, or you know what you'll get when they are gone!"

"Sarah!" The boy burst into tears.

"Sarah Bow!"

"Did you ever see the like of that for wilfulness? Don't you see what a time I have? Boy, that ain't your mother's name. That was your dead mother's name—she that lies out on the hills in the cold, without a gravestone, and will never have one if I can help it. That woman was never no good to Ben Bow. Stop that whimpering now, and tell

these young women who your mother is. Not Sarah, now, mind. Say, what was that?"

There came a heavy rap on the front door.

"There have been strange noises about the house ever since Sarah died," said the woman. "Let me go and look out of the window and see who is there. That door hasn't been opened since Ben banked up the house."

Margaret Bow went to the window and threw up the curtain, and stood silent. She presently said:

"There don't seem to be anybody there."

She sat down in an old rocking-chair and began to rock violently. She looked disturbed, and she presently said:

"Now, I am going to tell ye how bad that child is."

There fell a succession of loud, echoing raps on the door. Margaret Bow looked around wildly. A gust swept by the corner of the house. The two ladies turned apprehensively toward each other. The boy shared the fear, and came hesitatingly to his stepmother, and buried his face in her lap.

"What do you come to me for? You told these folks that Sarah was your mother. If Sarah is your mother let her look out for ye and protect ye."

Raps fell upon the door, almost causing the house to shake. Another gust of wind whirling the lone leaves swept around the corner of the house.

"Here, take the brat," were the words of Margaret Bow, as she pushed the child from her. "Let me go and open the door."

The visitors heard Margaret Bow unlock the door and slowly open it. They felt a sharp gust of wind sweep into the rooms. They heard a door in the entry fly open. There followed an awful shriek, a heavy fall. They opened the door of the room. Margaret Bow lay on the floor, moaning. They tried to lift her, but she was convulsed. They asked her what had happened. She at last gasped:

"Sarah's hand!"

"What—tell us?"

"It met me at the door and struck me on the forehead here. It was her hand—I knew it—I can't tell ye how. Send for Ben."

She curled up in a heap on the floor and lay motionless.

"Where is your husband?" asked the ladies over and over, but they received no answer. They asked the boy, but he could only answer:

"He's chopping wood," but where he could not tell.

"The woman is dying," said Mary

Needham. "She must not be left alone. You go over to Brook Farm and call the Doctor, and I will remain here with the child."

At sunset Ben Bow came home, and Dr. Fifield and his sister met him on the road and told him all that had happened. They entered the dreary house, and found Margaret Bow lying unconscious where she had fallen. The Doctor examined the prostrate form.

"She is dead," he said.

"What was it?" asked Mary Needham. "Paralysis," said Dr. Fifield.

"No it were not," said Ben Bow.

"That warn't no paralysis."

"What then?" asked Miss Needham.

"It were a conscience stroke. I know that woman's soul. I know things that I wouldn't want ter tell. You may call it what you will—it were a conscience stroke. She's been a-hearin' noises. People who have wrong in their souls have haunted minds. Poor critter, may the Lord forgive her; she was constituted so."

"She said that Sarah's hand came and struck her on the forehead," said Mary Needham. "Her forehead does look strange."

They took up the form and laid it on a bed. Her hair fell over her high forehead and white face.



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"I'll go and call the neighbors," said Ben Bow, and "then you may go. You were good to Sarah, and you mean well, and I'll send for ye to come to the funeral. Maybe you'll take the boy into your school."

"Dr. Fifield, what does this mean?" asked Mary Needham that night, after the phalansterians had listened to the tale before the log fire in the great parlor.

"I do not know. It is impossible for me to answer, but the science of psychology will one day explain such problems as these—perhaps in a hundred years from now."

A country funeral fifty years ago was an awesome event. I can see such a one now—the preparations of the neighbors for the feast after the soul-withering ceremony; the watching with the corpse nights, often by lovers; the house-cleaning; the spreading of the bed-furnishing on which the person died, in the back yard; the making of black crape veils; the bringing in of chairs from the neighbors; the parson in his study preparing his discourse; the putting of the body into the coffin "the day before"; the geese waddling in a row along the road (they did it at other times, as well, but were only noticed then); the telling of the honey bees in hives; the coming of the parson; the opening of the coffin lid; one o'clock; "A man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble!"; the long discourse; "Relatives and friends are now invited to take a last look at the deceased"; the re-shutting of the coffin lid; the long procession of carriages; the horses that "acted contrary" in that procession; the fall of the clod of earth on the coffin; the sexton at work with his spade; nightfall; faded and gone.

Margaret Bow's funeral was one that a generation has not forgotten in the simple country towns. Her strange death had not excited the kind of attention that such an event would now; many people fifty years ago in the rural districts believed in warnings, haunts, death-fetters, evil eyes, and "wonders of the invisible world." But nearly all of the people of the town and near towns filled the house yard, and the parson came near one o'clock, with his discourse on the Divine Mysteries, well prepared.

Dr. Fifield, his sister and Miss Needham rode over to the place in the morning, and the ladies prepared the body with suitable dress for the last rites, and waited the ceremonies which would begin with the opening of the coffin lid.

The clock struck one. The sexton, who had been given the "charge of the funeral," made his way through the crowd, and opened the coffin lid. He started back, staring. What had happened? An elderly woman arose and bent over the coffin. A strange look came into her face. She stood there until a wild expression came into her eyes. She then sank down into her chair, and whispered:

"Something has happened—she don't look natural!"

Others looked, and shut their eyes and turned away. The good old deacon now came forward, and looked down. He, too, seemed to receive a shock. He turned around and said:

"She don't look natural at all. She ought not to be seen. I would shut down the lid again. Send for Ben."

Benjamin Bow came, leaving the child by the hand. He lifted the boy up in his arms, and bent over the dead face. One glance and he uttered a cry:

"Sexton!" said he, "she is changing. Close the lid."

Dr. Fifield leaped to his feet as the sexton came forward. He looked into the coffin. On the upper part of the white face and forehead there was the impression of a hand as black as ink. And the middle forefinger was gone.

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This Concern is Going Strong.

Word comes from Brandon that G. F. Williamson, manager of the Manitoba Windmill and Pump Co., has just returned from Calgary, where he completed arrangements for opening a branch house for his company at that point, whence all Alberta goods will be shipped. The company's business for their windmills and gasoline engines has grown so fast that they are forced to open this branch in order to be closer to their Western customers, and a full stock of "Manitoba" goods will be carried there which will no doubt prove a great convenience not only to their local agents, but their many present and prospective customers among the farming and ranching community.

C. W. Northcott, who has for several years been sales manager at the company's head office at Brandon, has been promoted to the management of the Calgary branch, and with his intimate knowledge of the requirements of the trade, together with his long experience in this line, we venture the statement that he will make good from the drop of the hat.

A. J. Britton, for many years in this company's service, and one of the best known rustlers on the road, will be the company's travelling representative for Southern Alberta. Mr. Fowler, until recently with the Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Co., will represent them in Central Alberta, with headquarters at Wetaskiwin, while a third traveller will look after Northern Alberta, with headquarters at Edmonton. Mr. Williamson has also arranged to carry a transfer stock at Lethbridge, so that quick shipments can be made in the south country, and later on will arrange the same convenience at Edmonton.

The Manitoba line consists of vertical and horizontal gas engines, windmills, feed mills, wood saws, wood and iron pumps, etc., and they will this year handle one of the best known and longest manufactured well drills on the market. Most of our readers know that the Manitoba line has been manufactured in the West now over nine years, and is considered by the trade generally to be among the top notches, having been designed to suit a special market, viz., Western Canada.

It is claimed by this company that their engine business doubles each year, and they now supply vertical gasoline engines in 1½, 4, and 7 h.p., horizontals in 5½, 7½, and 10 h.p. In addition, they have a 25 h.p. portable threshing engine, and are getting out a 25 h.p. tractor. All engines are guaranteed for two years.

A large addition to the plant was made in 1910; molding machines are now being installed, and four travellers have been added to the road staff.

All Because Her Clothes Didn't Fit.

A young Eskimo loved a beautiful maiden, whose father's hut was near his own, but, as is so often the case, her parents would not hear of the match. One night a great storm ripped up a crevasse in the ice, and between the two huts there yawned an abyss bridged only by a slender strip of ice. Here was the chance which the young lover sought. He crossed the frail bridge in the dead of night and crept to the home of his sweetheart to steal her from her cruel father.

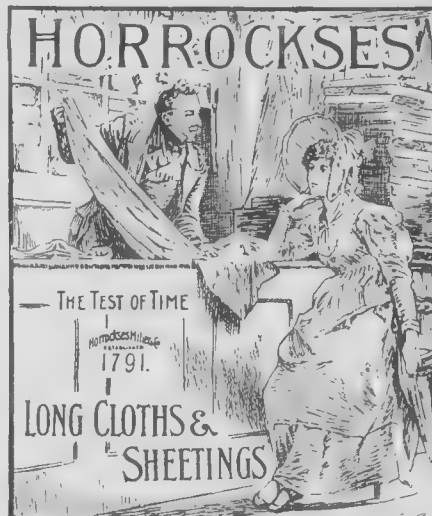
The Eskimos sleep in bags of seal-skin; and with bated breath and loudly-beating heart, he hoisted on his back the one in which his lady love slumbered. With his precious burden he recrossed the strip of ice, and safe on the other side he broke it down with a blow of his axe so that no one could pursue him save by the aid of a boat. Regaining his hut he opened the bag to gaze upon the fair one, when he staggered back, dumbfounded—he had stolen her father!

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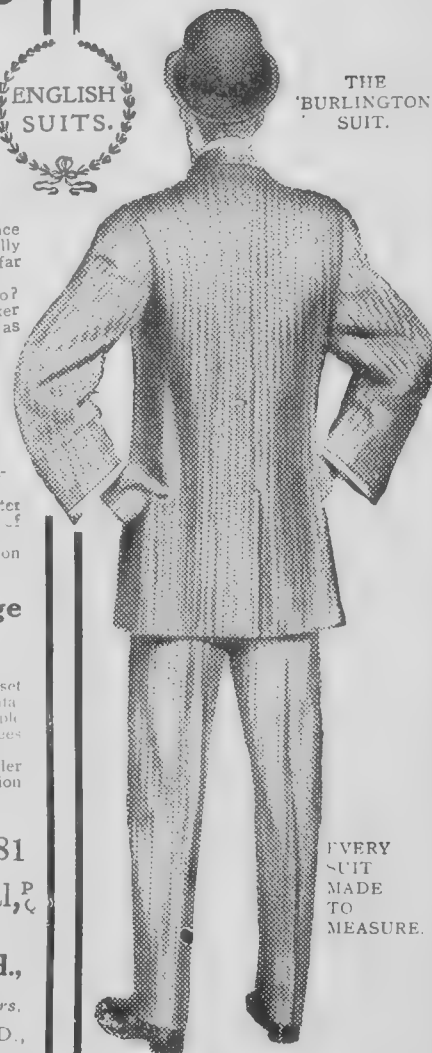
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A Close Call.

A Story of the Canadian Northwest. By Jaw Ridge.



DURING the winter of 19—, at which time I was a member of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, some one had given information at headquarters that the game law protecting beaver was being violated, and I was sent out to the suspected district to investigate.

Now, it was well known to the police in the Canadian North-West that ranchers in outlying districts violated the game laws frequently in the close season by shooting wild fowl, antelopes and deer for the pot, but for several considerations among which were the facts that these people lived so far from their source of supply, also that what was killed in this way would make no material difference to the numbers of animals, and again, it was really no violation of the spirit of the law, which was framed more to prevent the ruthless slaughter by sportsmen hunting for pleasure. No action was taken by the police on such knowledge unless someone made a specific charge, in which case their hands were forced, as it were. With respect to beaver, however, it was a different proposition; in the one case the game was killed for food, but in this case it was killed for the profit to be made by the sale of the fur.

At the time I write of the beaver had become so scarce as to be in danger of extermination. Therefore, a law was passed prohibiting their capture for a number of years, during which time they were entirely protected in order that they might escape the fate of the buffalo; incidentally I may mention that the American Antelope (or Antilocapra) is fast following the buffalo into the past.

Having made these explanations I may now proceed with the relation of the adventure which befel me while carrying out my instructions.

I left town, which was on the Canadian Pacific railway, on horseback, and reached a ranch 50 miles north the first evening, where I put up for the night, and proceeding about 25 miles further north next day, arrived at another ranch house on one of the great rivers of the Canadian North-West, along which river lay the suspected district; and as my horse was somewhat tired, I rested him there till noon next day before beginning operations, while in the meantime I tried to elicit some information by means of a little judicious pumping, but, as I expected, without success.

However, I decided to try down the river first, so after dinner I started out on the trail, but immediately on getting out of sight, I cut over to the river and proceeded down stream on the ice, watching both banks for signs of beaver. I may state here that the beaver on the great rivers are what are called "bank" beaver, the width of the river making it impossible for them to build dams. They burrow holes in the bank, which have their only exit under water, and, like the dam beavers, they store their winter feed by sticking it in the bottom of the river close to the entrance of their houses so that to catch them the trapper has to cut a hole through the ice in front of their house, which can be located by means of the "slide" which they have made while pulling their winter feed down the bank. He then sticks a fresh, green cottonwood sapling in the bottom of the river and places his trap so that when the beaver comes to gnaw off the bait,

he steps on the pan of the trap and gets caught.

I had gone probably about 12 miles when I found a man's tracks leading across the river, and on following them to the bank I saw two beaver houses near each other, and directly in front of each was a recently cut hole in the ice. I therefore dismounted, and lying flat on the ice at the edge of the hole and shading the light around my face with my hands, as I expected, I could distinctly see the trap on the bottom alongside the green bait stick. I then repeated the performance at the other hole, with a like result. Obviously the next thing to do was to locate the owner of the traps.

I therefore led my horse back up the river until I came to a place in the bank sloping enough for him to climb up and there I tied him to a bunch of the willows which here grew along both banks in a pretty dense scrub. I then returned to the beaver houses and presently located the tracks leading away from them through the scrub down the river, and after following them about a quarter of a mile, I came to where they turned and crossed the ice toward a shack, which I could plainly see on the other side. I then returned to my horse, and recrossing the river, headed straight back until I struck the wagon trail which I had quit just after dinner, intending to arrive at the trapper's shack just about dark on the off-chance of catching him red-handed in the act of skinning, and also to give the impression that I had come straight from town and suspected nothing.

Well, I arrived, according to plans, just after dark, and riding up to the stable, dismounted and walked quietly over to the shack, and opened the door without the ceremony of knocking, but was badly disappointed to find the occupant—a man slightly under the medium height—sitting quietly reading by lamp-light. He looked up on my abrupt entrance, and with a pleasant smile greeted me with, "Hullo, boy, you're kind o' late on the trail, ain't you?"

Take your horse down to the water hole and give him a drink, and by that time I'll have the lantern lit, and we'll fix him up for the night."

Having watered and fed the horse we returned to the shack, where he prepared an appetizing little supper, all the while enquiring for and discussing the scraps of town news which I was able to give him. During supper and afterwards, while washing up, I was surprised to find him a man of wide reading who could talk agreeably and instructively on most any subject under the sun; in fact, he interested me so much that I began to be sorry that I had seen those traps, and made up my mind to do nothing till morning anyway, rather than spoil a pleasant evening. Presently the talk drifted round to firearms, as was natural in a hunters' camp, and we fell to discussing the qualities of the various makes of rifles, etc., when, talking of revolvers, he said:

"Now, that thing that you fellows carry is a pretty effective weapon, but it's obsolete compared with this—Hands up!! Quick!! and don't make a move or there'll be ten bullets in your upper works in less than a second."

While speaking he had produced from somewhere about his person one of those newly patented automatic pistols which works at the will of the operator either as a repeater or, when the trigger is held back, empties itself of the whole charge of ten bullets in about one second; and I found myself with my hands pointing heavenwards and gazing into its wicked little muzzle. Now, maybe some who have never had a like experience will think that I was in a hurry to throw up my hands while wearing a revolver myself, but let me tell such people that the order came so sharply that ninety-nine out of a hundred would have acted exactly as I did; that is to say, involuntarily.

My friend with the pistol continued: "Now, just stay like that for a few minutes while I open my head to you a little. I've travelled this world now

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This natural beauty spot and health resort will eventually be the most fashionable watering-place in the Dominion. Already it is known as the Carlsbad of America. You have heard of wonderful Carlsbad, of course. It is situated on the Tepe, near its junction with the Eger River, in Bohemia, and has long enjoyed the reputation of being the foremost among the aristocratic watering-places in Europe. Although the permanent population is only about fifteen thousand, there is a transient population of nearly fifty thousand, who take up their residence during the months of June, July and August, thus making a summer population of sixty-five thousand. And yet Carlsbad is somewhat out-of-the-way and not situated near a great transcontinental railway, as is Little Lake Manitou. A comparative analysis of the water of these two wonderful bodies of water shows that Little Manitou Lake is actually superior in curative powers.

Lake View Beach overlooks Little Manitou Lake from the most advantageous point on its beautiful shores, the land sloping gradually down to the very water's edge. It is undoubtedly admitted by those who have investigated Lake View Beach that it is the natural and ideal location for a great and fashionable watering-place.

While it is near enough to the thriving and prosperous town of Watrous, Saskatchewan, for visitors travelling on the gorgeously equipped trains on the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, it is just far enough away to be free from the noise, smoke, hustle and bustle of a great railroad centre.

We all know what Brighton Beach stands for in England, what Atlantic City and fashionable Newport, R.I., stand for in the United States, and Carlsbad in Europe. The most discriminating classes have invested there and paid big prices for their holdings. Little Manitou Lake is the only one place known in America enjoying the same and better natural advantages as Carlsbad. These advantages are just becoming known and appreciated. A better investment now would be very hard to find than in Lake View Beach, the most beautiful spot on its shores. Read on.

As a Health Resort it has No Equal

As a result of scientific investigation, proving the water of Little Manitou Lake to have the same medicinal properties as that of Carlsbad, coupled with the visits of widely-known Journalists, and the consequent publicity given to the wonderful advantages of the place, Lake View Beach district is certain to be inundated with wealthy visitors next summer, who will come from all over the continent, but particularly from Winnipeg and the West.

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People from all over Canada being attracted

People from all over Canada are being attracted to Little Lake Manitou, and many of them are purchasing property on which to build a summer home. Dr. Pugsley, brother of the Minister of Public Works, recently visited Little Manitou and was so convinced of its curative waters that he purchased a lot and he intends to build at once. Hon. Mr. Pugsley also visited the Lake and spoke as follows regarding its waters: "I am not an authority on medical waters, but I can say that the bathing is particularly pleasant in Lake Manitou. There is something in the water that imparts a feeling of relief which gives to Lake Manitou great assets."

"In other countries the supplies come from small springs, but here in Manitou Lake the supply is large. I have been to England and to Banff and was so much pleased that on my way back I stopped over a few days at Watrous. I am somewhat troubled with rheumatism and am quite certain that I have received beneficial effects from bathing in Manitou Lake."

As a Pleasure Resort it will Know No Rival

The water of Little Manitou Lake is so buoyant that the human body will float in it and consequently there is great fun in bathing and not the slightest danger of drowning. The land has many fine stretches of natural lawn suitable for tennis, golf and other outdoor sports; while further back the country abounds in game to the heart's content of the enthusiastic hunter. The surrounding agricultural district is rich and fertile and capable of supplying the products of the farm and dairy for the tables of hotels and summer homes to suit the most epicurean tastes.

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The most reliable statistics available show that Western town property increased in value a hundred million dollars last year. This increase was chiefly in the new districts, where some towns actually sprang into existence over night, and formed into a substantial and thriving little community in one season. Although Little Manitou Lake has been known for some time it was not until recently that the exhaustive researches of eminent scientists in regard to its curative powers were completed, and its position as a real superior of Carlsbad settled beyond a possibility of dispute. Numerous Canadians of prominence have visited the spot to ascertain for themselves the truth of the tales in regard to the wonderful medicinal powers of the lake and the beauty of the surrounding scenery. One of them has already secured property on the shore for a summer home, the Provincial Government of Saskatchewan has reserved a mile of frontage on the water for sanatorium purposes. The party of American agricultural editors who toured the West this summer also visited Little Manitou Lake, and the result is that enormous publicity is being given to the wonderful advantages of the place. There is a great future before Little Manitou Lake. If you want to share in that future, invest in the best division on the shores—Lake View Beach—and invest now, before the rush begins and values go up beyond your reach.

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for about forty years, always until now on a straight trail, and, even now, I haven't been allowed to get very far along the crooked trail, for I haven't enough beaver experience to be able to catch any yet, and I want to tell you that I don't propose to be marched off to the pen by a mere boy, or by anybody, under such circumstances; so now stand up. Whoa, there, keep your hands up, now turn your back and remember that I have you covered all the time."

So saying he stepped up behind me and took my revolver out of its scabbard.

"Now," he said, "you may turn round and put that on." Here he threw me my coat, and in like manner my cap and overshoes, etc., until I was dressed for outdoors just as I had arrived, he keeping me so closely covered all the time that I had not the slightest chance to close with him, and could not seem to see much except the business end of that blessed automatic. But what I did see was the change that had come over my host, which was now so great that I could not have believed it possible to a man of his seeming open-hearted nature. His face seemed to be immovable and had turned a dead white, and although I fancied I could sometimes see a gleam of compassion in his eyes, there was no wavering of the hand that held the pistol, and I was wondering what was coming next when he kicked a chair over to me and said, "Sit down with your back this way, and don't turn your head." He then apparently took a few steps backward to the wall of the shack and took something off a nail, and before I realized what was happening, he had dropped a noose over my head and shoulders, took a few quick turns, and I was pinioned to the back of the chair before I had time to move. He then walked round beside me, and keeping me covered with one hand and saying, "don't move," he tipped the chair down on its back with his other hand and took a few turns round my legs and the legs

of the chair, not till then laying aside his wicked looking persuader. He then set the chair upright and proceeded to make my temporary lashings secure, and when he had finished he stuck my revolver back in its holster and said: "Now, my boy, you're ready for your journey," and while I was wondering what kind of a journey I could make when the only part of me which I could move was my head, he continued:

"Boy, if it had been one of the older hands, who know me, instead of you, I might have been able to have patched this thing up; but you are new to this district, and I have you sized up as a lad who'll do his duty as he sees it and turn in a full report. So it seems the only course for me is to make it impossible for that report ever to reach headquarters. Of course, I have the alternative of cutting out of the country, but I have already spent all I had trying to make it stick here, and was getting along all right until that rip-snorter of a winter came along and just about cleaned me up. So I turned in and tried the beaver trapping along with the other kinds of fur to tide me over till better times; but the only result seems to be that one of us has got to quit and I can't seem to figure it that that one'll be me. So, though I hate to send you before the Supreme Judge before you've had time to be proven, as it were, still you'll have to go down the water-hole, and it is a very simple job to saddle your horse, take him down to the water-hole, throw him at the edge, hog-tie him, and dump him after you. Then, when the ice goes out in the spring and your bodies are found away down the river, it will naturally be inferred that you fell through an air hole somewhere between here and your last stopping place. I'm going out to saddle your horse now, and if, when I come back, you think we can make some kind of terms, just say so, and we'll try and patch up some kind of a compromise, but if you think you can't, why, you'll have to go down stream."

While he was gone I got to sizing up the situation and came to the conclusion that he had no intention of carrying out his scheme, but was only trying to scare me into keeping silent about what I had seen; so I resolved to show him that I wouldn't be bluffed. Therefore, when he came in I said nothing, and neither did he, but busied himself about the shack for a few minutes, then stopped in front of me and looked at me in such a curious compassionate sort of way that I began to have my doubts as to whether he really was bluffing. Then, in spite of his small stature he picked me up, chair and all, and carried me down the river bank to the water hole, at the edge of which he set me down and said:

"Kid, this is your last chance. Do you still think you can't forget about having seen those traps?"

And I, like a fool, thinking I had seen signs of weakening in him, and taking no account of what even a gentle nature is capable of when driven into a corner, said, "No good," and the next moment my head was under the black, swift water, he holding the chair inverted, with my knees on the ice. During the few moments of suffocation I thought of many things, but chiefly that this was no bluff after all, and my last regret before drifting into unconsciousness was that I had not agreed to compromise.

The next thing I knew, I opened my eyes in the shack to find my would-be murderer vigorously drying my head, and on trying to move found that my wrists were tied behind me and that my ankles were also bound with something soft and woollen, and that I was lying on the bed. When he saw my eyes open he stepped over to the stove, and came back with a cup in his hand, and raising me to a sitting position and holding the cup to my lips, said, "Here, sonny, drink this," which I did, and found it to be sweetened warm water and ginger, which soon warmed me up. He then laid me down in the bed, and throwing the covers over me, said:

"I guess I'll have to quit the country after all, and we both have to thank your mother, you that you are still here, and I, that I am not a murderer. When you were almost all in, I had a vision of your mother getting news of her boy at last, after many weary months of waiting, and such news, and I'm almighty glad now that after that I hadn't the guts to finish the dirty job. So I yanked your head back out of the hole and brought you up here, and worked like blazes over you until you showed signs of coming to. Then I fixed you up as you are now, and proceeded to dry and warm your head."

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go by those beaver houses and send someone to you in the morning; it won't be long now, and if by chance you should make up your mind to keep 'mum,' you can find those beaver houses over again in the morning and there will be no traps there. By the way, I saw you find them the first time and was waiting for you."

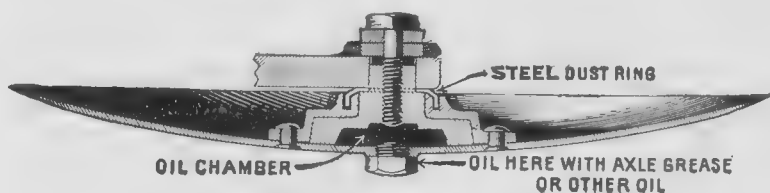
While he was talking he had put more wood in the stove, donned his outdoor garments, and was gone before I could gather my wits together.

After he had gone, I lay thinking it all over, and finally decided that I would re-discover the beaver houses in the morning and report accordingly. I had been seriously thinking of quitting the police service anyway as soon as my term was up (which was in a few months), as I disliked the strict discipline of barrack life, and after this last experience, I decided that neither the pay nor the glory was adequate compensation for the risks one ran; having reached which conclusion, I dosed off to sleep, only to be awakened late next morning by the expected "someone" coming into the shack, who, on seeing me awake, inquired in a cheery voice: "Well, how's the feet this morning?" to which I replied, although not seeing the drift of the question, "My feet are all right except for the fact that, like my hands, they are tied together," at



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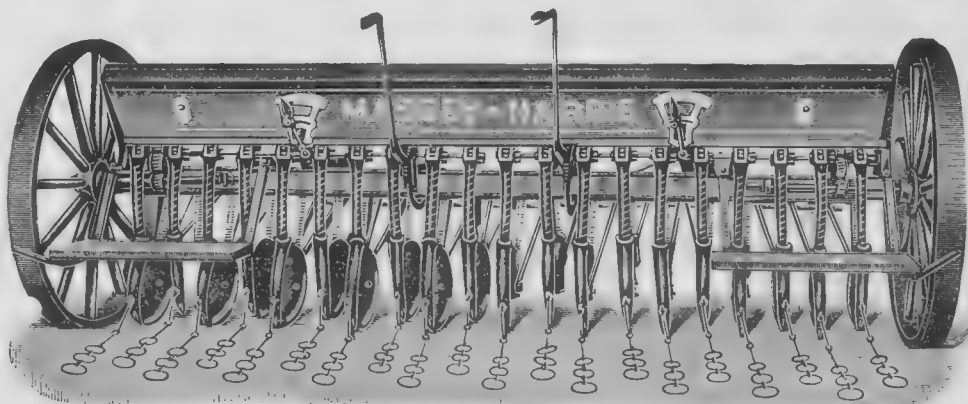
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which he laughed uproariously, and then suddenly becoming serious said: "Well, now, what'll that Tom Drew (of course, this is a fictitious name) 'be up to next? He's always up to some practical joke or other, but this is rather more serious than usual. He came to our place in the middle of the night, or rather, near morning, and without dismounting said that you had brought him an urgent telegram which made it necessary for him to go south in a hurry, and that you had missed the trail and arrived at his place with badly frost-bitten feet; asked one of us to come down in the morning to see what we could do for you and then dug out. I never suspected anything amiss, although I did think it funny that when you were carrying a telegram you should lay off a day at our place, within twelve miles of your destination."

While telling me this little fable, on which I made no comment, the speaker who was one of the boys from the ranch I had left the day before, had been busy untying my hands and feet, and while he prepared breakfast I walked about swinging my arms, and soon worked the stiffness out of my limbs. So when we had eaten, and afterwards washed up the dishes, we pulled on up

the river, going by way of the ice, where I found the beaver houses again but no traps, of course. We arrived at the ranch just in time for dinner, during the discussion of which I took occasion to remark that I would have a very satisfactory report to turn in this time, merely saying I found everything quiet and orderly, and I asked the boys as a favor to keep the joke of the policeman's hold-up among themselves, otherwise, I would never hear the end of it, to which they laughingly agreed. I figured that my intentions would thus eventually reach Tom Drew's ears, in fact, I strongly suspected that he was within hearing.

After dinner I continued on up the river, found nothing, and returned to town by a different route, and in due time quit the force and found more congenial work on a ranch. One day, meeting Tom in town, at his pressing invitation I spent the next winter hunting and trapping with him and found him a pleasant and instructive companion, and, taken all round, one of the best fellows one would meet on many a long march. I need scarcely add that we left the beaver severely alone, both in their holes and in our conversation.

The Desertion of Winunla.

By H. P. George.

IT was late autumn at Doss Fort and on the reservation. It was late autumn wherever parallels permitted, but on the agency, as is the way with agencies, it was a gloomier autumn than the rest of the world knew.

The Hon. Fred's girl wife held her baby in her arms and looked away down the wagon track—two gray lines cutting into halves the brown loneliness of the prairie. The baby gurgled ecstatically to a crack across the window pane, but his mother thought it was because he was watching for his father, even as her own eyes reached out to the sullen emptiness of the east.

"You will know him, Small One of my Soul," she said, with a mother's faith in a three months old intelligence. "See! He will walk so, as though there were no place in all the world where his foot was not welcome. And when he sees you he will laugh—so—with his head held back, and all the air will be big with his voice!"

And then, having grown gay for a moment in imitating the stride and the laughter of the Hon. Fred, the girl remembered her loneliness and held the baby against her lips to stop their quivering. For is it not the part of women to wait patiently when their men go into the East, promising with great vows to return?

"And his eyes are so blue, Dear One his eyes are so blue!" she said.

Since he went, the winter too had gone, and the spring with its green hope, and the summer, when life holds its breath and listens under the sun, and now the autumn, when death seeks for things and a woman's heart must cling harder to the hope in it, lest it too die.

It was in August that the baby came, ushered into this world by the agency midwife, Awanasta, while the hot darkness pressed against the windows, and a greater darkness groped for a life—and drew back slowly.

And after came the mother cry, and Awanasta laid the child in the helpless hollow of her arm. "It is a great chief, Little Dear One," she said cheerfully. "Art thou not glad that a chief shall feed at thy breast?"

Winunla looked at the brown bit of life against her arm, and a fierce, unloving protest grew in her heavy eyes before she closed them frowningly.

"He is all of my people," she said faintly. "Take him away, Awanasta."

At the agency store they questioned Awanasta eagerly concerning this new ward of the government.

"He is a man child, big like his father and brown like his mother," said the midwife sententiously, weighing her tobacco plug in her wrinkled hand.

"Ah—he! brown like his mother!

And what says his mother to that?" The questioner was Winunla's cousin and a full blood Dakota. Moreover, he had been her lover in the days before her Eastern school had taken her in and sent her back an alien.

Old Awanasta turned upon the young man savagely.

"If Winunla forgot her people when the white man beckoned, well and good! In the year while she tasted his kisses she forgot us, needing us not. But now there was the full price paid today. It is not good that a woman go down among the shadows and have not a man's hand to hold her in the great moment."

Awanasta's verdict had been the general one. If Winunla had neglected her friends in her happiness, now that she needed them they came back a faithful, silent people to the call of her deserted motherhood.

"It is good of you, my people," she said to them, "and when my husband returns with that gold of his father that is his, you shall be glad with many blankets and with much tobacco. Shall they not, my Small One?" And her eyes smiled above the dusky head of the child. Something in the sober faces about her spoke certain truths to her, and she lifted the child high as though she showed them a pledge.

"When my husband returns!" she challenged them sharply. And Awanasta drove them from the room, scuttling behind them until the door closed upon their doubts.

But there were other doubts that remained beside the young mother's pillow, and as she grew stronger moved with her into familiar ways. The pity of her people wrapped her about in a cruel, whispering sympathy, and Winunla shut her lips and steered her eyes against it, and held her head high as her loneliness grew upon her.

Over at the Fort the men talked of her and sent presents to the heir according to their means and from the common great heart among them. There was a general sentiment against the Hon. Fred, who the year before had been the friend of all of them. There was also a general disgust for his lack of taste.

"Squaws of Winunla's style ain't plenty," said Sergeant Callan reproachfully, "an' to pick 'er an' throw 'er away ain't the act of a gentleman. We all give Fred credit f'r bein' a gentleman."

"It's a mighty shabby trick to play even a Injin," said Murry. His eyes rested tenderly on his own half breed wife, washing his shirts down in the married quarters. Murry beat his wife as a matter of course, but he would never have deserted her. "For," con-

tinued Murry sententiously, "squaws is women."

But Corporal Blake was silent, lying in the dry grass with his cap low over his eyes, and thinking of Winunla and the kid. For the kid had held Blake's finger for a blissful half hour that afternoon and Blake had carried the finger stiffly separate from its fellows for the rest of the day.

Blake had been the Hon. Fred's friend back in the mother country. He knew better than another what was the home from which the Hon. Fred had been irascibly exiled, and to which he had been recalled. He knew better than another how different would be the new-old ways and the women. He had a swift vision of it all—the luxury, the ultra culture, the traditions. And there had been a girl with cool, sweet eyes and a slow—too slow—voice, in the old days—a girl who knew Winunla's race only in posters, and who would teach the Hon. Fred to forget, or, if memory were stubborn, to groan, remembering.

Blake, with his cap over his eyes, lay very silent

The doctor and the local missionary discussed the situation with more minuteness than they could generally afford to individual tragedies among their people. The doctor had come to this particular agency since the apostasy of the Hon. Fred, but he had lived on other agencies and he understood.

"It's largely our own fault," he said. "In nine cases out of ten it's our own fault. We pity these youngsters—these cast off younger sons who ought to be cast off, God knows! Then we let them marry one of our people—the people we are set to watch over—and we think we've done our duty if the wedding's legal."

"But he seemed to care for the girl," the missionary said feebly. "And I'm quite sure he intended to come back as soon as the estate was settled. He—in fact, he told me so."

The missionary was not surprised at the doctor's laughter.

"And you haven't seen it all before? Or did you think the girl was different from the others and could hold him? He went back with a few gray hairs, and his mother wept over him, and some girl who had heard his story will marry him—and we will look after Winunla and the half breed."

The missionary sighed. It was one of the stereotyped tragedies which he knew by heart, and could in no wise help. Only, he had warned Winunla as he had warned others of his maidens. He had said to her:

"He is not of your world, my dear, and sooner or later there will be great yearning in him for his own, and he will go back to it, and leave you to grow old with memories. And your people will walk apart from you and whisper when you pass them—alone. Take rather some man from among them—your people—brave and strong and one with you."

But Winunla had smiled securely, and lifted stubborn eyes to the missionary's pleading.

"Is he not brave and strong above all men? And he has stooped to me, and he shall be one with me and I with him."

"You are a fool, Winunla," the missionary had said with unprofessional sharpness. And then he had married them, and, seeing the great light in the face of the Hon. Fred—a face grown unwontedly grave as he turned to kiss his bride—had even dared to hope that all might be well.

But so he had hoped before—and then sighed as he sighed now, walking with the doctor past the house where Winunla dwelt, as he had prophesied, with her memories. In the doorway stood Winunla, her baby held against her breast. The girl's dark face smiled at them.

Half an hour before, a man had come down the wagon track, a big man with a wide gait, and black as even a fair man would be against the setting sun Winunla, watching from her window, had seen him, and, catching the baby in her arms, she threw the door open and stood waiting—clenching her impatient feet on the threshold. The blood flashed across her yellow cheek. When she flushed so, the Hon. Fred had said she was like a tulip—an English tulip. Her dusky eyes grew nar-

row to hold back the happy tears, her breath came sharp between her parted lips.

"Wait until he laughs, Dear Heart!" she whispered. "And his eyes—they are so blue!"

From the roadway Ookiye, the old chief who bore his years as a strong youth his beauty, waved his hand to her in passing. And behind him the blank November prairie grew red beneath the dying sun.

Winunla still stood in the doorway when the doctor and the missionary passed. They looked at her and their hearts were sad within them because they realized the pathos of the girl's attitude. She had been standing so far half an hour, and the wind was cold about her, but only her heart felt the chill of it.

Over at the Fort the shortening days brought shrewd discussion of the situation.

"It will be a year next week," said Sergeant Callan. "Faith, it's not a gayer story because it's an old one. I knew the day he went away—and she at the train with him, kissing him good-by like a white girl, with the tears in the eyes of her and her heart on her lips. I knew that day—and didn't you, Blake?"

Blake shifted his cap to look away over the homesick prairie with puckered eyes. "No," he said stubbornly. "Because Winunla is not a woman for a man to drop easily."

A soldier laughed brutally. "Not if you had held her first, eh? Never mind—she's for the first comer now Blake, and that may be you—I like

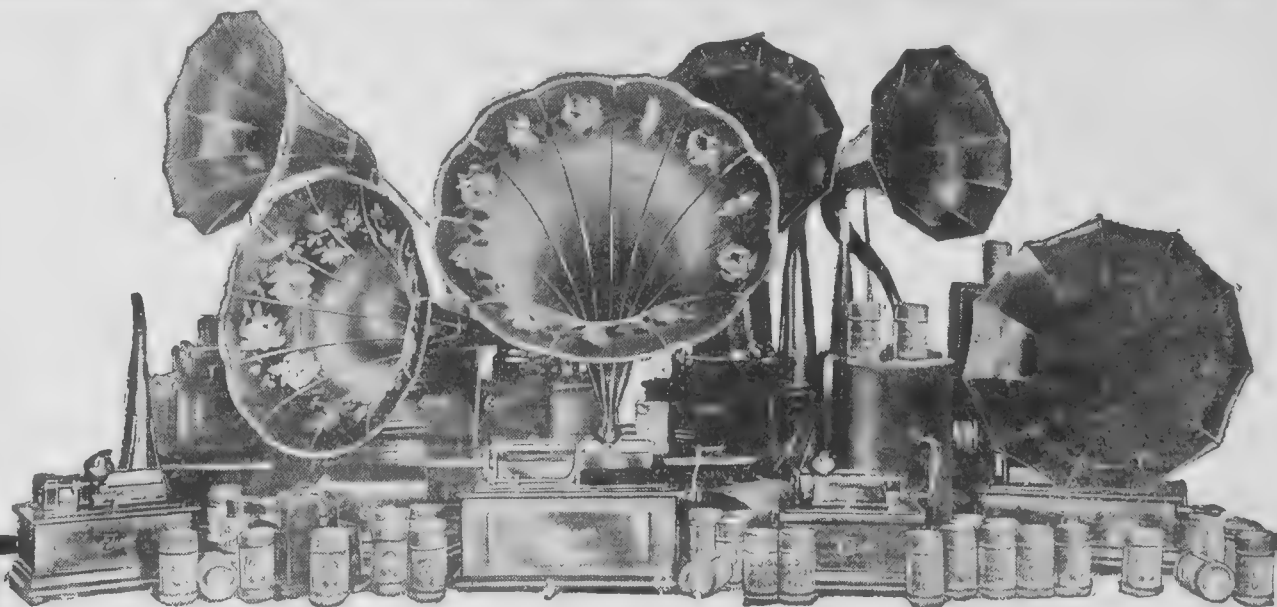
them white myself!"

Then, because there was a general movement in his embarrassed direction, he withdrew expeditiously and with understanding. For there are men to whom womanhood is always white.

And Blake crossed the three miles of prairie to the agency. Winunla greeted him with the grave courtesy of her people, warmed with a certain pretty gladness because he had been her husband's friend. And Blake, quite understanding, watched the girl with eyes that were used to finding new beauties in her.

That she should be left so—for men to pity and for curs to jeer at!

He pinched the baby's shapeless moccasin, and stooped to bring a brass button in reach of the groping finger Winunla, holding the child by its frock, laughed down at the big, clean fellow



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and the tiny life that was some day to be a man. And then suddenly a sob broke across the laughter, and Blake, looking up quickly, surprised a wave of tears across her heavy lidded eyes.

He straightened himself to attention. "You are thinking—if his father could play so with him?" he asked gently.

Winunla nodded. "And so the tears come," she said apologetically. "There is such foolishness in woman. Next week he will come. On Tuesday we will go up to the town to meet him—the child and I. Will we not, O Small One?"

The tears were dried on the pink frock as she held her child against her face.

"But if he should not come?" Blake demanded brutally.

She looked at him quickly. "That will be a year that he is gone," she said. "He would not stay longer than a year."

"But if he should?" persisted Blake. Winunla bent her face again against the baby and there was silence in the little room.

Then she lifted her eyes to Blake, and the savage woke in them and blazed at him.

"You are an evil man!" she quivered. "You wake sadness in us—the child and me—and you are glad!"

And then her eyes softened.

"Ah, no, ah, no," she said crooningly, as if she comforted the child. "It is only that he thinks foolishly, this friend of thy father, Small One!"

And Blake smiled reassuringly. "He will come," he said gently—and his

heart was hot against this friend of his. And that night a letter went out to the Hon. Fred.

"At least," thought Blake, as he sealed it with a mighty thump of a heavy fist, "he shall know what decent men think of him."

On Tuesday Winunla and the child and old Asawunta went across the river to the town.

On Tuesday the town was gay with blankets and with grim, bronze faces.

"For though she forgot her people and believed foolishly in a white man, it is not good that her people forget her when there is trouble upon her," said old Ookiye, the chief. "After the hope comes sorrow, and then we will go back with her across the river, and she shall be one with us—her people."

And Winunla read their hearts.

And she held her head very high—higher than she had held it when from all the maidens of her tribe the Hon. Fred had chosen her. But there was in her eyes a plea that made Blake clench his hands fiercely, and the doctor clear his throat savagely. So they waited until the train drew up at the station.

She made a pretty picture, Winunla, as she stood in the station door. The gaily striped blanket had slipped back from the dusky oval of her face, and the gorgeous abandon of its loosened folds fell about her like a frame. High up against her face she held the much swathed baby in her strong young arms, and a sudden reverence grew in the hearts of those who saw her. So that whenever thereafter they looked at a picture of the Holy Motherhood, they saw again this Madonna of the plains.

But what she was saying in the baby's ear was only, "You will know him, Dear One. Big and strong and full of laughter. And his eyes—his eyes are so blue—not ugly like mine and thine, poor Little Owl!"

The train made but an unappreciable stop at the station, but today it seemed a long, long time before its four passengers stepped from it—a couple of commercial travelers, a priest, and a gaunt woman with a mission. Then there was the clank and jar of moving wheels and a low moan in the baby's ear as Winunla turned back to the gloomy waiting room. Without, her friends stood awkwardly waiting until some one should feel an inspiration to comfort her.

It was then, as the last car lurched past the platform, that the Hon. Fred, grip laden and radiant, sprang from it.

The very blue eyes took in the waiting groups, the doctor and the missionary, the blue coats from the fort—the friends—the motionless blanketed figures—his people. A delighted surprise ran across his face before he greeted them exuberantly. "Upon my soul, all of you here! How did you know I was coming today?"

He was shaking hands furiously, wringing the missionary's fingers cruelly, clapping old Ookiye rapturously on the back. And beyond them his eyes devoured the great, good solitude of the prairies, the arid, yawning spaces that a man's homesick heart fills and vivifies with longing.

"A year away from it all—just a year! But now I've got the strings all tied. I'm home to stay!"

He shook hands all over again and his big personality radiated delight.

"The girl doesn't happen to be in town, does she?" he asked.

And then he saw her where she had come again to the station door—saw her waiting, radiant and proud, and with a bundle that stirred in her arms.

The group of Winunla's friends moved discreetly away. For the Hon. Fred, head of an ancient English line, had come into his own again, and there are joys in life which it is not even for a man's friends to look upon.

But as he rode back to the Fort that afternoon, Blake reined up at the little house where the Hon. Fred and his wife sat in the waning light and looked into each other's eyes. They sprang up to greet him.

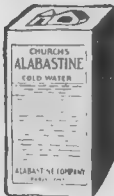
"Come in, old chap, come in!" the Englishman shouted. And against Blake's declining he set the privileged protestations of a returned wanderer. "Oh, come in, man! Think of all I've got to tell you—I who have spent a year within the borders of civilization! I who have worn starched collars and made after dinner speeches to my mother's tenants! I who have been bored exceedingly and am home! Think how long it is since you have listened to my voice—and I did not write, that it might be the pleasanter in your ears. Wini tells me that my last and only letter did not reach you. Come in!"

But Blake stuck his thick cavalry boot deeper in the stirrup.

"Not now," he said. "I only stopped to warn you. You will get a letter in a week or so—it's the kind of a letter that no power on earth would lose. You will get a blank fool letter that at first you won't understand." And when you do—well, when you do I shall be at the Fort waiting to be kicked. Kid all right, Wini? Here's a new breed of rattle I found over in the town."



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He stooped to lay his offering at the squirming little feet, and then they stood in the door together, the Hon. Fred and his wife, and watched him ride away in the twilight.

And a sudden comprehension came to the prodigal. "So they thought—that?" he said, and whistled slowly as he looked down upon her. "I see. I should have written."

Yet he understood how Blake had been mistaken—Blake and the others.

Had there not come to him, one night when the world was full of music and laughter and the calm eyes of women passionless in their loving, a dream of shameful things? A dream which had not shaped itself before he woke, red with the shame of it? Yes, he understood Blake and the others.

"But you?" he asked assuredly, holding Winunla's strong brown chin in both his hands.

But Winunla's eyes drooped shamefully, for only her heart knew how in the long nights when the child stirred there had been a fear upon her in the darkness. Now she turned swiftly to catch the baby from its pillows with that instinct of the woman, white or brown, which evades confession.

"Is he not beautiful, my Chief?" she demanded, holding the child for its father's proprietary inspection. "Even though he be so brown, like me, thy tulip?"

And the Hon. Fred found him beautiful.

The dusk grew to a great blankness around them, and in it there were only they three, the primitive, everlasting trio of the first scheme of things, the man and the woman and the child born of them. And the Hon. Fred turned suddenly and gathered them both in his arms—the woman and the child.

"How I have wanted you!" he cried, and there was the sob of a great content in his voice.

Over in England his mother wept over him, and women with calm eyes spoke of him pityingly, but the missionary and the doctor smiled across their pipes because there had been a mistake in their reckoning.

The Advantages of up-to-date implements in Farming.

One of the most important factors in the increasing prosperity of farmers throughout the country is the growing use of modern time and labor-saving implements.

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It enables the farmer in one operation to sow in continuous rows and drop in hills either four, six, eight, twelve or twenty-four inches apart and at the same time make the new row. The sowing device consists of an automatic feed, which is stopped by simply raising the handles and started by lowering them and starting the tool.

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An Interesting Report.

Published elsewhere in this issue is the annual report for the past year of the board of directors of the Canada Cement Company, as read by the president to the shareholders at the annual meeting held in Montreal on the 21st of February.

The frank statement of the policy and the general attitude of fairness evidenced by the address, are such as to warrant more than passing comment. Any lay member of the community reading the report must surely feel disposed to echo the hope expressed by the president that the increased demand and increased output in the year to come will result in further savings in the cost of manufacture; and it further cannot be but felt by the public at large that any such reductions that may be obtained will, according to the broad-minded policy of the company, be used as an advantage to the customers of the company—the concern depending for their profits on increasing volume of business.

Especially interesting is the statement that the policy of the company is such as to tend towards equalization of the price of cement throughout Canada so far as possible.

Another noteworthy feature of the report is the provision made for employees to become possessors of stock. This is, as pointed out, a policy already in force in some of the largest institutions, and shows that the Canada Cement Company are quick to appreciate any means of stimulating interest and confidence upon the part of the staff.

A Lesson in Gutterals.

Auld Ra'hel Waugh o' Auchterarder
Had Ochill brose, and weel it fared her;
She had ae son, she ca'd him Mi'hel,
But dochters nane ava had Ra'hel.
She'd aye a souchie, canty lauch
To greet ye wi'—auld Ra'hel Waugh.

W. W. S.

The attention of our readers is drawn to the advertisement of the Crown Fence and Supply Co., Toronto, in another column. Mr. E. L. Dyer, manager, has been in the fence business for 16 years and has made good with over 12,000 fence users. He knows how to save you money in fence purchasing, and our readers should take advantage of his knowledge when open to buy.

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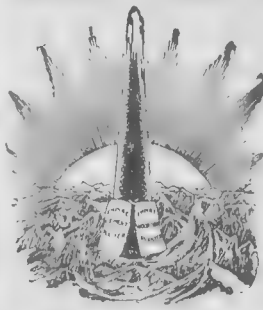
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When purchasing from Western Home Monthly advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

Ala-Kim.--A Boy of the Coast Tribes.

Expressly Written for the Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale.
Photos by the author.



HE was just a wee bit of a lad, brown eyed and brown skinned. Scarce a dozen years had he drunk in this salt-laden air of the Pacific coast. He was playing with his little brown chums when we approached. Instantly, as the wild animals all do, they drew away from us, with heads averted and eyes downcast—free children of the squat, shy fishing peoples the Coast Indians.

Ala-Kim, the tallest of the five native children, looked out at us from under the brim of his black hat—the result of a visit of some very enterprising commercial traveller to this far, out-of-the-way spot. "Ala-Kim," said Fritz, my assistant, "come and show us your skins." Instantly the shyness departed; the lad was a hunter, a trapper, a fisher-

and a score of sandpipers or plover are speedily choked to death. Under this trap was a heap of "whale strainers," the long, black whalebone-filled processes that hang from the roof of the whale's mouth. This told of one of these great mammals being driven ashore and the consequent feasting on whale blubber. It is a weird sight to see a whole village—every living soul that can toddle down to the shore—gathered after nightfall at the low tide line cutting up one of these monstrous carcasses. Great flares fed by shark or dog-fish oil light up the gloomy spot. Gleaming skinning knives flash, deep voices call aloud, strong white teeth show between grinning lips. The faces of the youngsters are so coated with greasy, half cooked blubber, that they

gleam like imps in the shifting light. If the carcass had been drifting for many days before it stranded, you may add to this Dore-like group all the evil odors of its decaying flesh. I have known a spot on the beach to give forth a very highly unpleasant smell simply because one of these native "beach-combers" had rested there for a few moments with his load of highly scented blubber.

Add to the lad's collection the big, bony ear drum of a whale, several skulls of sea lions and seals, some well-stretched mink and marten skins—caught in wire snares by this youthful Nimrod—a pile of several hundred pounds weight of sundried and smoked oulcan and salmon. It is remarkable to see one of these wee lads, armed with a rude gaff hook, enter the foaming water



Indian Guide.

man, as had been his fathers before him for years.

We followed the boy to the door of a big cedar board shack, built as are all these Indian homes with squat wooden smoke vents, like little houses perched on the ridge of a big one, and with the usual mud floor and axe-split cedar board platform about the four sides. If any of my boy readers wanted to show their treasures they would take us to some secret nook. Ala-Kim had none. Just beneath a great grinning totem, carved skilfully out of a big cedar log and fantastically painted with the bright reds and blues these tribes love so well, was the place on the open platform that might be called his "room." Here, where the flying cedar embers had littered and pitted the wood, were the few "toys" of the Indian boy's life.

Fritz lifted up a rack-like bit of wood that had been cleverly split and had many upright pieces, about the size of matches, inserted. This was all looped at the top of each piece with snares made from a woman's hair. I have seen a klootchman give her lad a few of



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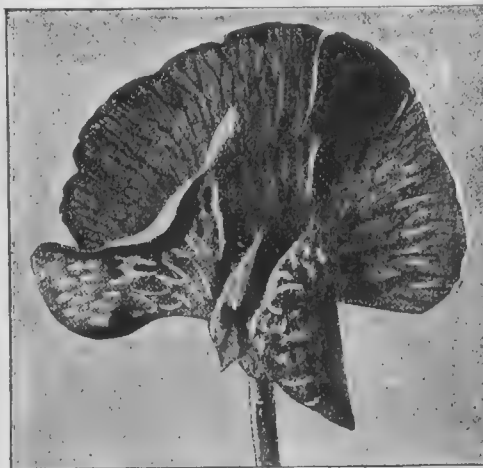
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6 BOOKLETS BY THE HIGHEST AUTHORITIES





Indian Boy and mask of Dance.

of the river on a cold November day and drag out a hundred pounds weight of flapping, struggling salmon. I have often met them far up the reaches of some lonely stream, with a freshly cut cedar branch strung with these ten and twelve pound dog salmon. So great was the load of fish that the lad's only hope of getting it home was to drag it in the water along the edge of the downward course of the stream.

As the civilized lad whittles out from

his native woods many things such as his father made, so do boys in these far distant coast villages, carve out of the ever welcome cedar the totems in miniature as made by the carvers of the village. These are not gods or deities. These tribes have no Manitou. They carve out the thunder bird, the eagle, the owl, the sea lion, the killer whale. Grotesque is the work and vivid the colorings, as this great winged bird bears witness.

Ala-Kim had one odd weapon. One that he had retrieved from the body of a stranded whale. Now-a-days, these huge mammals of the deep are killed by harpoon guns that discharge explosive bombs from the bows of swiftly moving tugs, often killing a creature longer than the tug itself. Examine carefully this native whale harpoon. Two rounded hafts of yew wood that fit cleverly into one another. These form the handle, all down its sides it is pierced with small round holes. Into these the "good medicine" was poured that the harpoon might have much success. On the point of the haft was fitted the long sharp-pointed shell of the great mussel. This was wrapped with sea lion sinews, and on this had been poured hot pitch. Just above this was attached the seal bladder line to retard the mighty beast when it dived.

Ala-Kim, standing on the shore, had seen his father and the head men play the game of the "killing of the whale." In this, many a canoe was upset, until, finally, the hunters were able to lodge themselves upon the top of the counterfeited whale. On this cedar raft, gradually submerged by the addition of many a naked, yelling coast Indian, a rude ceremony was performed and the raft slowly poled to shore. Then donning masks and cedar bark cloaks the band proceeded to the big house of the chief and performed the secret rites that little lads might not see. These never included cannibalism, but there was much rude torment self inflicted.



The Indian Village of Clo-oose on the Straits of Jean de Fuia.

This rude translation of La-Li-Kilas' song of the whale and the killer whale may interest you. It is accompanied by the beating of native drums:

"It is said I went otter hunting. A she otter pulled me out to sea. We met an Orca (killer whale)—Tell me where the great whale lives. Orca. Orca drove off the sea otter. We went to where all the smoke of the fires go and I saw a great black whale. I drove my spear in and Orca held the bladders, and we drowned the whale and speared the whale. I am the great whale killer. All other men are small beside me—Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho-e!"

All this time the dancer had been lashing himself into fury. The little lads that still lingered on the beach could hear the loud cries that resounded in the big house. Now out through the door bounded the whale killer. Up on the top of the roof he mounted. Out into the air he threw a handful of down from the breast of the eider ducks (this showed he had been as far north as the Alutian). The west wind carried it towards a native shack on which it settled. Down scrambled the dancer. Into the shack he darted. Soon he came out with a native lad in his arms. Back to the big house he ran, puffs of down floating behind him. Once inside the

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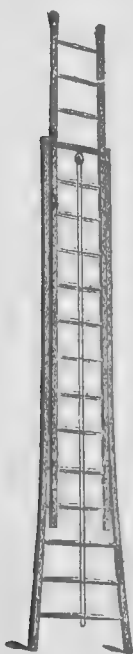
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Same dress in all wool panama, same shades as luster, \$6.50.

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Give inches around neck, largest part of bust and hips, also smallest part of waist, length of sleeve and from under arm to belt, down back from neck to belt, and length of skirt from belt to desired length in front.

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WINNIPEG, MAN.



Mud Shark—whose tooth powder do I use.

big house his song was recommenced, and about the fire he circled singing and waving the boy overhead.

Again, when a shark is caught, one of the big ground sharks as you see in the illustration, do these little lads see strange sights and hear odd sounds. Dressed in a weird mask that is supposed to represent the thing they have killed, they lean and writhe. For a couple of these men in a little canoe will often kill a mud shark that weighs half a ton. So with much drum beating and many oft-repeated choruses of "Ya ha, ya ha! Ho-e, ho-e!" they tell of this monster of the sea.

But there are tragic scenes, too, where these little lads live on the shores of this treacherous sea. One such I remember. It seems that an old man of the village had been log gathering in the more sheltered bays along the coast line. With kelp lines and sea lion sinews he had bound together a small raft-like mass. At the stern end of this he set a little fat toddler to help pole and steer it home. Soon the advancing tide began to rip and boil, and the logs to dance and roll. The little steersman soon found it hard to keep his clutch on the slippery wood. His cries to the old man were swept back unheard—but the mother ashore heard. Out of her rude shack she darted. Wildly she waved her arms to the old man busily paddling the frail canoe. Now she saw the tide rip sweep the little chap off the logs. As an otter slides from the shore so this dark-faced mother slid down that tall, red, surf-washed rock. Into the water she dived, as deftly as ever animal did. Another splash told that her man, the father of the boy, had followed her. Swimming and diving along the tide these two now frantic Indians went, while the old man, all unconscious of the drowning of the lad, kept paddling swiftly ahead.

The man found the little brown body. Alas! it was but a body now. As soon as he struggled up out of the water the woman seized the burden and darted up over the sands to the shack they called home. No knowledge had she of first aid; she simply hugged the child to her

breast and moaned and rocked back and forth. The man, entering the shanty, seized an axe and proceeded to demolish



Grotesque is the work—Indian Totem Pole.



The Native Canoe useful in times of Flood.

every poor little household article they possessed. He then hewed an opening through the side of the house—as the dead must not be taken through the door. Next the best blanket in the trader's store was purchased, and the poor little lad was carefully wrapped therein. A small cedar box was hurriedly fashioned and the body placed in it. More blankets were wrapped about it. Then it was passed out of the opening, and carried by the father and tightly lashed to the first branch of a tall hemlock tree. Here, as we left the village, the ends of the long white blanket were swaying in the afternoon wind. Poor little lad! His logging, death, the recovery of his body, the destruction of all the things that had been his, or partly his, the funeral, all occurred in the brief space we call an hour. As we entered our canoe and paddled silently away, I often saw Fritz turn and gaze at that strange new burden in the tree.

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Standard Garment Co.
10 Coote Block, London, Ont.

An Indian Elephant in the Limelight.

By Herbert Dunk, Winnipeg

Nearly everyone takes an interest of some kind in the elephant. Some people regard him as a fearsome beast, while others look upon him as a tractable and docile domestic animal. And, so far as at any rate as the Indian elephant is concerned, those who hold the latter opinion are the more correct.

There are two great divisions of the elephant genus—the African and the Indian varieties. The species peculiar to Africa are distinct from those found in India, and the difference lies, broadly speaking, in the matter of intelligence. The Dark Continent mammal is the heavier and duller animal, while the Indian beast is the more sagacious and very much easier of domestication. There is also, it is said, a further difference in the

protect himself. Most people know the story of the elephant who, having suffered maltreatment from a tailor, took his revenge by filling his trunk to its utmost capacity and then when passing his enemy's place of business, he ejected a perfect volume of dirty water and deluged the unhappy man of the needle. It is an interesting sight to watch elephants bathing and observe them draw the water into their trunks and then squirt it over their bodies. No more weird, and when first suffered, startling, experience can be imagined than to be perched on the back of an elephant when he swims

across a river. It may appear wonderful to many people that the great cumbrous beast can swim, but nevertheless it is a fact and his method of so doing is somewhat remarkable. He will walk into the water and when it gets beyond his depth he proceeds to sink until nothing is left of him above the water but a few inches of the tip of his trunk. Very much, one might say, the same as in the manner of submarine boats. Again the elephant finds his trunk of great advantage to him when flies and mosquitoes are troublesome for he will proceed to break off branches from the trees and by holding them with this elongated nasal organ he will keep the insects from annoying him. Many years ago when the writer was in Mandalay, the capital of Upper Burmah, elephants were used in demolishing the great stockade which had been erected by Mindoon-Min, one of the Kings of Burmah, and which surrounded the Royal Palace. This stockade was com-

posed of logs about twelve feet above ground and probably nine or ten inches across. The method of procedure was to place a cable chain attached to an elephant around each log and then at the command of the mahout—or elephant driver—his majesty unconcernedly walked off and the log, which was sunk several feet into the ground, came out as easily as you please. The next step was to take the log away. An ordinary beast dragged it but a bull elephant lifted the huge log on to his tusks and it was a matter of much wonderment to those who saw it done, to watch how exactly he placed the log on his tusks so that a perfect balance was obtained. And this was all done of his own accord and sagacity. The last act in the work was the stacking of the logs wherein there was exhibited a marvellous display of intelligence. The logs were stacked one on the top of another and the elephant did the whole of the work by his lonesome self. He placed his burden



A Sweetmeat Seller.

matter of tusks, in which respect the scale goes down in favour of the African species. A good pair of tusks will weigh over one hundred pounds and they are sometimes obtained many feet in length—exclusive of the hollow root.

There are certain physical peculiarities of the elephant which should not be passed unnoticed. One of the great points for observance is that his legs differ from those of all other quadrupeds—except the bear. Not many people are aware that an elephant's hind legs bend forwards instead of backwards as in the case of other four-footed animals—in other words, he has four knees. Then his ears should be given some attention for, again unlike a horse or cow, his age is indicated by these large, flapping aural appendages.

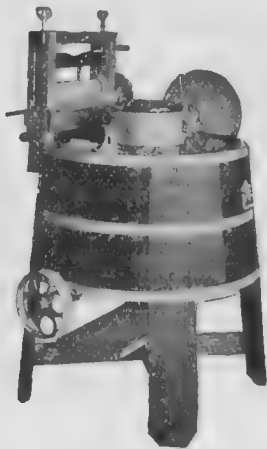
His small twinkling eyes and his ridiculously abbreviated caudal attachment are worthy of a glance, while last, but not least, is his wonderful trunk, which has been a perfect godsend to the joke maker for centuries. In mentioning the trunk it is naturally suggested to one to refer to its extraordinary capabilities. With this seemingly clumsy limb, the elephant can pick up a pin, and feed, and wash and

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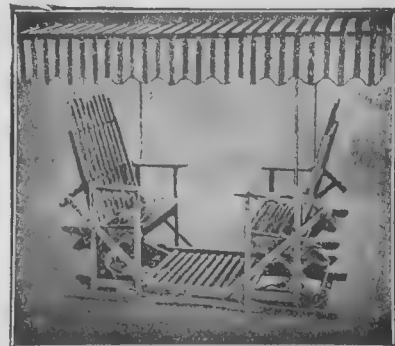
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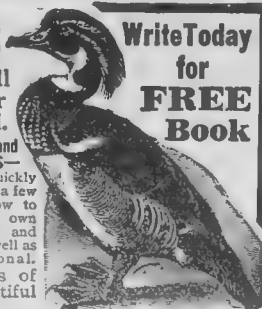
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—G. A. Ptasice, Oxford Mills.

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on the stack and then viewed it in order to examine its position. If unsatisfied as to the symmetry with the remainder of the pile he would take the log and place it a little further on the one side or the other until he could assure himself that it rested properly and squarely. Elephants are frequently used for the purpose of stacking timber in this way in the large lumber yards at Kemmendine, near Rangoon. The marvellous manner in which elephants can use their trunks is displayed at a very tender age. A very unusual event

took place—indeed there are only a few such events recorded—while the writer lived in Mandalay. A baby elephant came into the world and when only a few months old he became as adept at using his trunk as his middle-aged mother. On more than one occasion he was caught untying the strings which fastened bags of sugar (weighing probably a hundred pounds) so that he could help himself.

Having referred to this youngster it would be as well to now give some interesting facts concerning him. He grew at



A street scene in Mandalay.

"Dem suah do lighten de wuk"

—Aunt Salina.

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a wonderful pace and a record of his growth was kept. It was found that in less than a week from his birth his size had increased two inches at the shoulder. The old mother elephant was more jealous of her baby than can be imagined, in fact unless you had had a personal introduction to the "mama" and become fairly well acquainted with her, it was quite unsafe to go near the calf while she was in sight. On one occasion an officer attempted to snapshot the little one and although he stood fifty yards away the mother viewed the camera with some suspicion and very naturally, you would have said had you been present; the officer was compelled to flee and abandon his idea. Another time someone gave the calf a sharp smack on the trunk for opening the bags of sugar, whereat the old lady first gave a shriek of horror at the unchivalrous act and then gave chase to the offender. She flew after him and he dodged around everything in sight until he was safely inside his office. There is no question that had that young man been caught in the chase that day there would have been a military funeral and promotion for somebody.

Popular ideas are very often wrong, but perhaps in no case does the general public err so much as in the case of the age of the elephant. One finds that text-books even will give an elephant's maximum age as one hundred and fifty years. But this is very much in error for broadly speaking, (I refer of course to the Indian beast) his greatest age is about the same as ourselves. An elephant eight years old (and you will notice his chipped, brittle ears) has all the same characteristics as a man of the same age—all the same evidences of senile decay. In the Afghan war when Lord Roberts made the famous march from Cabul to Kandahar there

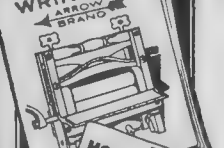
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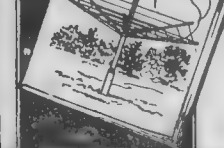
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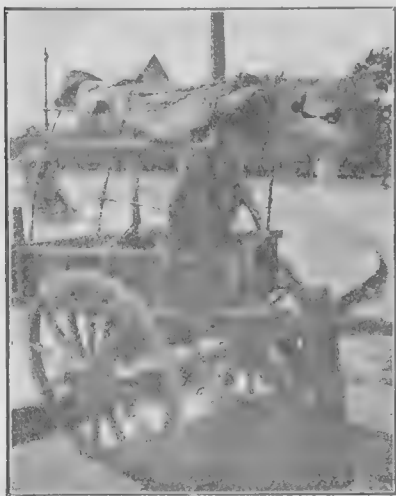
THE MONITOR ROTARY LAWN CLOTHES DRYER



were some seventy or eighty elephants used for carrying supplies and none of these exceeded seventy years of age. If further proof is required on this subject of age one might refer to the fact that an elephant attains his full growth at about the same age as a man, i.e. at twenty-one.

How very much shorter the tale of an elephant's usefulness would be were he not so amiably tempered—that is, generally. It is a sight worthy of comment to the new-comer in India to observe how on a hot day, the little native children will sit beneath the great beast in order to have the benefit of his shadow. And does the ponderous animal mind being used as a sun-shade, do you think? Not a bit of it.

In distinction to the human species, the female elephant is rather better tempered than her male counterpart. The latter has periodical attacks of the "blues" and when he becomes morose he is generally so difficult to handle that he is left at his picket until his sulkiness has evaporated. Of course the mahonts are familiar with the gentleman's vagaries of temper and by observing his symptoms can prevent possible troubles. In one of the elephant yards in Southern India, we had a huge old bull named Benjamin. The poor beast was blind, but despite his infirmity was a splendid worker and carried out his duties regularly. Of course he was always guided by his mahont, who directed his paths as usual with the guzbuz (or goad). As long as he could wend his way through life without meeting any obstructions he was a contented, happy enough beast, but if he found ought to oppose his progress, then woe betide the obstacle. Now here are the stories of what Benjamin did on two, now historic,



A Hindu Fakir.

occasions. One day he was left for a few minutes unattended at a water trough. In turning away after drinking he ran his head against an ambulance cart which was ordinarily drawn by bullocks but from which the bullocks had been taken. With a scream of defiance, issued like a challenge, Benjamin settled down to the business of clearing the air. He pushed and pulled and pounded and pummelled that ambulance until it was reduced into a heap of twisted iron, splintered wood and torn canvas. Of course the "sick cart" (as it is called) had lost its usefulness forever. On a subsequent occasion Benjamin found himself alone in an Indian village—a most unlucky place for obstacles. He turned this way, ran against a hut and pulled it down, having satisfied himself that his path was clear, he then continued his way only to bump his head against another hut. This he at once proceeded to demolish and so on until there was so great a heap of debris that a stranger might justifiably have imagined a severe earthquake had wrecked the unfortunate village. Benjamin got the severest punishment of his life for this escapade—in fact he was shot.

Although rare, and especially rare if without provocation, the female has been known to the writer's knowledge at least, to have had a perfectly uncontrollable fit of temper. To be charitable this might not have happened had the animal been tamed, but here is the incident. The Government had sent an official—my father—to purchase and procure elephants for them. He had obtained twenty-nine young beasts and they were probably (though of this I am not sure) on the way to the Government's kheddahs (or kraals) near Katha on the west bank of

the Irrawaddy river. One afternoon camp had been struck near a large Burmese village, when some excitement arose amongst the captives by reason of a procession of the villagers who were beating drums and blowing horns, probably to scare some evil spirit. The elephants were picketed but several scattered on hearing the din created by the Burmese band and amongst them was No. 11, a good sized female. As she was hobbled by the fore feet her capture was delayed until the remainder were secured. Unfortunately, as it subsequently proved, her own mahont was ill, and a stranger to her volunteered to mount her. She appeared very sullen and refused to raise her foot to help him up to her back, as is usually done. Nothing daunted, however, the man tried to swarm up without her aid. In a twinkling she reached out and caught him and brought him to the ground. She then seized him and lifted him with her trunk and put his forearm into her mouth. With one closing of her huge teeth she crushed—nay, almost pulverized—the arm. The poor fellow came to our house many months afterward to express his gratitude to my father for what he did subsequently for him away out there in the Burmese Jungle, and we counted the punctures in his flesh showing that the bone had been broken in seventeen different places. The great danger, of course, in the case was that the angry lady would adopt the usual method of her species, that is drop the man, and then kneel or put her fore foot on him thus liberating his soul in an instant. There was no suitable weapon at hand or an explosive bullet would have decided matters for her, so that all that could be done was done in firing a few shots from a 32-calibre Colt into her fleshy hind quarters which caused her sufficient pain to induce her to forsake the man and think of herself. The would-be murderess was ultimately captured by four or five of her own species. She was surrounded and was then pushed, shoved and hustled back to camp. Her punishment was picketing by all four legs and a water diet for a day and then starvation almost for several days afterwards. After a week of grass and no rice she became a humbled and chastened beast.

A great deal more might be written of the elephant. Of his, one might say, delicate constitution—for in India the animals have their heads covered with coconut oil on account of the liability to sunstroke and are not worked during the hottest part of the day. Then there are some interesting points that might be mentioned regarding the so-called "White Elephant" and many other matters which would all hold attention. Sufficient now is it to say that the "harthi" (which is the Hindustani word for the elephant) is a deservedly popular and rightly appreciated beast all over the broad land of India.

Or wha wad choose a crown.

Wi' its peril and its fame,

And miss his bonnie lassie

When the kye comes hame,

When the kye comes hame,

When the kye comes hame,

'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,

When the kye comes hame?

The Ne'er-do-Weel.—Homewards he hurples over the lea, an' he hears the lowin' o' the kye, an' the bleat, bleat, bleatin' o' the sheep, a-bickerin' down the hillside—a fleecy drove—hame to their cosy pen, to be fauldin' frae the wolves for the night. Aboon his heid the wild birds sereigh, as wastlins they flee to their roost 'mang the weird, craggy rocks; and far aboon the sough o' the winds 'mang the pine trees the cushie-doo coos an' coos, ower an' ower again, as the big reid sun sinks oot o' sight i' the rosy wast. A' thing was shoutin' loud at the pitch o' its voice: "Hame, hame, hame!" An' sue was the Prodigal—"Sermons in Braid Scots," D. Gibb Mitchell.

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"Kind o' mean" is an expression which has come to us from the States, and is taken to indicate indifferent health. The saying in England is, "I'm feeling only middling this morning," which being interpreted means—no appetite, no energy, and poor health all round, arising from a sluggish liver or imperfect digestion. Countless thousands of half-dead dyspeptics, on both sides of the Atlantic, have been restored to vigorous, buoyant health by Mother Seigel's Syrup, a herbal tonic, made of roots, barks, and leaves, which tones up the stomach and stimulates the liver in a remarkable way!

One man who used to suffer cruelly until he found a cure in Mother Seigel's Syrup, says:—"It gives me great pleasure to tell you that your prized medicine, Mother Seigel's Syrup, has restored me to health, after suffering for over three years from a severe attack of dyspepsia."

No "beating about the bush" in that, is there? Just the plain statement of a man who has something to say and says it plainly. Here is the rest of Mr. A. Lemieux's letter, dated Jan. 9, 1910, and sent from his home, Chambord, Lac St. Jean Co., P.Q.:—"I was subject to pains after meals, headaches, sleeplessness, bad breath, coated tongue, pains in the back and loins, and dizziness. I lost flesh, and became very weak. I tried many preparations in vain, but a change

for the better came in my state of health as soon as I began to take Mother Seigel's Syrup! A three-months' treatment with the syrup restored me to perfect health. I can now work with ease and eat without distress."

And Mrs. James Robinson, Ruth, Manitoba, said on Jan. 28, 1911:—

"About thirty years ago, I began to suffer from indigestion, debility, giddiness, and wind in the stomach that seemed to press against the heart, making it beat violently. I always suffered pains after eating, however light the meal, and often felt like vomiting. Headache was very frequent, and at night I could not sleep except on and off, and as a result I was weary and unrefreshed in the morning. I am, however, pleased to tell you that this unhappy state has given place to good health, for while in search of a remedy I was fortunate in procuring Mother Seigel's Syrup. It has cured me completely."

It stands to reason that if food lies undigested on your stomach, giving off poisonous gases to pollute your blood, and steal your vitality, you will at least feel "only middling," and you may feel "pretty bad." Mother Seigel's Syrup will help your stomach to digest food, and then you won't feel "kind o' mean," but you will feel well, look well, and be well!

The \$1 bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50 cent. size. A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.



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Mother Seigel's Syrup is the friend of all who suffer after meals, because it aids digestion! It is the friend of all who have headache, biliousness, constipation or dizziness, because it banishes such ailments, root and branch! It is the friend of all who feel "seedy," because it clears away the poisonous products of indigestion, which clog the system and make you feel run down, brain-fagged, out of sorts! Better still, it tones and strengthens your stomach and liver, regulates your bowels, makes food nourish you, and thus prevents, as well as cures, all stomach and liver disorders.

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That is the reason why our prices are so incredibly low that many people cannot believe that our ranges are of reliable quality.



As a matter of fact, our "Kitchen Queen" range is the equal of any range on the market. It is built to last and so constructed that it is a perfect baker; and if it were not we would not offer it for sale, because a cooking range, if it is not a good cooker, is worse than worthless.

Hundreds of our "Kitchen Queen" ranges are in use in this western country, and hundreds of our customers have written us telling us they are perfectly satisfied, and telling us too that by buying the "Kitchen Queen" they saved anything from \$10.00 to \$20.00.

And you can't buy the "Kitchen Queen" range from anyone but us. It is built specially for us, according to our specifications. The present construction is the result of years of experimenting, and the result is a range easy to operate and economical.

Then in buying from us, there is always the assurance of satisfaction, because there is the privilege of testing the stove thoroughly and if it is not fully up to expectations, it can be returned to us, and we will refund the purchase money, together with freight charges both ways.

A popular pattern of range is our four hole "Kitchen Queen", equipped with reservoir, warming closet and oven thermometer. As the cut shows it is of graceful design, liberally but not overly decorated with nickel. The oven, large and roomy, has close fitting doors with trip to open with the foot.

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Altogether, this range is quite the equal of any offered for sale and our price for it, complete with reservoir, warming closet and oven thermometer, is..... **\$35.25**

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Is it a blessing or a curse?

By John Richardson.

The moving picture show! It's in nearly every town on this continent. In the cities it is in every street, and every far-away Western town has its "Starlands" and "Palaces."

I have heard them condemned right and left. In church, ministers have spoken of their baneful influence upon the young mind. They have done it with such persistence and energy that many who don't know the picture theatre have summed it up as wicked.

And in the midst of this outcry against the picture theatre, Dr. J. W. Robertson has come out as a defender of this form of amusement. At Montreal the Local Council of Women attended a meeting of the Royal Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education, and the evils of the picture theatre were brought into the limelight. The president of the Commission, Dr. Robertson, heard their views, and then, like a bombshell, he made his pronouncement: "The moving picture show is the best thing that ever came into our education for the factory girl," he said. You cannot imagine the buzz of disapproval. Those who were there can hear it yet.

To understand Dr. Robertson's views upon this question you must understand Dr. Robertson himself. He is a level-headed Scotchman, in a class almost to himself in this country. I travelled with him through Manitoba. At Bran-



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don the Canadian Club were giving a luncheon to the members of this Royal Commission, and one of the citizens turned to me at the table and asked, "What kind of a man is Robertson?" I summed him up in these words: "He is a man who thinks for himself."

Yes, Dr. Robertson thinks for himself. He has thought for himself over this picture show business. It would have been easy for him to have joined the general condemnation of the moving picture craze. It would have been far more pleasant for him to have agreed with the hundreds of so-called protectors of public morals than to have pronounced a theory peculiarly his own, which was an active contradiction to theirs.

But Dr. Robertson went to see the picture show himself. I don't think he told anybody he was going. You might have seen him in Montreal, in Toronto, in the Eastern cities and in the Western towns as well, paying his five cents to gain admission to the "Wonderlands" and so on. You might have seen Canada's leading educationalist rubbing shoulders with the street urchin and the newsboy who had no other way of relieving the monotonous grind of his daily work.

And when Dr. Robertson had seen the shows, he gave his verdict. "The picture theatres," he said, "are a boon to some workers." He gave his reason:

"The tired brain," he said, "as it leaves the factory night after night after the monotonous grind of sameness, becomes atrophied, and should have a series of brain shocks to set the mind thinking in different channels. The moving picture is the thing. If the girls go to a moving picture show and are shown scenery, processes of making things in Europe, they will conjure up in the factory the picture they saw in the moving picture show, and it will give the brain new stimulus."

Has it ever struck you how true this is? How often does the business man go home and say, "I've had a busy day to-day, and I am worn out. I think I will go to the theatre." He goes, pays his dollar for a seat, and enjoys it. The very same desire for amusement which sends him to the theatre sends hundreds of people, not so well to do, to the picture show.

In Montreal I set myself the task of

going the round of the picture theatres. At one show one youngster made this appeal to me: "Please pay for me to go in, Mister!" He was about nine years of age, and hadn't used soap for the previous twenty-four hours. "What do you want to go in for, my boy?" I asked. "Because I like it," was his reply.

"There's the secret of the whole business: he liked it. Last November I spent a night at Portage la Prairie. I was with a prominent Nova Scotia politician. When he came into the hotel he said, 'I've been spending an hour in the picture show down the street.' 'What was it like?' I inquired. 'It was very interesting; in fact, I think it was the best ten cents' worth I have had in my life,' he answered. So the street urchin favored the picture show because he liked it, and the politician favored it because it was interesting."

In Montreal the picture shows clear more money on Sundays than all the churches in the city. They are open from one until about eleven o'clock. All the time they have full houses. For the Sabbath the programmes are toned down. For instance, instead of the strains of "Yip I Edie I eh!" you will hear "Rocked in the cradle of the deep." I know one young Englishman in Mont-

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Picture show in Montreal, where announcements are made in French and English.



A Typical picture show with vaudeville attractions.

real who makes a practice of attending the shows because he is learning the French language, and there the songs are often sung in both English and French.

There's one style of picture show which is always favored on this continent, and that is the picture with the Western setting. Anything about cowboys is always popular. I once asked the proprietor of a show what was his biggest attraction. He took me to the front of his theatre and pointed to a placard showing a log cabin and an Indian and a settler playing an important part in it. "That will draw more people in here to-night," he said, "than all the other pictures combined." It appealed because it pictured to the crowd a thrilling experience.

A prominent man in Ontario, where the Legislature are now formulating a Bill to prevent admission of children under fourteen years to a picture show, told me that whenever he went into a picture show in Canada he always had the Stars and Stripes flaunted before his eyes. "I am sick of seeing it," he said. "And I cannot understand why the people don't kick at it. If the Union Jack or our own Canadian flag was put on a picture screen in the United States there would be a tremendous howl." Was he not speaking the truth?

There was once a howl in Winnipeg over the same thing. Half a dozen college students went to a show where an American war picture was attracting some attention. "This is the place where you show American soldiers pulling down the Union Jack and waving the Stars and Stripes, isn't it?" one young fellow said to the man at the desk. "We're coming into your theatre, and if you show that picture we'll smash the whole place up." The students intended to be as good as the word of their leader. The management perceived the danger, and the picture was never shown in that theatre again. It might have been well for New York or Chicago, but it was out of place in Winnipeg.

I asked one proprietor how it was that Canada was flooded with these American pictures. He told me they had to be taken, because there were practically no others.

I don't say that we always get the best things in the picture show. Sometimes people are disappointed and even annoyed at what they see; but, taking the shows as a whole, there is no doubt

whatever they have a great hold upon the people.

Dr. Robertson is right. The picture show has a redeeming feature. And luckily, no matter what the pictures are like, that redeeming feature will stay. The people find hours of innocent amusement, and an amusement which, so long as it remains, will vary the monotonous life of the toiler.

Home Rule.—Home Rule for Scotland is coming to the front as an actual and present question. The Scottish National Committee have issued an appeal to all Scotsmen throughout the world for funds to carry on their campaign for "Home Rule for Scotland." It has long been felt that questions that were specially Scottish get scant sympathy in the Imperial Parliament, and could be much more satisfactorily attended to in a local parliament. The demand of Ireland, and now of Scotland will probably lead to a system of local parliaments—as in Canada—for local business.

Away with the flimsy idea that life with a past is attended,
There's now—only now—and no past.
There's never a past; it has ended;
Away with the obsolete story and all of its yesterday sorrow.
There's only To-day, almost gone and in front of To-day stands To-morrow.

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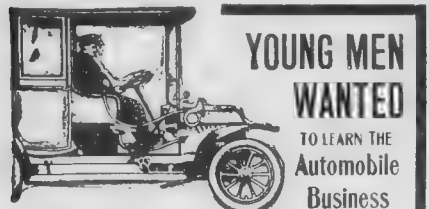
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Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish expert on standard dictionary and Translator of "New Testament in Braid Scots," etc.

Scottish Names.

Names wi' the air o' the mountain and glen in them.

Names wi' the sound o' the pibroch's "Amen" in them.

Names wi' the ding o' the 'dour kilted men in them.

Oh, but they're beautiful, Sheila, my own!

Names wi' the memories o' Wallace and Bruce in them.

Names wi' the bang o' John Knox's auld house in them.

Names wi' the skirl o' the bagpipes let loose in them.

Whaur can ye beat them, the wide world o'er?

Annie Laurie.—As now sung, this is one of the most charming of Scottish songs. The original song was written, as nearly as possible, two hundred years ago, by William Douglas, of Fingald, in honor of Annie, daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwellton. It may be said in passing that Douglas was unsuccessful in his suit, for the lady married another man. Lady John Scott got hold of the old words—which had a certain rudeness about them—and using these as a basis, really made the song over again both as to words and music. She was quite an enthusiast on Scottish song and music. I remember once having a pleasant letter from her on some Scottish subject. Lady John Scott died, at a great age, so

late as 1900. Bayard Taylor sings of the British soldiers in the Crimea, for an assault on the morrow, when "Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang 'Annie Laurie!'"

In spite o' a' I sing my sang,
And though I'm often weary,
The better day to come or lang
Aye keeps my courage cheery:
I look for many a merry rant,
Ere Death lets fling his arrow,
And not the least will be my jaunt
To see the Braes o' Yarrow!

James D. Law.

"Scouts."—The "Scout" idea for the boys is very popular in Scotland. Lately 2,000 of them had a parade in Glasgow. The Lord Provost addressed them, and presented some medals.

The Gaelic.—At a Highland gathering in London, Mrs. K. W. Grant read an interesting paper on "Highland Folk-Lore," and closed with an appeal to keep up the language of the Highlands. She said, "That language has lost none of its power: it is the language of our ancestors; the language of the bards and the glens; the fit vehicle of our thoughts and sayings. If we allow it to die, we lose our distinct nationality. If it be taught to the young it will never be possible to denationalize us."

Kildonan, in Sutherlandshire, had a rush after gold some fifty years ago,

but the Duke of Sutherland stopped the digging then as it interfered with "the shooting." Now permission is given again, and the "digging" will be more thoroughly tested. The gold formerly found was in rotten rock not far from the surface.

Oh, we hae wandered far and wide,
O'er Scotia's lands o' frith and fell;
And mony a simple flower we've pu'd,
And twined them with the heather-bell.

We've ranged the dingle and the dell,
The cot house and the Baron's ha';
Now we maun tak a last farewell.
Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'!

Lady Nairne.

Dr. Blacklock.—When Burns was on the wing for the West Indies (probably never to return), a letter from Dr. Blacklock, of Edinburgh, was shown him, in which the Doctor said, that if the young man whose little book he had seen would come to Edinburgh he would meet with literary encouragement. That letter changed all his plans. A few months ago, Lord Rosebery, in a speech at the re-opening of the Auld Brig, at Ayr, spoke of Dr. Blacklock as "One great benefactor of Scotland connected with Burns." The Burns club of Edinburgh took a hint from this, and are devising plans for a suitable monument over the remains of the poet Blacklock, in the Buccleuch Parish Burying ground, in Edinburgh.

Women's Rights.—"Ah, weel" said a housewife in Ayrshire, at the recent election, "If ye hae a motor, and ye'll promise to bring him straught back, he can gang. But the last time that man gaed oot to vote—no! a year syne—he was brocht hame on a barra, 'ours efter!'"

The Bagpipes are claimed to be very ancient, dating, according to some excellent people, away back to the time "When music first on earth was heard

In Gaelic accents deep,
And Jubal 'neath his oxters squeezed
The blether o' a sheep."

Scots Proverbs.—Hope weel and hae weel.

If it can be nae better, it is weel it is nae waur.

Like the wife that never cries for the ladle till the pat rins ower.

If wishes were horses, beggars wad ride.

Nae weather is ill when the wind is still.

Our sins and our debts are aften more than we think.

If ye dinna see the bottom, dinna wade.

Nane sae weel but they hope to do better.

It's easier biggin' lums than to keep them reekin'.

I ken by my cog how the cow has been milkit.

It may not be generally known that Dr. Duhl (after whom the dahlia is named) introduced the plant that the tubers might be used for food—a competitor with the potato. But its bloom was so pretty, and its advantage over the potato not at all evident, that it has become merely one of our garden flowers, but no more regarded as an article of food.

Carlisle.—Ecclefechan, a village in Dumfriesshire, is the birthplace of Thomas Carlyle. A movement is on foot to erect some national monument there over his grave.

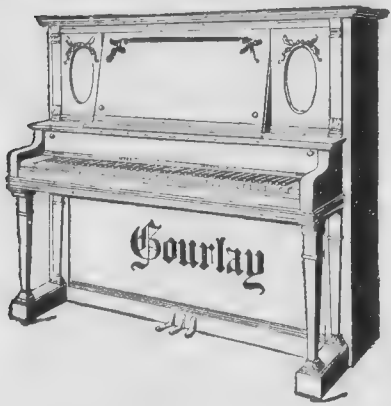
She died as dies the glory
Of music's sweetest swell:
She died as dies the story,
When the best is still to tell.
Evan MacColl.

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If there is any writing on the wall which you should particularly heed in bicycle tire-buying time, it is this: "That man is no friend of yours who tries to talk you out of your preference for Dunlop Tires."

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Answers to Correspondents.

In the February issue were two problems. The prize has been awarded to T. Spray Bailie, Calgary.

Problem 1.—Two casks holding 2 and 5 gallons, spring leaks. The first cask would leak away in 12 hours and the second in 4 hours. If both casks are filled and the leaks opened at the same time, when will one cask contain twice as much as the other?

The first empties at rate of 1-6th gallon per hour, and the second at rate of 1¼ gallons per hour. These numbers are as 2 to 15.

Therefore, at the time when the conditions of the problem are fulfilled, the first cask will have 2 empty parts and 1 filled part, and the other will have 15 empty parts and 2 filled parts. And the 2 casks are as 2 to 5.

Therefore, 5 (2 empty parts and 1 filled part) = 2 (15 empty parts and 2 filled parts). From this equation, 20 empty parts = 1 filled part.

Therefore, the first cask will be 2-22 or 1-11 emptied, and the time is consequently 1-11 of 12 hours = 1 1-11 hours.

Problem 2.

A man sells a horse at as much loss per cent. as it cost in dollars. Find the greatest price at which he could sell the horse.

The selling price will be represented by two numbers such as 90 and 10, or 80 and 20, or 60 and 40. The problem is, "When will the product be the greatest?" This is evidently a practical illustration of the old geometrical theorem, that if a line be divided equally and unequally, the product of the equal parts is greater than that of the unequal parts. Therefore, the greatest selling price is therefore 50 per cent. of \$50, or \$25.

A Problem for Readers.

Must we sit like mummies and hear people express their own correct and unalterable opinions about things, and

allow them to "ride rough-shod" over our most cherished convictions—without daring to open our lips for fear of giving offence?

Must we sacrifice our personality, our liberty of thought and action, for the sake of "peace" and "good manners"? Is it acting an untruth to give an evasive answer to a question, when you know if you say what you think you will thereby mortally offend certain individuals?

Will the readers of the Western Home Monthly help to solve this very vexing problem?—Frances.

DOMINOES.

Please publish the rules of the game of Dominoes.—G. L.

There are many games.

1. Matching.—This is the simplest game of all. Give each player 5 pieces. Let the one with the highest double begin. If no double, give one more to each player until a double appears. The next player matches one end. Suppose, for example, the first player put down double five, the next one may put down five-three or five-two. The next player can match either end. The string goes on building. When one cannot play he draws from the undistributed pile. The party getting away with his dominoes wins the game.

2. Cribbage.—This may be played in many ways. Deal 6 to each player, and let each discard any two. Then deal one to the table. Suppose a player has 5-5, 4-2, 3-1, 6-0; and suppose the table has 3-3. The point is to count as many tens as possible and as many pairs as possible, and as many runs as possible, each counting two points. In this case the count is 5-5 alone, also 4-2 and 3-1, 3-3 and 3-1, 6-0 and 3-1; a total of 8 points. The count for pairs is 4-2, 6-0, and 3-3, each counting six; a total of 6 points. The count for runs is nothing.

The players lay down their pieces one

by one and try to get runs, pairs or tens as they go along. Ordinary cribbage rules may be applied for details of the game.

Wanted a Poem.

Who can help a reader to the poem: "The busy builders' heavy task was very nearly done:

The new-built factory's window panes were glistening in the sun." etc

Learning Shorthand.

Is it possible for a person to become a stenographer by studying at home, if the proper books are used? If so, what books should I get? I have two books entitled "Isaac Pitman's Short Course in Shorthand," 20th Century Edition, and "Key to Isaac Pitman's Short Course in Shorthand." Would these books be of any use to me?

Yes, these are as good as any.

Tickler.—I should like to have your picture, my dear James, taken in that gesture. Noctes Ambrosianae.

Golspie.—The brothers Gordon, of Toronto, have presented a bell to the United Free Church in Golspie, Sutherlandshire, which is now heard on Sundays. There is no reason why emigrants and emigrants' children should not often remember the old home in such ways.

The Ettrick Shepherd.—A plated spoon is a pityful imposition, recommend me to horn; and then name o' your egg-spoons or pap-spoons for weans, but aye about the diameter o' my loof, that when ye pit it weel ben into your mouth, gass your cheeks swell, and your een shut wi' satisfaction.

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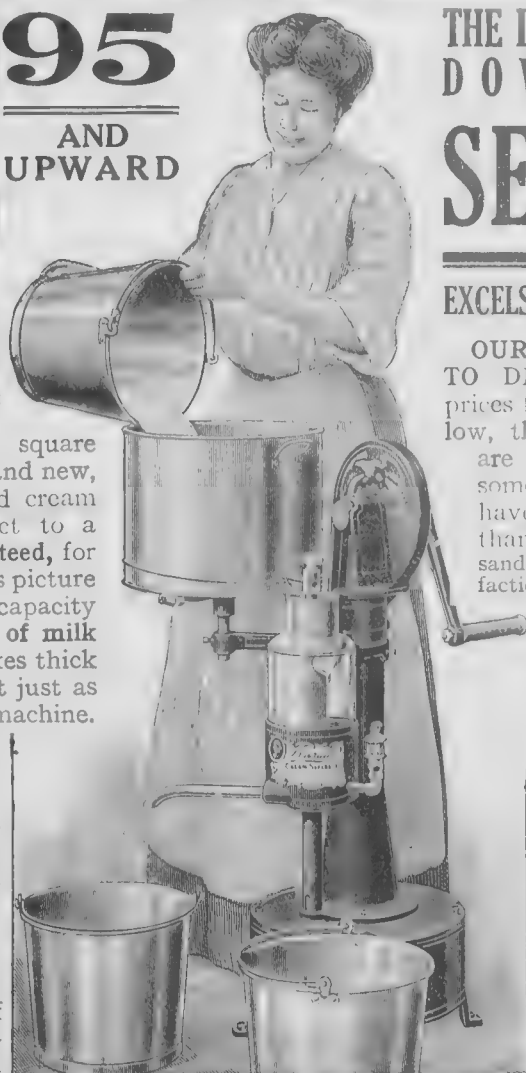
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THE PHILOSOPHER.

FOR THE WORLD'S PEACE.

It is significant that we are hearing less and less about the glory of war and more and more about its economic wastefulness and its moral wrong. Sir Edward Grey and President Taft have done noble service to the cause of humanity and civilization by their earnest outspokenness in advocating a treaty of universal arbitration between the British Empire and the United States. Such a treaty would be the greatest guarantee of the world's peace; and the statesmen who bring about that greatly-to-be-desired consummation will deserve a monument greater than the pyramids. Already the utterances of the British Foreign Minister and the President of the United States, which may well be regarded as epoch-making, have exerted an influence incalculably beneficial.

DISILLUSIONMENT.

Stories keep coming that a considerable number of Canadians have joined the ranks of the rebels in Mexico—mostly young fellows in quest of adventure and middle-aged rovers who have herded cattle, hunted game, sailed the seven seas, followed rainbows and investigated loud noises for many years. Many Canadians enlisted for the war in Cuba, and quite a few lie buried in the Philippines. It is estimated that 40,000 Canadians fought in the armies of the North during the Civil War in the United States. One young Canadian who returned home after three years' service in the Philippines, explained that it was the longing for adventure that took him across the seas. "No more of it for mine," said he. What he had learned was that a private soldier is not allowed to have any adventures; that he can get little out of war but hard ships, that his dangers are more from diseases than from bullets, that he is more restrained than a factory hand and often works harder and less pay than any drain-digger at home.

A COURT AT OTTAWA.

A London journal suggests that the appointment of the Duke of Connaught as Governor General will make Ottawa "the social centre of the continent," and "the Mecca of fashionable New York and Washington families." The Manchester Guardian, commenting on this says: "No doubt a semi-Royal Court in the New World, which might attract titled visitors from Europe, would be an attraction to many American ladies. Frequent absences in Europe are impossible to many American wealthy men, and they sometimes object to their wives and daughters paying long visits across the Atlantic without them. Ottawa has the advantage of being as convenient a home, at least for a month or two in the season, as many a town in the United States. It is easy of access from all parts of the continent where business is likely to call men. So far neither Viennese nor Berlin society has been captured by the American invaders like that of London and Rome, and as compared with any minor European centre, the Vice-Regal Court of Ottawa would be a big affair." The Ottawa merchants and the smart set and the snobs there and in other centres of fashionable smartness and of snobbishness would view such a possibility with delight, no doubt; but no other considerable class of Canadians would share in that emotion. What the great majority of Canadians will be best pleased with is that the Duchess of Connaught, like many other German princesses, is by all accounts a lady of the simplest and most homely tastes. She has never shown the slightest desire to be the centre of a wealthy circle.

DIAMONDS IN CANADA.

It has been known for years that diamonds have been found in Canada, though the first official announcement to that effect was made by the officials of the Dominion Geological Survey only during the past month. The minute diamonds in northern British Columbia, to which that announcement has reference, are the first Canadian diamonds to claim official and scientific recognition. Yet diamond finds have been reported from the Yukon, and from the territory east of Hudson Bay. During the preparations for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific World's Fair at Seattle, when the northland was being ransacked for its treasures, several fine, white, uncut diamonds, and also rubies and garnets in their rough state, were located in the possession of Indians, prospectors and others. Moreover, it is known that the medicine men of certain Indian tribes in British Columbia and the Yukon possessed some of these stones. The possibilities of diamond hunting were lost sight of, however, in the wild rush for gold. Well known pioneers of the gold rush, like Bill Juneau, after whom the Alaska town of Juneau is named, have declared they knew of locations where a few diamonds were picked up. Diamonds, as is

generally known, are not as a rule found on the surface. In Brazil and South Africa a few surface discoveries were made by natives and prospectors, just as in the northland of our own country, but it took years before the real value of the discoveries was known. And so it may well be in Canada.

ROUTES OF THE MIGRATING BIRDS.

The migrating birds have regular routes to travel. The Mississippi valley and the valley of the Red River is a great bird route from the Gulf States to the northern forests and the Arctic shores. One of the most multitudinously frequented in the world. If you go out on the banks of the Red on a night in the fall, when the army of migration is travelling southward overhead, you can hear—if you have ears that are keen—the cries of the different layers of that host of aerial passengers winging their way through the night, going south for the winter. And in the spring you can hear them going north—and what sound is like the far floating cry of the wild geese from overhead at night, heard in the city? And what must wild geese think of the lights and the smoke of Winnipeg? Their ancestors travelled up and down the Red River valley route, northward in the spring, southward in the fall, long ages before Winnipeg was, just as migrating birds travel up and down the Nile valley route on the other side of the world. The eastern slope of the Rockies is another favorite line of travel. But Mississippi and Red River line is the route taken by the greatest number of migrating birds every year regularly. It has been an overhead north-and-south transcontinental for many centuries. Winnipeg is only an incident of recent date on that route—a mass of unnatural lights at night, which the voyagers far overhead look down on, we may believe, with as little liking as they have for the smoky smell of the city.

A NEW SORT OF PRICE LIST.

In the speech of Senator McCumber, of North Dakota, in the United States Senate, denouncing the reciprocity agreement as unjust to the farmers of the United States, there was a passage in which the relative values of things in New York city and on the farms of the Dakotas and Minnesota were set forth. Said the Senator, addressing himself to the supporters of the reciprocity agreement:

"If one of these gentlemen went to New York and paid his expenses with farm products the bill would read like this:—

"Cab to hotel—Six bushels of oats.
 "Tip to driver—Fifteen cabbages.
 "Tip to elevator—Boy—one and a half bushels barley.
 "Breakfast quarter ton hay.
 "Tip to waiter—Two bushels potatoes.
 "Luncheon—One sheep.
 "Tip to waiter—One and a half bushels carrots.
 "Dinner—Four bushels rye.
 "Tip to waiter—One bushel onions.
 "Room—Half car of turnips."

Which serves as a fresh and striking reminder of the two fundamental facts of economic science. One is that all trade and commerce, throughout all their highly organized and infinitely complex forms, are at bottom nothing but barter, just as in the days before the dawn of history, when primitive men traded their simple commodities. The other is that the farmers of a country are the main creators of its wealth.

WEAPONS AND THE LAW OF THE LAND.

The legislatures of Western Canada would do well to follow the example set by the Ontario legislature in framing a law against the carrying of weapons. Our Western legislatures ought, indeed, to improve upon that example, while they are about it, and thus set the Ontario legislature an example to follow in the improvement of its own legislation by remedying the defect in it in regard to pistols and revolvers. The admirable thing about the Ontario act is that it deals not merely with the carriers of weapons, but with the manufacturers, sellers, buyers and custodians—the latter term meaning persons with weapons in their possession. The prohibited weapons are dirks, daggers, stilletos, metal knuckles, skull crackers and slung shots. It is made a criminal offence to sell, buy or carry any of these instruments of bodily injury, not to say sudden death. Revolvers, pistols, and air-guns may be sold only to persons over eighteen years of age having permits from local chiefs of police, or from the provincial superintendent of police. This is a drastic law, and one which is repugnant to British ideas of individual rights; but it must be remembered that there are great admixtures in our population, and that the general welfare sometimes necessitates surrenders

of personal rights to official authority. The defect which The Philosopher sees in the Ontario enactment is the omission of pistols and revolvers from the prohibited list—probably from some vague idea that these weapons are more necessary or excusable than stilletos. But many murders are committed with revolvers to every one that is done with a knife.

A FINE POINT ABOUT KNIGHTS.

It would appear that though we have not a few knights in Canada, we have few, if any, who can properly be addressed as "Sir," and, therefore, few women who are entitled to be called "Lady." Usage of course, is what governs in these matters; but in strict propriety a knight who has not received the accolade from the King in person—that is, who has not dropped on one knee before the King, and been struck across the shoulders with the flat of the Royal sword, and bidden, "Arise, Sir William!" or "Sir Daniel!" or whatever his name is—is not entitled to be called "Sir." This point came out recently in England in connection with mention of the fact that while the Archbishop of Canterbury is a knight, his wife is not Lady Davidson, but simply Mrs. Davidson. The explanation of the blow with the sword administered by the King is that, in receiving it, the knight receives the last personal indignity to which he may in honor submit. The Archbishop of Canterbury, by reason of his sacred office, does not receive the accolade; hence he is not a "Sir," nor is his wife a "Lady." But it is entirely safe to say that every one of our Canadian knights will continue to be written and spoken of, and to, as Sir, without any question being raised about his having received the accolade; and assuredly no knight's wife will be addressed as "Mrs." The very idea of such a thing is surely preposterous!

ANGLO-SAXONS AND THE UNITED STATES.

A few weeks ago the Asiatic Exclusion League of San Francisco protested against speaking of Americans as Anglo-Saxons, declaring that the Anglo-Saxons are only a minute fragment of the population in the United States as compared with the Irish, the Germans and the Scandinavians. The League stated that the Anglo-Saxons were practically exterminated by William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings. But historians and ethnologists are agreed that none of the several invasions of England ever displaced the existing population, but that the newcomers coalesced with the people whom they had conquered. It might as well be said that the French-Canadian race was exterminated at the battle on the Plains of Abraham, where "Wolfe, the dauntless hero, fell," or that the whole Southern people of the United States were wiped out at Gettysburg, or the French race at Waterloo. The fallacy of the whole objection to "Anglo-Saxon" as a generic descriptive term lies in regarding Anglo-Saxons and Germans as of radically different race. The Teutonic peoples who began the invasion of Britain in the fifth century were Anglian, from Angle-land, and Frisian, Saxon and Jutish, from Jutland. In the ninth and tenth centuries Britain was harassed by invading Danes, who spoke various Scandinavian dialects of Anglo-Saxon, and gained the upper hand. Then came the Norman invasion, the Normans being a race of Danish origin, who had settled in Normandy, so that they were of close kinship in blood to all the earlier invaders of England. The result of amalgamation through the various invasions was a composite people of pure Teutonic origin. They absorbed the Celtic element that occupied Britain exclusively up to about 450 A.D. The term "Anglo-Saxon" may be open to criticism on the ground of strict accuracy; its meaning as applied to the British branch of the Germanic race is well understood. The Norman speech was conquered by the native dialect, a development of Anglo-Saxon. The Irish people are likewise a composite race, with an appreciable Teutonic element in consequence of the Danish and Norse invasions. In the north of Ireland, Anglo-Saxon was the prevailing dialect before it was generally spoken in England. From Anglo-Saxon the modern English language was gradually developed by enriching itself with words from every language under the sun. It is estimated that the British and Irish combined have contributed some 30,000,000 to the population of the United States. The institutions of the United States are of direct Anglo-Saxon derivation. The Germans in the United States number millions, but English is the language of the country. By virtue of speech and institutions, as well as by reason of blood and ancestry and the absorption of other elements of the population, the people of the United States—despite the protest of the Asiatic Exclusion League of San Francisco—are Anglo-Saxon in the broader sense of the term.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By Rev. James L. Gordon, Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

YOUR NATIONALITY.

To-day men are not reading history. The newspaper and the magazine has crowded out, to a large extent, the more solid forms of literature. What men know of your nation they read in your character. The modern city is a "House of Representatives"—an Irishman represents Ireland, a Frenchman represents France, a German represents Germany, a Chinaman represents China, an American represents the United States. Be careful how you represent your people. Here is an illustrative fact from history: "Disraeli, a Jew, when Prime Minister of England saw a chance to buy a controlling interest in the Suez Canal, when he knew that the shares in time would be worth ten times what they could be had for if taken immediately. He asked the head of the house of Rothschild, another Jew, to furnish him the money to buy the shares, not for himself, but for the British Government, and said he could give no security for the immense sum of money required save his promise to ask the House of Commons to refund it. Rothschild furnished the millions. Disraeli bought the shares for the British Government. He made not a penny for himself."

OLD FASHIONED THINGS.

Some things are never out of fashion. Good bread and fresh butter are always in order. A bright face and a cheerful soul always are inspiring. A dignified deportment and an earnest manner are always impressive. An honest mind, a sincere soul and a transparent character have never been at a discount in 7,000 years. Cling to the old-fashioned: "Scorn not the homely virtues. We are prone To search through all the world for something new And yet sometimes old-fashioned things are best—Old-fashioned work, old-fashioned rectitude, Old-fashioned honor and old-fashioned prayer, Old-fashioned patience that can bide its time, Old-fashioned firesides sacred from the world, Old-fashioned satisfaction with enough, Old-fashioned candor and simplicity, Old-fashioned folks that practice what they preach."

EXPERIENCE.

Beecher said, "I tried everything on my first congregation." He was making a series of experiments in the science of preaching. Successful men venture a failure and risk a defeat in order to glean one fact or method, which, tested by experience, will work. The man who is determined for ever to walk on solid ground will never cross a sea—even though there is an undiscovered continent beyond. Hubbard, the eccentric philosopher, speaks thus of Edison, the inventor:—"Here he sits and thinks, reads or muses or tells stories or shuffles about with his hands in his pockets. Edison is a man of infinite leisure. He has the faculty of throwing details on others. At his elbow, shod in sneakers, silent, is always a stenographer. Then there is a bookkeeper who does nothing but record the result of every experiment, and these experiments are going on constantly, attended to by half a dozen quiet and alert men, who work like automata. 'I have tried a million schemes that will not work—I know everything that is no good, I work by elimination,' says Edison."

DROP IT.

Don't put your ignorance against the experience of the world. Figures will lie when manipulated by a first-class liar, but there is a science of statistics—reliable statistics. If you wish to know if a thing is good or bad, right or wrong, safe or dangerous—measure it in the long run—measure it by some standard of universal application. Only that which works well in the long run and helps us to bridge the hard places in life is trustworthy. Said Sir Frederick Treves:—"It is well known that troops cannot march on alcohol. I was with the relief column that moved on to Ladysmith. It was an exceptionally trying time, apart from the heat of the weather. In that column of some 30,000 men, the first who dropped out were not the tall men, or the short men, or the big men or the little men, but the drinkers, and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labeled with a big letter on their backs . . . There is a great desire on the part of all young men to be 'fit.' A young man cannot be fit if he takes alcohol."

SLEEP.

Sleep is nature's medicine. When a man is sleeping his body and mind—like a horse unhitched from a carriage—are both in the repair shop. Economy in sleep is the cheapest sort of economy. If your system is satisfied with six hours' sleep with every revolution of the earth, well and good; but if your nature demands eight hours' sleep—obey the command, and when you lose an hour's sleep—make it up. Great men, almost to a man (if in good health), have been great sleepers. A friend of Dr.

McLaren writes:—"When I learned that, in his last illness, Dr. McLaren suffered from insomnia, I felt sure the end was near. He used to say, 'My power of sleep has been my sheet anchor all through life; and I remember him saying to me, 'I can say what few men can, that no public engagement, either in the prospect or retrospect, has cost me an hour's sleep.'"

THE OPENING DOOR.

When the door opens, enter it. It may have been a long time opening, and it may have opened to others long before it opened to you—but ask no questions—enter the open door. Your "call" to the First Orthodox Church may have been a second consideration with the congregation. They may have preferred the Rev. Mr. Silvertongue, of Nottingham, England—but never mind, they have turned to you at last. Enter the open door. You may enter a field as a second choice, and come out of it first and best. Ask no questions. Enter the door. Don't be too sure of yourself. Don't be too doubtful of yourself. Enter the open door. Bishop Phillips Brooks well said:—"It is almost as presumptions to think you can do nothing as to think you can do everything."

SO MUCH TO DO.

"There is so much to do—I am just breaking under it!" Well, my friend, don't break. We should simply put you in the General Hospital, Ward No. 23. Should you "break" the telephone system of the city would not be interrupted, the street cars would run just the same, the daily papers would be issued without the omission of an edition, and ocean steamers would leave New York at exactly the scheduled time. Things would go on just the same. So don't break. The most eloquent orator who ever addressed an audience, never uttered more than one word at once. For the "over-worked" I prescribe the following:—"Jane Taylor tells us about a pendulum that got out of sorts one gloomy morning. It began to calculate how many times it would have to swing back and forth in an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year—and what happened? The pendulum, utterly appalled at the result, stopped, and could not be induced to start again until it was convinced that all it had to do was to swing back and forth once in the moment next to it, and in this way the whole ten years would be covered. So it is with the uncanny creatures which rise up to torture us. Many of them have no reality at all, and those which do have reality are usually found not so frightful as our imagination pictures them to be."

"SPEED YOU!"

Take nothing for granted. Watch both ends of the ladder. Keep an eye in the back of your head. Listen into the regions where you can't see. Imagine, if you can, what is going on, yonder, beyond the mountain, and be cautious. So says that voluminous writer who always signs himself "Exchange." Listen to him:—"Overconfidence is one of the greatest dangers that confront us in the struggles of life. In the ancient Grecian stadium stood three pillars, one at the starting point of the race, one midway, and one at the goal. On the first was carved the inscription: 'Show thyself a man.' On the middle pillar were cut the words: 'Speed you.' On the goal pillar were the words: 'Stop here.' The most important pillar was the midway pillar. The head runner very often became over-confident. A glance at the inscription on the middle pillar would show the racer or the contestant that the race did not depend upon fortune. Life's great race, the goal for which we are striving, is not to be reached through chance."

STICK!

Young man be careful—the things you "can't do" will "do" you.

"I can't do this. And

"I can't do that—"

is worse sort of rag-time melody. Whenever you are afraid to attempt a thing—try it. Carve the possible out of the impossible. Educate yourself in courage, audacity and stability. Your problem does not need brains so much as grit. Hold on and something must give way. Go on and something must turn up. Give favoring fate a chance, and remember that there is a certain sort of luck even for fools. Live on mucilage for a week—and stick. Here is a motto for your mantel-piece: "Konsider the postage stamp, my son, its usefulness konsists in its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there.—Josh Billings." And beneath this glorious motto of that philosopher, who was in advance of Roosevelt, even in the matter of spelling reform, inscribe the words of Sir George Reid:—"When I come to an obstacle I try to knock it down. If I don't succeed, I try to climb over it, and if I can't manage that, I attempt to creep under it. Some-

times that, too, is impossible; so next I try to go round it. Finally, I lie down and sleep in its shade. When I awake the obstacle has generally disappeared altogether, but if it is still there the sleep has done me so much good I can generally clear it somehow."

ORDINARY VIRTUES.

What we admire in great men are the ordinary virtues. These are within our reach and remind us of ourselves. It is at this point where we think we see a reflection of ourselves—and we enjoy the reflection. Dr. Dodds reminds us concerning Dr. Chalmers, the great Scotch preacher, that "When he was a hearer only, he sat among the crowd of deaf old women who were following the services with unflagging interest. His eye was upon every one of them, to anticipate their wishes and difficulties. 'He would help one old woman to find out the text; he would take hold of the psalm-book of another, hand in hand, and join her in the song of praise. Anyone looking at him could see that he was in a state of supreme enjoyment; he could not be happier out of heaven.'"

WORK vs. WORRY.

Have a programme, but don't worry too much about the future. The only certain thing about the future is the fact that it is coming. Circumstances may take a turn before a week have passed by. Only be ready. Have your sails fixed for a favoring wind. Don't let "the future" find you ignorant or unprepared. Says the New York Evangelist:—"Sir William Ramsay, of Aberdeen University, the great New Testament scholar, who is giving a course of lectures on Paul at New York University, in a little talk to the students at morning chapel gave those among them who had not decided on their profession this bit of comfort: 'It is difficult for a student to plan out definitely his future career. I advise you not to be anxious about the future. I never have succeeded in carrying out a preconceived idea. I have never been able to consummate a long standing plan.' And yet Sir William has attained a fame that would satisfy most of us."

NATURE'S GYMNASIUM.

When you are nervous, tired, irritable, unstrung, too fidgety to sit, and too excited to sleep—just take a walk. Stretch yourself in the open air. Walk through ten million silver threads of atmospheric electricity, so fine that you cannot see them; so subtle that you can scarcely feel them, but charged and surcharged with life and vitality. In a splendid editorial Dr. J. M. Buckley remarks:—"Thirteen days ahead of time and feeling 'fit as a fiddle,' sturdy old Edward Payson Weston has walked from Los Angeles to New York, nearly 3,700 miles, and delivered to Mayor Gaynor a letter written seventy-seven days before by Mayor George Alexander, of Los Angeles. Throughout his long trudge the veteran pedestrian was shown much respect and affection, and he was given a splendid welcome at the end of his journey. Just before completing his walk he said: 'I shall make this trip inside of seventy-seven days, and I am in my seventy-second year. And if, before I am seventy-five, any foreigner comes along and wants to break my record he will hear from me. I am doing this thing out of my love for my country. I am not doing it for money or fame, but to inspire the young people of America to physical exercise and the preservation of old-fashioned ideas of vigor. I want, in this age of luxuriousness to show the generation growing up around me that all that is manly or womanly is not accomplished when a soft muscled person rides abroad in an automobile. With wealth to a country also comes ease. Ease is not the mother of health or strength, either in mind or body.'"

POPULARITY.

How easy it is to be popular. Just to be kind. Just to be true. Just to be gentle. Just to be considerate. Edward VII. was crowned three times. First, by the people in the hour when he became sovereign. Second, by himself, when as a monarch, he gave himself to deeds of love and tenderness. Third, by humanity, in the hour of his death, when the world crowned him as one of the most popular monarchs who ever sat on a throne. It was said concerning a friend of the King: "He had known King Edward climb a narrow stair into a room to speak some words of comfort and to shake the hand of a dying boy whom the merest chance had brought into the neighborhood of his residence, and it would take a great deal to make him forget the genuine sorrow that thrilled in the King's voice when he spoke of it. He never forgot an old friend who deserved remembrance, and none could more truly or delicately bring sunshine into lives shadowed by bereavement, infirmity, or age."

Manitoba Home Economics Society Convention, 1911.

By One of the Delegates.

A spirit of keen interest and enthusiasm pervaded the first convention of the "Home Economics Society," held at the Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, in February last.

We, as delegates from different parts of the province, felt when we met together for the first time in the classroom of the college, that we had come there with a definite object. We realized that "union is strength"; we knew we had derived benefit from meeting one another in our several communities; and now we had gone further afield to meet and exchange ideas with those who, although complete strangers until the present, were living much the same kind of life, with oftentimes the same difficulties, the same failures, and the same discouragements. As we faced the audience to give our reports we recognized the need and scope of that human sympathy to which Mrs. Nellie McClung so touchingly alluded in her address on the second evening of the convention. Many were the addresses we heard from different able speakers, and many were the suggestions offered with reference to housekeeping and home-making; but no one listening to them all could fail to be impressed with the pervading thought that woman's work in the home and on the farm has a dignity and responsibility of its own.

Another point strongly emphasized, directly or indirectly, by the speakers was that housekeeping should not be taken up in a haphazard way, without preparation or training of any kind. System and method, besides the very best qualities a woman possesses, are needed in the development of a successful housekeeper, and the whole matter should be studied in all its branches as thoroughly as a man studies the details of the business or profession which he has decided to follow. Ample opportunity is afforded in the college to girls of the rising generation whose parents can afford it to gain a knowledge of household science, and we understand that there will be yet greater privileges when the new buildings have been erected.

What did we gain by attending this first convention of the "Home Economics Society," and with what impressions did we come away? First of all, we gained confidence in one another; as we looked each other in the face we felt that we were banded together with one object in view; to raise house-keeping and home-making to a higher plane. Ideals were set before us for which we shall do well to aim, even if we fail to attain them. We returned to our homes feeling better for all we had seen and heard, and with the motto of our society imprinted on our minds: "For Home and Country."

Manitou.

On November 30th last eleven women met to discuss the advisability of forming an association here. The meeting was of one mind on the subject. Officers were then and there elected, since which time three regular meetings have been held, at which papers on various subjects have been read and discussed, all, of course, bearing on subjects closely connected with home life. At our initial meeting each woman present became a canvasser for the society, with the result that at the meeting held on February 2nd the membership was reported to be considerably over one hundred, the majority being from the country. At the February 2nd meeting five delegates, including Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, a valued member of our association, were appointed to attend the convention at Manitoba Agricultural College, which will be in session when this reaches your office. Our motto is: "Excelsior."

Mrs. C. H. Brown, Pres.

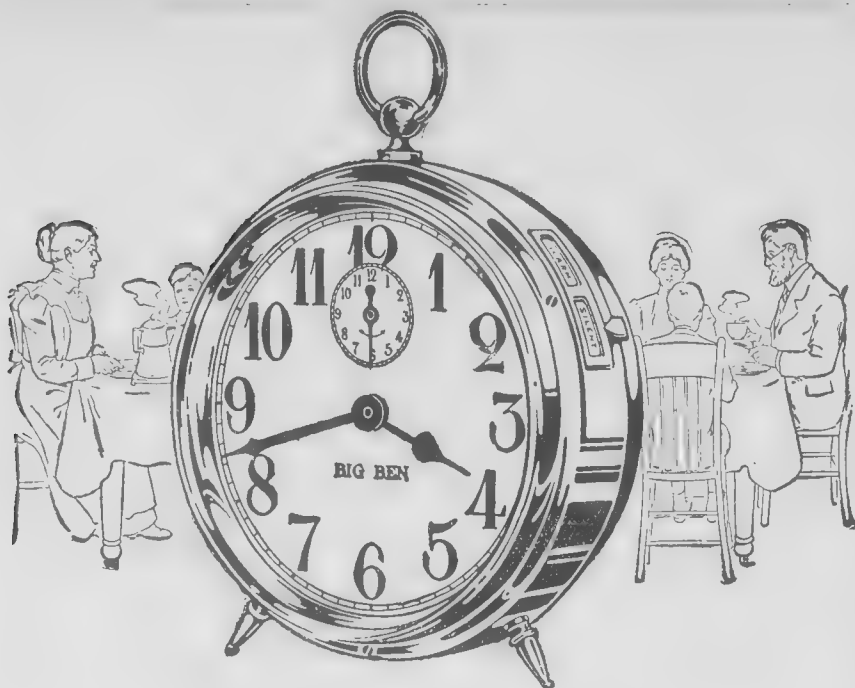
Manitou, Man., Jan 20, 1911.

To the Editor of W. H. Monthly.

Sir,—In your issue of Dec.—which, by the way, I did not have time to read before Christmas—I notice you ask any

lady who had attended any of Miss Juniper's meetings to write a sketch, giving her impressions of same.

I attended her evening meeting held in the Opera House. The audience was mixed—men and women. Miss Juniper



I'm "The Big Watch With a Breakfast Bell"

You'll call me an alarm clock, but people who have used me call me "The Big Watch" for I keep watch-time.

My bell really isn't an "alarm" either, for it doesn't startle you.

I've a mellow, deep-toned, cheerful voice. It arouses you promptly but gradually with a "Good morning, it's breakfast-time" sort of sound, I don't "go off" like a flock of frightened quail. I never scared anybody out of bed in my life.

I ring at intervals for fifteen minutes or steadily, as you choose.

I must be watch-accurate as a time-keeper or they won't let me leave the factory. They make me run six solid days and nights without varving two minutes. If I do vary—back I go to the adjusters.

I look like a watch, act like a watch, and in many respects am built like a watch.

The heart of your watch is the escapement—the part that ticks and on which all its timekeeping quality depends. Look at your watch. Its escapement is governed by the balance wheel and the hairspring in exactly the same way as my escapement is governed.

That's why I'm a timekeeper.

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did her subjects (for they were many) and herself justice. She was listened to very attentively. At the close a number of ladies expressed their desire to form a branch here. On December 15, at the home of Mrs. C. McNamara, we organized our society, with Mrs. C. H. Brown president, Mrs. McNamara vice, and Mrs. W. J. Rowe secretary-treasurer, Mrs. J. Tait, Mrs. R. M. Lavise, Mrs. Dr. H. Swanson, and Mrs. R. W. M. Charles, directors.

A short time was spent in discussing the objects and aims of the society, then the meeting was brought to a close with "God Save the King."

At our January meeting our president gave us an excellent paper on "Home-Making and House-Keeping." It was very favorably discussed.

Some discussion arose on the growing of the Easter Lily.

The following is part of our programme for our February meeting:..

A talk by Mrs. Wm. Hamilton on "Bread Making." Reading—"Why we should belong to the Women's Institute," Mrs. R. W. M. Charles. "Instrumental," Mrs. N. A. Parker. Discussion "Why we should open our homes to the young people of the town."

We are sending five delegates to the meeting at the Agricultural College in February, and hope to receive much benefit from same. We have 40 members now. Through the kindness of the Hon. Rob Rodgers, our meetings in future are to be held in the assembly room of our Normal School.

F. A. M. Charles
Mrs. R. W. M. Charles.

Dufferin.

The regular monthly meeting of the Dufferin Home Economic Society was held in the Carman Court-house on Thursday, March 9th, at 3 p.m. The programme for the day had been arranged as reports of delegates to convention, social tea and a finished demonstration on cake making. A large num-

ber of ladies of both town and district assembled to hear what their delegates had gleaned. After the minutes of last meeting had been read and the roll called, Mrs. J. Simpson gave a short report of the whole convention as she saw it, touching on the different items of interest and bringing to all present a very vivid description of what had taken place. The address by Mrs. McLung was asked for next. Miss Fender had given special attention to this, and conveyed to us very clearly the question of social life in country homes as Mrs. McLung sees it. We really think this address should be sent out in pamphlet form to the different associations, and feel sure it would bear fruit in our country districts. Miss Mickle was next called upon, and told us about the cooking demonstration by Miss Juniper. Not only did Miss Mickle explain about the different delicacies pertaining to this item, but she brought the Orange cake, made and iced after the approved method taught in the Home Economics Department of the M. A. C. At the time of tea serving, this cake was, of course, served and discussed, much to the credit of the cook.

The president, Mrs. Murray, then gave a short report of the address by Miss Juniper—"Men and Home Development," and also "Suggestions with regard to Country Fairs." Mrs. Murray ended her remarks with a few words of appreciation to the other ladies who had acted as delegates, and also a word or so to the members of the Dufferin Society with regard to being loyal and devoted to their association.

The secretary-treasurer of the Dufferin Agricultural Society, Mr. T. Kernighan, then addressed the meeting. After extending greetings to our society, he went on to explain what his association would do with regard to the women's section of the prize list of the Dufferin Fair, to be held July 5th and 6th. He said those in charge would set aside a portion of the prize money this year for the women's

section, and asked the D. H. C. S. to form a committee to revise that part of the prize list. He said as regards getting up the list for manufactures and live stock, the men do their best, but as far as such things as plants and flowers, fruits and preserves, dairy products and other articles of domestic manufacture, fancy work and fine arts were concerned, they feel somewhat lacking. A vote was then taken to decide whether this society would undertake to do anything in the matter. All seemed willing, and a committee was formed to meet the

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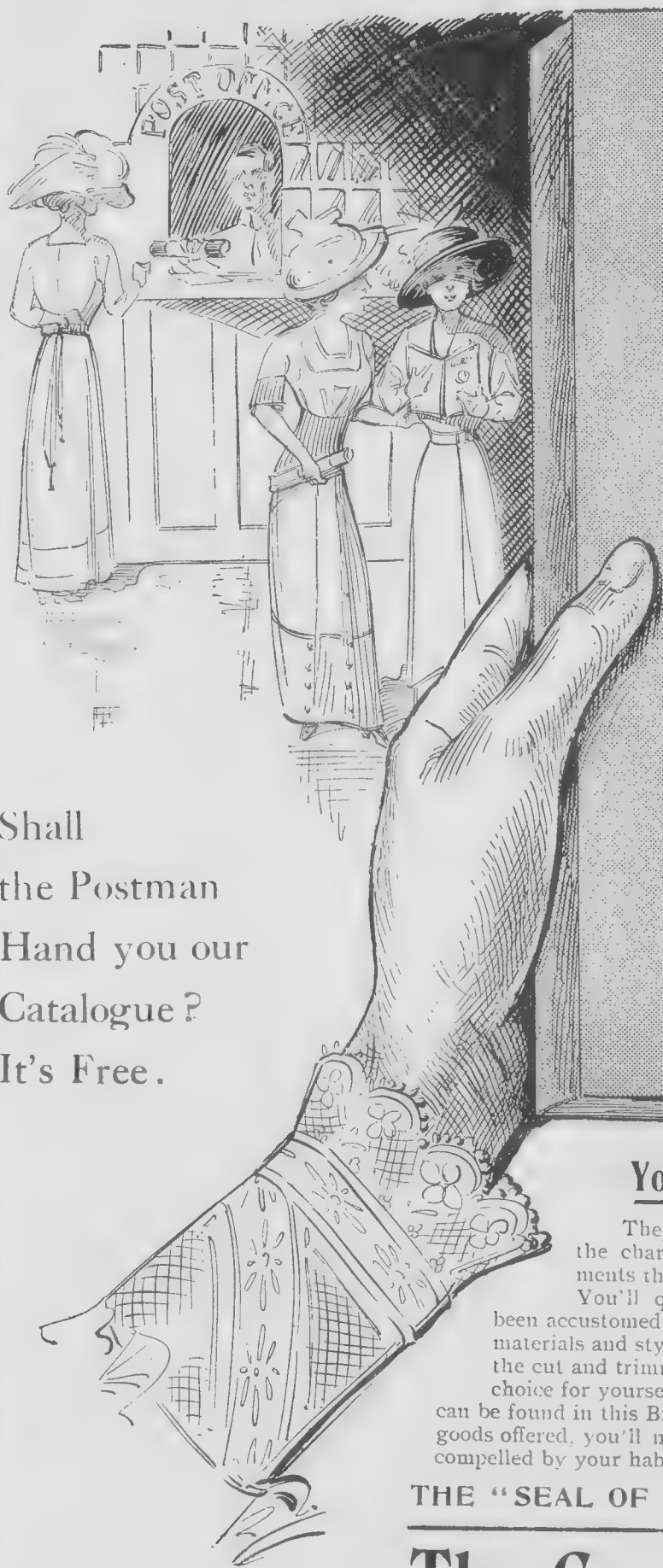
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Agricultural Society and render what assistance they could. The ladies of the committee elected were—Convener, Mrs. Fender, and Mrs. J. Aiken from the country, and Mrs. S. McClain and Mrs. Rev. D. M. McKay, of the town. By this

time the water in the kettle on the gasoline stove was boiling, and some of the lady directors and the girls served tea and cake. Six different kinds of cake were sampled and discussed and recipes exchanged.

A vote of thanks was then tendered the delegates for their labors in obtaining and bringing these reports before the society, to which Mrs. Murray replied, adding that it was no punishment to attend the convention. New members are being added at each meeting. We now number forty-seven.

RUSSELL.

The Russell Household Science Society met on March 11th, the subject being "Gardening." It proved an interesting one and a large attendance was expected. But we were again disappointed. There was a very interesting paper on gardening read and discussed. It gave hints on the preparation of the ground both for the flower and vegetable garden, also a list of annuals suitable for this country, and advised the planting of perennials, which would save much time and trouble in the spring, when work is rushed. The ladies present exchanged experiences, and it was suggested exchanging roots and seeds of perennials. Attention was also turned to the kitchen garden and the best varieties of vegetables to plant. Subjects for other meetings were discussed, and it was decided to take "House Cleaning" for our April subject.

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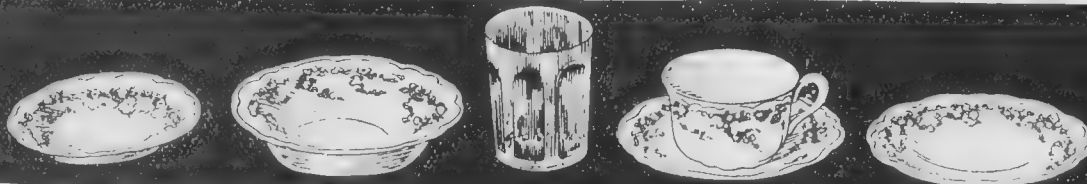
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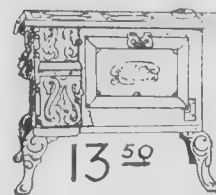
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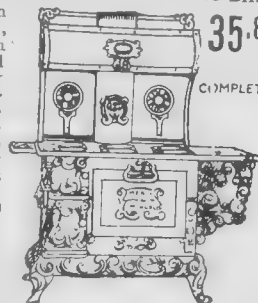
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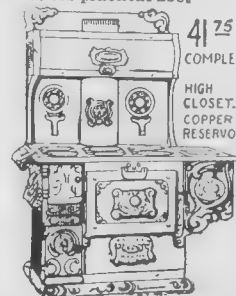
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Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

Poultry Shows. The poultry shows are completed for this season, and one of the outstanding features of both the Brandon and Winnipeg shows was the large number of entries made by women, and the success achieved by them, very specially of Mrs. Cooper, of Treesbank. At the poultry show held in Brandon, which was in connection with the general Winter Fair, Mrs. Cooper read a very interesting paper to an afternoon gathering of women, dwelling especially on the value of Barred Rocks as the best variety for women to handle.

In this connection it is very interesting to note the success of Miss Nora Trench, of Strathmore, Alberta, who is running a little chicken farm of her own. Miss Trench came west from Montreal five years ago in search of health, and after spending a year here returned to her home in Montreal. She again found that the climate did not agree with her, however, and accordingly returned to Alberta, where she took up the raising of fowls as a business. Her three acres of land adjoin her uncle's ranch, but every detail of the chicken raising and marketing is attended to by herself or her partner, Miss Sheila Marriott. She keeps 150 hens, favoring Barred Rocks and White Wyandottes, but in addition to her own 150, she buys chickens in the fall from the surrounding farmers, feeds them for a time, and then kills them and sells them as dressed fowl. Last year she purchased 5,000 and disposed of them in this way. All the plucking was done by herself and her partner, and she made a good profit on handling fowls in this way. Her own hens are kept chiefly for the eggs which they produce, and she has at the present time her entire output sold for six weeks ahead. She complains that her hens persist in trying to lay two eggs a day now that the price has gone down in Alberta to 30 cents a dozen, but they were not at all so industrious when eggs were selling at 60 cents and 70 cents.

This reminds me of a paragraph which I came across in the autograph album of Miss Mary Maidment, an English poultry expert, who lectured under the auspices of the London County Council, and who visited the Canadian West some years ago to inquire into the outlook for poultry raising as a business for women. She had crossed the ocean with a very famous divine of the Roman Catholic Church, and, having a passion for autographs, had succeeded in persuading him to write in her album. He had written some of the usual laudable sentiments and signed his name to them. Later she found that near the back of her album he had written—

"Mary had a little hen,
Both feminine and queer;
She laid like smoke when eggs were cheap,
And stopped when eggs were dear."

Apparently Miss Trench's chickens were of the same persuasion.

The whole trend of the gatherings in connection with the poultry shows this winter has been to emphasize the fact that more and more women are going into this work and finding it profitable.

The Horticultural Meeting. It seems a little late to speak about the meeting of the Horticultural Society,

which took place in February, but it was too late for the March issue, and there were some things which happened at it which I think will be of general interest to my readers. The meeting, which was organized by women for women, under the auspices of the Horticultural Society, certainly marked an epoch in the history of that organization, for it began sharply on time; everyone scheduled to appear on the programme was on hand when their names were called; the papers were short and very much to the point; and the discussion which followed each one was bright and helpful.

Mrs. Vialoux, in her talk on the place

of a garden in the life of a busy mother, impressed many of the women present with the possibilities of health and pleasure for themselves in the cultivation of a garden, no matter how busy they might be.

Miss A. B. Juniper, in her talk on the place of flowers in the home, made use of one sentence which I think struck every woman present. She had been deprecating the fact that so many people regarded flowers as a luxury, and that where they were to be bought quite frequently a woman would spend on candy or some trifle of dress money which she would think wasted if spent upon flowers or a flowering plant; and she concluded by saying: "Flowers should be considered a necessity, for I am sure that we can none of us be at our highest or best without them."

Miss Juniper gave a very practical demonstration of the best method in which to arrange flowers simply for the decoration of the table, one point made being that flowers should never be so arranged that the portion of the stem and flower above the vase is greater than the total height of the vase, and the illustration which she gave of this quickly proved to us the necessity of observing this rule if we wished to get the best effect. Another point made was that, as far as possible, flowers should be put in vases of plain, clear glass of varying heights, according to the character of the flower. Emphasis was laid on the need of putting flowers with short stems—for instance, violets or pansies—in low bowls or dishes, and a very simple device for holding the short stems in place was shown. It was to take a thin strip of tea lead and twist it loosely and lay it in the bottom of your dish. This helped to support the short-stemmed flowers, and was not visible through the glass when once the flowers were in place. She showed us the bad effect of putting, for example, bright pink flowers in a bright blue vase, and many little details of this kind, things that perhaps many of us had never thought of before, which appealed to us with force when demonstrated in this way. One statement which she made will be of interest to those who can afford to spend a little extra money on table decorations. It was that, if they could be afforded, nothing gave such good effect to flowers as the use of silver vases in plain but graceful shapes.

Grow Bulbs. As Miss Juniper had touched upon the difficulty in having flowers in many of the farm homes in the winter time, Dr. Speechley, the president of the Horticultural Society, took the opportunity of reminding the women present that this difficulty could, in a great measure, be got over by the use of bulbs, and that a single bulb of hyacinth, coming into bloom in mid-winter, would afford them weeks of gratification, and it could be easily protected from frost at night, where there was danger of the fires going out, by covering it with a paper cap.

Not only did this meeting begin on time, but it closed sharply on time, and then, on invitation of Miss Juniper and her class, we adjourned to the Domestic Science Department and had five o'clock tea. Special interest was given to these refreshments by the fact that a number of the cakes which were offered to us had been baked in fireless cookers. They were delicious, and the women who tasted them were keen on learning about these cookers. This meeting was a real success, and will be repeated next year, possibly on a more extensive scale.

A Woman Editor. I think that many of my readers will be interested in the work of Miss Annie Playfair, a Manitoban, born and bred, who is engaged in newspaper work in a somewhat different line to any other member of the Canadian Woman's Press Club in the West, for Miss Playfair not only edits but she owns the Hartney Star. Her first venture in

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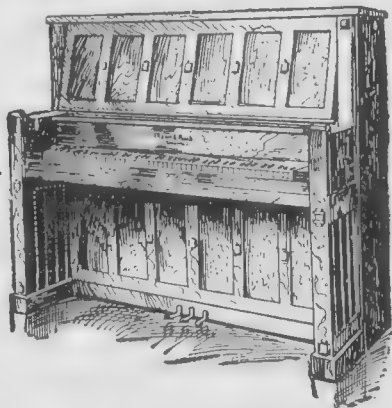
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The Only Piano Store on Main Street

newspaper work was when, about two years ago, she bought the Belmont News, then in a dying condition. She went to work on it and got it into good shape, both as to its editorial and advertising columns and its job department, and sold it at a profit. Then she tried buying her present newspaper, which was, when she acquired it, one of the best edited local papers in the West. She is making a success of this paper also, and has indicated a new line of industry for other women to follow.

Miss Playfair belongs to the great army of school teachers who have made that profession a stepping-stone to other things. She is interested in all the questions that are affecting women at the present time, is strongly in favor of some protection along the lines of the dower law, and also of the extension of the franchise to women. Before very long I hope to be able to give my readers a cut of this enterprising editor and owner of a country newspaper.

The Dower Law. During the month a committee, representing various women's organizations, appeared before the Law Amendments Committee with regard to something in the nature of a dower law. A bill has been drafted by Mr. Harvey Simpson, the member for Virden, which grants a measure of protection to women in that it provides that, in cases where a man makes a will and bequeaths his wife less than she would get from his estate were he to die intestate, she may appeal to a judge for relief, and if, in the opinion of the judge, she should receive more, he can order more to be paid to her from the estate. This bill is not what the women wanted, but it is a fragment of protection, and, as such, it is to be hoped that it will become law. The women who served on this committee found that there was a very strong antagonism on the part of both the Premier and the Attorney-General to anything like an adequate dower law. This is to be regretted, but women will have to bear in mind that, as they have absolutely no rights political, they can only hope to get a measure of protection by repeated appeals to the Legislature. I had a talk with a number of the women who were on this Committee, and their feeling was that the reform which women should ask for was the ballot. The arguments offered against a dower law and the general attitude of the Law Amendments Committee towards it were frivolous. As an example of this, the Attorney-General said that married women had, at the present time, exactly the same rights with regard to property as had men. When reminded that women had not the right to homestead, he replied with a laugh, "Oh, well, there were not many homesteads left in Manitoba." This attitude of mind on the part of public men is hard to bear, especially for these women who are to-day suffering grievously under the present law. It is trying for a woman who has worked on a farm for 15 or 20 years to have these officials say that the property is her husband's, and he has a right to do with it as he pleases; but this will be the condition of affairs until such time as women band themselves together and insist on the ballot. It is their only chance of getting the other reforms. Were it not that the average man is better than the law which he makes, the evils of the present system would be so apparent that they would speedily be remedied.

In the meantime, I think it would be well for every woman who is in touch with a member of the local House to exert every possible influence in persuading him of the righteousness of this dower law. Some of the women who served on the Committee were disposed to resent highly the manner in which they were treated—that is, the tone of levity of the Law Amendments Committee, but they wisely refrained from any open expression of their very just disapproval of the attitude of these public men on an important question. As long as women have not the compelling power of the ballot, they can only petition and pray. It is just as well, however, to bear in mind this fact: Some years ago a letter was written to every member of the local Legislature asking them what they considered the value of petitions

from non-voters. The consensus of replies was that they were not worth the paper they were written on. The only people of whom the party politician stands in awe are the people who exercise the ballot.

JUDGE A BICYCLE BY ITS TIRES.

When you go out to buy a Bicycle in the spring, look at its Tires first. If it is not a good enough Bicycle to be fitted with Dunlop Tires, then it is not a good enough Bicycle for you to buy. The Dunlop is an unapproachably good Bicycle Tire.

"Pretty Polly."

How to Secure a Genuine, Guaranteed Talking Parrot to Liven Up the Long Winter Days.

Have you ever lived with a family who kept a talking parrot? If so, you will understand what an important part "Polly" can play in the household, and how much genuine amusement and laughter is caused by their quaint mimicry. Soon they are familiar with the name of each and every member of the family, and even interesting themselves in the doings of the household dog or cat. How many parrot stories have you heard, particularly relating to the seemingly appropriate answers or remarks made, apparently implying some degree of intelligence? The possession of the parrot of the faculty of reasoning may be open to discussion, but most people can tell stories of the startling appropriateness of their remarks and the uncanny spirit of mischief which seems to inspire them.

A guaranteed talker usually costs a large sum, but at present there are a number for sale in Winnipeg at 354 Portage Avenue at a special holiday price of \$6.50. Fifteen to twenty dollars is no unusual price to pay for a guaranteed talker, or bird that is guaranteed to talk when accustomed to changed surroundings, returnable if it will not talk fluently within three months, so that the price named above is very small indeed.

A TIRE WITH A PERFECT RECORD.

Very few inventions have left the inventor's hands in the finished form, but the Dunlop Bicycle Tire has been perfect since 1888. No other Tire has been tried that came anywhere near the standard of the Tire that carried the slogan: "These are the only Tools you'll need."



Girl's white lawn dress or blue dotted muslin dress, made just as pictured, strapping of sky blue; age from 2 to 8, price 35, add 5c. a dress postage 3 dresses one dollar.

STANDARD GARMENT CO.,

10 Coote Block, London, Ont.

**Fits
Cured**

by TRENCH'S REMEDY. Simple home treatment; over 25 years' success. Mr. Morton, L.D.S., Business College, Salt Lake City, says "Twelve bought the remedy, eleven were cured." Price \$3.95, \$6.86, \$12.64, delivered free. Pamphlet free, from **TRENCH'S REMEDIES, LIMITED** St. James Chambers Toronto, Ont.

Send us \$7.50.

Receive this beautiful spring style tailored suit. The skirt is cut 9 gored pleated style. The coat is cut semi-fitting with a notch collar. The whole suits elaborately trimmed with silk buttons. The material is heavy all wool Panama in black, navy, dark green, medium brown and dark red. At \$7.50 this is a wonderful bargain and well worth double what we ask. If preferred we can supply the same suit in an all wool Venetian cloth in the same shades as the Panama at \$10.50. Give number of inches around the largest part of the bust and smallest part of the waist, also around largest part of hips, sleeve length and length of skirt from belt to desired length. Order a suit to-day you will be more than pleased with your bargain. Order suit No. 62.

Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Can.

Embroidered Novelties.

Embroidered Novelties for Children.

The spring season seems to be the time when the mothers think of the dainty garments which their little ones will need for the warm summer days, and many of our readers will be interested in the fascinating wee novelties which are illustrated on this page, as they have a charm which particularly appeals to the feminine fancy. We have selected some dainty articles which are easily embroidered, and will prove a dainty addition to baby's toilet.

The little dress No. 5587 is a hand some example of eyelet and solid embroidery, and this little garment is easily



5587—Stamped on Linen Cambrie, \$1.25; on Lawn, 75 cents.

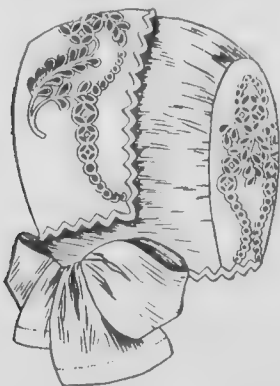
made up after being embroidered. The yoke comes in two sizes, 11 or 14 inches, across the shoulders, and the design is stamped on two yards of 36 inch, either linen or lawn, so the dress can be made up any preferred length, and the wise mother will know which of these two sizes will fit her little one.

The caps Nos. 5576-5579 are quite different in design, but both are very pretty. These little caps have proven



5576—Cap, stamped on Linen, 30 cents; on Lawn, 25 cents.

to be great favorites, as they may be embroidered on either linen or lawn, and need no other decoration excepting a little frill of soft lace which may edge the face. The showy lace-trimmed and



5576—Cap, stamped on Linen, 30 cents; on Lawn, 25 cents.

shop-made caps, which are attractive when new, are most difficult to launder

successfully, and for this reason these hand-embroidered caps have grown in favor as they are so easily laundered.

The baby's shoes which are so dainty are most suitable for summer wear. These shoes may be embroidered on



5583—Shoes, stamped on Linen or Carrick, 15 cents.

either linen or Carrick, and are very easily made up after being embroidered. We illustrate two designs for these charming little novelties, either of which



5584—Shoes, stamped on Linen or Carrick, 15 cents.

will embroider effectively, and these little embroidered shoes are an attractive finish to a hand-embroidered dress.

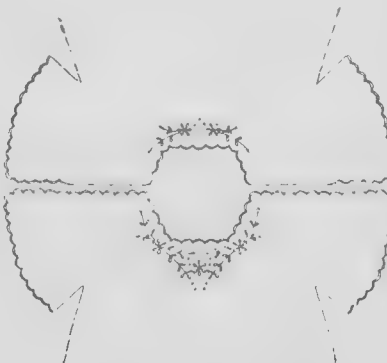
No. 5595, which is a slip-over apron, is quite a new idea, which rather resembles the little slip-over dress which has been such a favorite with our readers. The sides or under-arm portions are open and



5595—Slip-over Apron, stamped on plain or crossbar Lawn, 50 cents.

finished down to the hem with button-hole edges. Soft ribbons tied into pretty bows fasten these sides together, one just under the arms and the others lower down, and give quite a dressy touch to these little slip-overs, which may be worn over a plain dress.

No. 5562 is a kimona nightdress, which is suitable for larger children; they can be either stamped on two or three yards of material as preferred, and the



5562—Slip-over Nightdress, stamped on two yards, 60 cents; on three yards, 90 cents.

embroidery on this, as well as on the slip-over apron is of the solid padded embroidery, which is so effective. A

THIS CENTERPIECE GIVEN WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY



We will send you Post Paid this 22 x 22 inch Center Piece, Tinted on Tan Crash. Your choice of the following designs.

ROSES, POINSETTIA, YELLOW DAISY, MAPLE LEAF or WILD ROSES

with a diagram lesson showing exactly how to embroider it—if you will send us 35 cents for sufficient lace, also four skeins Belding's Fast Color Royal Floss to trim and commence embroidery on the center piece. The Lace is Ecru Filet matching center piece in color.

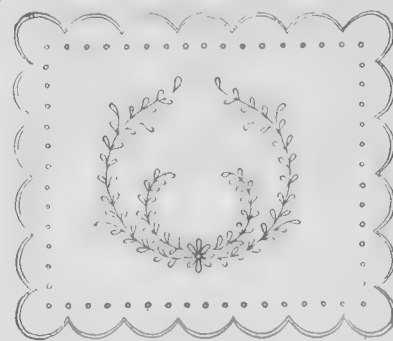
THIS OFFER IS MADE

to convince every woman that Belding's Silks are the best made. We will also send a copy of our "Suggestions for Shading," giving color numbers used in embroidering all flowers. Send at once, enclosing 35 cents, stamps, or coin, and state design wanted. Address

BELDING, PAUL & CO., Dept. L., MONTREAL, P.Q.

touch of eyeletting may be introduced in the tiny dots and centres of flowers.

No. 1917 is a pretty design for a baby pillow, which is one of the lacing



1917—Baby Pillow, stamped on Linen Cambrie, 50 cents; on Lawn, 40 cents.

variety, and has a back stamped to match. An Afghan can be supplied to match this.

We do not ourselves supply the articles quoted on this page, but readers entrusting their orders to us will have them carefully and promptly filled, allowing about ten days from the time the order is sent in.

Winnipeg Columbian Conservatory of Music.—Home Studies.

One of the finest educational plans of the Nineteenth Century is that evolved by the Columbian Conservatory of Music of Canada, an association of prominent business men, with ample capital, and a firm determination to make it possible for every little child, or for every man or woman in Canada, who so desires to acquire a thorough musical education at a minimum expense. It had required time, money, labor and the skilful assistance of the world's greatest musical minds to perfect, but the result is a musical system that can be studied by thousands of de-

lighted students, and the old slipshod methods of (not) teaching music must be relegated to the things of the past. By the Columbian method of home studies you can have a modern Conservatory in your home and see positive results with every lesson. You receive a lesson each week and are required to pass an examination of 90 per cent. marks before getting your next lesson. The course consists of forty-eight written lessons, four quarterly examinations, a set of scale charts, technical studies, fifty pieces of music and a tonograph, a wonderful little instrument that greatly simplifies the study of music. The price is \$50.00, payable \$15.00 cash and \$5.00 monthly or \$45.00 cash. We strongly recommend every family in the West to take this excellent course as it is practical, concise, and results are almost beyond belief. You can get further information by addressing Columbian Conservatory of Music, Phoenix Block, Winnipeg, Man.

Order this Dress To-day.

Comes in a soft smooth cloth in plain colors for general wear. Black, Navy, Dark Red, Dark Green and Medium Brown, also in fine French tuster in same shades as above and cream, Pink and Sky Blue for evening wear. Give bust measure, waist measure, hip measure and length of skirt in front. The dress consists of a waist and skirt; waist is trimmed with braid, lace yoke and lace cuffs; belt of the goods with each suit; skirt is cut 9 gorges with pleated flounce as shown. We want you to order this dress, you will be delighted with it, if you give measurements as called for it will fit you. Guaranteed just as represented, add 40 cents for postage. Order to-day, ask for dress No. 27.

National Suit Co.
5 Knox Block, London,
Ont.



The Home Doctor.

The Right and the Wrong Use of Drugs.

Many of the minor ailments and slight disorders of children are universally treated at home, and properly so. Few realize how much may be accomplished in these slight complaints by proper management without actual medicinal treatment. Certain drugs, however, have found their way into the nursery, and are in general use in the home treatment of children. Some of these are safe, and with ordinary care may be used without danger. Others are eminently unsafe in unskilled hands. It is the purpose of this article to describe briefly the action of these remedies and show wherein they may be unsuitable for general use. Some of the most certain and reliable in the physician's hands may, from their very potency, become the most unsafe without his directions. Home treatment should, in ordinary cases, be limited to what may be termed management as opposed to the administration of drugs.

Opium.

Opium is not, as a rule, well borne by children. As prescribed by the physician, it is one of the most reliable weapons against disease. As indiscriminately used by mothers and nurses, it has probably done more harm than any other drug. It is exceedingly complex and its actions various. It stimulates

Stimulants.

The most effective and reliable stimulant for children is good brandy. It is certain in action and usually well retained. The dose varies widely in different cases, and is frequently too large. As a general rule, subject to frequent modification, two or three drops may be given at one month, with a drop additional for each month up to one year. It is to be diluted with enough water to take away the sting—remembering always that baby's throat is less used to irritation than an adult's. Both upon moral and physiological grounds the frequent use of alcohol with children cannot be too strongly condemned. It is not impossible that such use may lay the foundation for an appetite in later years. It should be used only when stimulation is demanded, and never for colic or the minor disorders of daily occurrence.

Aromatic spirits of ammonia is the best substitute for purely alcoholic stimulants. It should be given in cold water in doses of five to ten drops at one year.

Emetics.

Ipecac is one of the most common of domestic remedies. Though its emetic action is decided, it produces but slight nausea, and usually not marked depression. Its use is followed by perspiration and free secretion from the bronchial tubes. It is therefore of value in



The kind of help that never kicks.

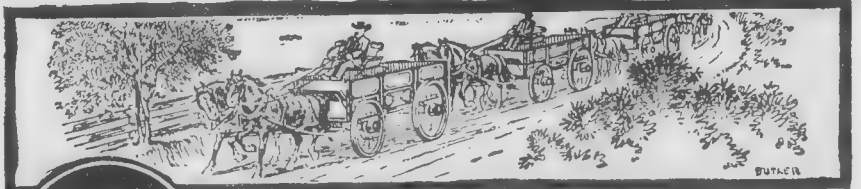
the heart and increases secretion from skin and kidneys. It decreases the secretion of stomach, bowels and liver; deadens the nerves of sensation; thus relieving pain; produces sleep; and by paralyzing the muscular coat of intestines and bronchial tubes, checks their movements. It quickly disturbs digestion and destroys the appetite. Its after effects are seen in headaches, fretfulness, impaired appetite, and deranged digestion, with all their attending ills. When given to obtain one result, as the production of sleep, it may at the same time produce others. Hence its possibilities for injury are readily seen. A few doses of paregoric to allay the cough of bronchitis in a young child may, if the conditions are right, by checking the raising of the phlegm, produce capillary bronchitis, one of the most fatal of diseases. By retaining decomposing matter in the bowels it may change a simple to an inflammatory diarrhoea, while in disease of the brain it may easily produce a fatal result. It is an ingredient of nearly all the patent and made-up cough mixtures of the drug stores. Soothing syrups depend almost exclusively upon it for their action, no matter what the labels may say, and are dangerous in direct proportion to their power to produce sleep. For the little pains and every-day ailments opium and the mixtures that contain it should never be used.

the dry stage of bronchitis. As an emetic, unless haste is demanded, it is best to give it in small doses frequently repeated. The syrup is the best preparation, and should be given in twenty-drop doses with plenty of warm water every fifteen minutes. It is a frequent ingredient of cough mixtures, but should be used only when the cough is hard and tight. The custom of giving it in full doses several times daily is wrong. It is thus required only in extreme cases of suffocative bronchitis, and should be prescribed by the doctor. Powdered alum, a teaspoonful or less in syrup, is an excellent emetic and comparatively safe. It may be given alone or to aid the action of syrup of ipecac.

Syrup of squill is a common remedy in bronchitis, but is more irritating than syrup of ipecac. The compound syrup of squill, moreover, is sometimes given instead. It contains tartar emetic and is not safe for common use. The writer recently saw a strong boy of eight months in a state of alarming prostration caused by half-teaspoonful of this syrup prescribed by a druggist.

Cathartics.

Castor oil and syrup of rhubarb are found in every nursery. It should not be forgotten that while they are quick and easy cathartics, their secondary action is to constipate. This renders them of the utmost value for certain pur-



OWNERS ARE PROUD OF I H C WAGONS

There is a certain pride in owning a wagon that you know is built of the highest quality materials obtainable—a wagon that is not only attractively finished with the best paint and varnish, but which also gives satisfactory service, day after day, and year after year. That's why IHC owners are so proud of their wagons.

If you want to be proud of your next wagon—choose one of these two in the IHC line—

Hamilton or Old Dominion

Both are standards of wagon value—the most you can get for your money. The wood stock used in the construction of IHC wagons is the finest—air-dried, seasoned, and inspected at every step.

Every *Hamilton* wagon has box sides of box board lumber. It does not warp. *Hamilton* bottoms are reinforced over the front and rear bolsters. Every *Hamilton* wagon box has four binder rods on each side, and the bottom is reinforced by six cross sills which are riveted at each end. Other features of construction are bent oak rims, oak hubs, heavily tired wheels, oak bolsters, oak sand boards, and full clipped gears.

Old Dominion Wagons have first grade oak running gear and wheels and exceptionally heavy tires. Sides of box board, reinforced bottom, stake wear irons, four binder rods on each side, and three box rods at each end, metal grain cleats, and two pairs of spreader chains.

A considerable sum would have to be added to the selling price of any other wagons that had the features to be found in *Hamilton* and *Old Dominion* Wagons.

Why not see the IHC local agent at once about the wagon you want. If you prefer, write for folder or any other information you want to the International Harvester Company of America at nearest branch house.

IHC Service Bureau

The Bureau is a clearing house of agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distributes the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problems to the IHC Service Bureau.

WESTERN CANADIAN BRANCH HOUSES:—International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Man.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; Lethbridge, Alta.; North Battleford, Sask.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Weyburn, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Yorkton, Sask.

International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)
Chicago USA

FLOWERS 12^c. SEEDS 10 Packets for 12^c.

All new, fresh seeds, guaranteed to please you or the amount paid refunded and the seeds given as a present.

Pansy, Petunia, Asters, Sweet Mignonette, Phlox, Sweet Peas, Pinka, Verbena, Balsam, Alyssum.

SMITH SISTERS, Swansea, Ont.



A MARTYR TO HEADACHES?

NA-DRU-CO HEADACHE WAFERS

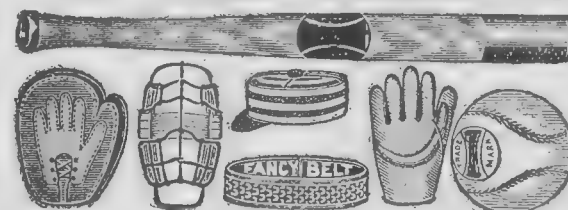
25c. a Box at your druggist's.

will make life comfortable for you again.

They relieve the worst headache in 30 minutes or less.

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

FREE - GRAND BASEBALL OUTFIT - FREE

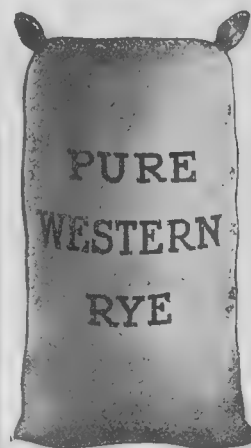
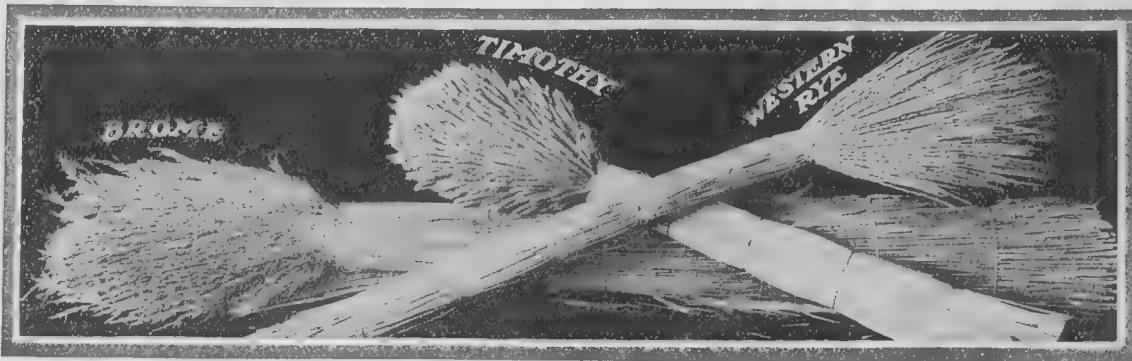
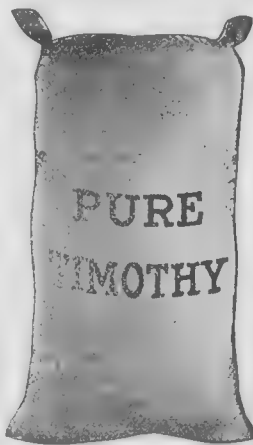


This is a magnificent professional baseball outfit as used by all the big league players. It consists of a genuine ash slugger bat, a grand catcher's mask, a big, heavily-padded, solid leather catcher's mitt, a leather fielder's finger-glove and an A1 league ball, well made and strongly stitched. To complete the set we also give you a fine fancy belt and a baseball cap—seven full-size pieces, complete, absolutely free. Just send your name and address and we will send you postpaid just 30 pieces of our fast-selling jewelry novelties to

sell for us at only 10 cents each. Everybody wants them—they sell like hot cakes. When sold send us the \$3.00 and we promptly send you the grand baseball outfit complete—exactly as represented. We arrange to stand payment of express charges right to your door. **DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE OF YOUR LIFE.** Write to-day to **THE MUTUAL CREDIT CO., DEPT. B 296 TORONTO, ONT.**

200 Cash Prizes Given Away—See Catalog Page 5

McKENZIE'S NEW CROP GRASSES AND CLOVERS



THAT the LARGE HOST of AGRICULTURISTS, of which our WESTERN PROVINCES are ALMOST WHOLLY COMPOSED, APPRECIATE and RECOGNIZE the ADVANTAGES of SECURING PURE SEEDS, PARTICULARLY ADAPTED to WESTERN CLIMATIC and SOIL CONDITIONS, is ATTESTED to by the THOUSANDS of SATISFIED CUSTOMERS who YEAR after YEAR find HIGHLY PROFITABLE RETURNS in growing McKENZIE'S SEEDS.

ALFALFA

THE GREATEST AGRICULTURAL SUCCESS OF THE FUTURE DEPENDS UPON ALFALFA. The DISCOVERY that ALFALFA WILL GROW in almost EVERY SECTION of the CANADIAN WEST, REGARDLESS of the CLIMATE, has SPREAD its GENERAL USE with AMAZING RAPIDITY.

NEVER in the HISTORY of OUR BUSINESS have we RECEIVED such a PHENOMENAL DEMAND for ALFALFA SEED.

IT PRESENTS MORE USES, VALUE and POSSIBILITIES than any KNOWN CROP. RESULTS have DEMONSTRATED that GENUINE MONTANA GROWN and the TRUE TURKESTAN SEED is the MOST RELIABLE for the CANADIAN WEST.

	BRANDON	CALGARY
Bags 25c. each. Prices per 25 lbs. 50 lbs. 100 lbs. 25 lbs. 50 lb 100 lbs.		
ALFALFA LUCERNE, Montana Grown	\$7.10 \$13.75 \$27.25	\$7.50 \$14.50 \$28.25
ALFALFA TURKESTAN, Time stock	7.00 13.65 27.00	7.50 14.50 28.00

Write for Our Free Booklet on Alfalfa

McKenzie's New Crop Grasses and Clovers

	BRANDON	CALGARY
Price per—	25 lbs. 50 lbs. 100 lbs.	25 lbs. 50 lbs. 100 lbs.
TIMOTHY—Gold Standard	\$4.25 \$8.00 \$14.75	\$4.50 \$8.50 \$15.75
TIMOTHY—Gilt Edge	4.00 7.50 13.75	4.25 8.00 14.75
WESTERN RYE—Gold Standard	4.50 8.50 16.00	4.75 9.00 17.00
WESTERN RYE—Gilt Edge	4.25 8.00 15.00	4.50 8.50 16.00
BROME—Gold Standard	4.25 8.00 14.00	4.25 8.00 15.00
BROME—Gilt Edge	4.00 7.50 13.00	4.00 7.50 14.00
CLOVER—Common Red	6.25 12.00 23.00	6.50 12.50 24.00
CLOVER—Alsike	6.25 11.75 22.25	6.75 12.50 23.50

Selected Seed Corn

	BRANDON	CALGARY
Price per bushel.		
NORTHWESTERN DENT	\$2.50	\$2.85
LONGFELLOW—Yellow	2.25	2.60
NORTH DAKOTA—White	2.25	2.60
COMPTONS EARLY—Yellow	2.25	2.60

Deduct 5c. per bushel on quantities of 5 bushels or more.

Brandon, Man.

A. E. McKENZIE CO., LIMITED

Calgary, Alta.

WESTERN CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE

MARQUIS WHEAT

Eliminate the Dangers of Frost
Reduce to a Minimum the Loss of Harvest

A WEEK EARLIER THAN RED FIFE, QUALITY AS HIGH. YIELDS AS MUCH. WE ONLY HAVE A SMALL QUANTITY OF THIS REMARKABLE WHEAT LEFT. MATURING as it does, A WEEK EARLIER than RED FIFE, OFTEN MEANS just the DIFFERENCE between a "GOLDEN HARVEST" and NONE AT ALL.

AN INVESTMENT in MARQUIS WHEAT at the PRESENT TIME will give GREATER RETURNS than any OTHER CROP we know of.

KERNELS are DARK RED, HARD, GOOD SIZE, HEADS are MEDIUM LENGTH and BEARDLESS. STRAW MEDIUM HEIGHT and VERY STIFF. SMOOTH YELLOW CHAFF.

F. O. B. BRANDON	1/2 bushel \$2.25, 1 bushel \$4.00
F. O. B. CALGARY	1/2 bushel \$2.35, 1 bushel \$4.25

McKenzie's Pedigreed Seed Grain

	BRANDON	CALGARY
Cotton Bags 25c. each.	10 bus. 10 bus.	10 bus. 10 bus.
Price per bus. in quantities of—	or less.	or less.
WHEAT—Gold Standard Red Fife	\$1.65	\$1.60
WHEAT—Preston	1.65	1.60
WHEAT—Macaroni	1.65	1.60
OATS—American Banner	.90	.85
OATS—Sixty Day, or July	1.10	1.05
OATS—Abundance	.85	.80
OATS—Newmarket	.85	.80
BARLEY—Six-Rowed Mensury	1.10	1.00

Manitoba Grown Seed Potatoes

	BRANDON	CALGARY
Price per bushel		
WEE MACGREGOR	\$2.00	\$2.50
BOVEE	2.00	2.50
EARLY OHIO	2.00	2.50
MANITOBA WONDER	2.00	2.50

Bags Free. Deduct 10 c. per bushel on quantities of 5 bushels or more.

poses, but very unsuitable for continuous use. Laxative medicines of all kinds should be avoided as far as possible, and have no place in the treatment of habitual constipation. Rochelle salts, given in water as warm as can be taken, act without the subsequent constipation. They are quick in action, and suitable for most cases, and, when given as directed, are usually well taken. Any of these cathartics may be aided by an enema thirty minutes later. The writer is partial to a mixture of equal parts of castor oil and syrup of rhubarb. It is retained by the stomach better than oil alone.

Tonics.

Iron is the remedy of especial value for children, being more effective, as a rule, than with adults. The syrup of the iodide is the most suitable preparation, and may be given in doses of five drops at one year, always with plenty of water.

Cod-liver oil is the tonic par excellence for young children. It is as much a food as a medicine, and may be given with more safety than any other tonic. It is surprisingly well taken, the little patient not infrequently seeming to regard it as a luxury. If the pure oil can be given it is as good or better than an emulsion. In some cases it produces nausea and disgust, and should not be forced upon the child. In the bronchitis of infants nothing is so effective as an oil. It should be given three or four times a day, beginning with a half-teaspoonful of the pure oil or a teaspoonful of the emulsion, increasing the amount if it is well borne.

Quinine in small doses is a most excellent tonic, but its frequent use without advice is not to be commended.

Chlorate of potash is largely used for sore throat, and is very effective. It is not a safe drug, however, for indiscriminate use. It acts strongly on the kidneys, and over-doses or too prolonged use may cause them serious injury.

Care of the Eyes in Infancy and Childhood.

Next after the precautions which are essential to the maintenance of life, the cleansing of the eyes of the newborn should receive early and careful attention.

Immediately after birth the eyes should be completely cleansed with tepid water — not soapsuds — small pieces of soft linen or absorbent cotton being set apart for the purpose, and then dried before any other part of the body is touched. A sponge should never be used to cleanse the eyes, and no piece of linen or absorbent cotton should be used the second time. The water should be contained in a convenient basin in which no part of the child has been immersed. The practice of placing the infant in the bath and then washing the eyes with the water in which the body is immersed cannot be too strongly condemned; there is always a possibility of injury from soap or other irritant.

Impure air may injuriously affect the eyes of infants. Avoid exposing the baby to cold, either by draft upon the face or subjecting the body to sudden change. A chill of the whole body may

be produced by putting on a damp or cold napkin.

The Proper Degree of Protection in the First Weeks.

In the first weeks of life infants are unable to shelter themselves from dazzling light by changing the position of the head. The eyebrows and eyelashes are short, thin, and pale, and the eyelids almost transparent. Too often we find that an infant is placed close to a window in the full light of day, and even with the sun shining directly upon its face. This should never be, although there is no reason for falling into the opposite errors of covering the face so as to impede the access of fresh air, or of keeping the room so dark as to make the eyes preternaturally sensitive.

Ophthalmia and its Treatment.

The greatest danger to which the eyes of infants are exposed is the inflammatory disease called purulent ophthalmia, which may occur notwithstanding the greatest care. The disease usually appears between the second and fifth days, or may be longer delayed. When it appears it is easily and at once recognized by the redness, swelling, and heat of the eyelids, and the discharge of the yellowish white matter from the eyelids. At first the discharge is thin and scanty, and glues the eyelids together as it dries; but it quickly becomes more abundant, creamy, and of a yellowish, pinkish or greenish color. Immediately on the appearance of these signs seek the advice of a

physician. This disease is one of the most frequent causes of blindness in infants, and neglect or unskilful management may lead to partial or complete destruction of sight. Yet this is a disease which can be frequently prevented by cleanliness, and entirely cured if taken in time.

Until medical advice can be obtained the infant should be kept in a comfortably warmed and moderately darkened room. The eyes should be carefully cleansed and bathed as often as there is any considerable quantity of fresh discharge formed. It is the discharge which does the mischief. The cleansing of the eyes is best done in this way: separate the eyelids with the finger and thumb and wash out the discharge by allowing a slender stream of lukewarm water to run between them from a piece of linen or absorbent cotton held two or three inches above the eye. Sponges are dangerous. Move the eyelids up and down and from side to side in a gentle rubbing way to bring out the discharge from below them; then wash it off in the same manner. Be careful about the ears; see that no water trickles into them.

A cloth can be held against the cheek by an assistant to catch the water. This cleansing will take several minutes. In order to avoid any sudden movements of the head it should be steadied by another person. When all discharged has been washed away, the lids must be dried by gentle pressure with a piece of absorbent cotton, or some other absorbent material, and the latter immediately disposed of. A little

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I Quickly Cured My Superfluous Hair

You May Cure Yours Too by a Simple Remedy Learned From the Japanese

I Will Give the Benefit of My Experience to Anyone Free of Charge

Ever since I was a little girl, I was cursed with a growth of Superfluous Hair. I didn't mind it so much then, but when I grew to young womanhood, the humiliation grew upon me until it became almost a nightmare. It finally got to the point where I was ashamed to go out of the house, and at the coming of a stranger, I wanted to run and hide my face. The thing preyed on my mind until there were times when my spirits were at their lowest ebb, and I often thought life a burden.

I tried every sort of powder, paste, cream lotion and remedy that I could lay hold of—even the painful electric needle—but to no avail. The hair not only would not leave, but it grew worse. What I suffered under the needle, I can't describe.



One day a friend, who had travelled much, recommended a simple little remedy learned from the Japanese. It removed the hair at once and without pain, and in a few days I was the happiest girl in America. The hair had disappeared. It left no scar, and it didn't hurt at all. To-day my face is still free from any trace of it.

I am so happy at my own success that I want every other woman to have the chance to remove the ugly disfiguring hair from her face, neck and arms so that they can go into society or to business, free from embarrassment, able to wear short sleeves, and go without a veil. All who want to destroy their growth as I did may secure full particulars to enable them to do likewise, free of charge, by just sending me a two-cent stamp—that's all I ask—just to pay actual postage for reply in plain sealed envelope. Address, Mrs. Caroline Osgood, 994 B. L. Custom House St., Providence, R. I.

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cold cream or vaseline rubbed along the edge of the eyelids will prevent them from sticking. Also keep the cheeks well anointed, as they are excoriated by frequent washings. See that the hair is kept dry, and the pillow also.

Poultices, tea leaves, and sugar of lead lotions should not be used; they are conducive to mischief, stopping the way to the right and proper course to be taken.

Precautions.

Those who have charge of a child with this disease must remember that the discharge from the lids is extremely contagious. It should be regarded as rank poison; the smallest particle of it introduced into a healthy eye by the finger, handkerchief, or towel, would excite violent and dangerous inflammation. It is deadly poison to any other person's eye. Care must be taken in separating the eyelids that no discharge flies into your own eyes. The hands should be kept clean and not be put near the face while in contact with the diseased eye.

The Proper Use of the Eyes.

When the period of infancy is past, and when children begin to employ their eyes intelligently about surrounding objects, then the character of the visual function should be observed. The proper use of the eye is a matter of education. Although this education is an unconscious one, it is nevertheless one which may be promoted by thoughtful aid. In showing pictures, children should not be allowed to pass hurriedly from one to another, but should be induced to fix their attention for awhile on the prominent points of each, so as to form the habit of careful observation. For example, in showing the picture of a dog it is well to direct the attention by questions or remarks to all parts of the drawing—to the head, tail, feet, ears, eyes, size, color, shape, and other particulars.

Parents are too much accustomed to think of and treat children as if they were all born with eyes of equal formation and endurance. It is well known that there is a great difference among adults as to distinctness and acuteness

of vision. One person may read the finest print held near to the eyes, but will scarcely recognize friends two or three yards off; another, who can see the hands of a clock a half-mile off, may require glasses to read. These conditions are due to the shape of the eyeball.

Defects Often Overlooked.

Defects of vision are usually not noticed until school training begins. Great injustice is often done children by accusing them of obstinacy or inattention when they are subjects of physical defects of sight or hearing. Those with a high degree of long sight are particularly liable to be misunderstood; although they can see distant objects better than near ones, they sometimes hold the book close to the eyes to make the print appear larger. Four-fifths of the cases of internal squint are the result of long sight, which is increased by the use of the eyes, but may generally be prevented and sometimes cured by proper and timely correction of the optical defect. In most cases children see badly with the squinting eye. The eyes of children with long sight are usually "weak," and become watery and bloodshot after prolonged use. The edges of the lids are often thickened and red. The constant strain is a frequent cause of headache and other nervous symptoms.

Astigmatism.

Children with the defect known as astigmatism, that is, a want of uniformity in the curvature of the front part of the eye, often appear stupid and inattentive, because there is in this condition what is sometimes called "slow sight"—that is they do not recognize a word quickly on first sight, but it seems to come to them afterward. The cause of this is, that the perpendicular and horizontal lines of the letters have a different focus, and mental effort is required to combine them.

Dangers from Bad Light and Poor Print.

During the period of growth the eye is more liable to change of form. Where there is a slight degree of short sight or a hereditary tendency to this defect, children should never be allowed to write or read by insufficient light; bad

light and poor print may not only increase this trouble, but produce it in an eye originally perfect. The Austrian Minister of Public Instruction has recently issued a decree forbidding the use of books printed with small type in public schools, as short-sightedness is so prevalent among the school-children of Austria. With print or writing the paper need never be nearer than ten or twelve inches from a normal eye.

The Importance of a Proper Position in Reading.

One of the causes which most frequently necessitate holding the book close to the eye is a defect in the amount or direction of light. The light should fall upon the book from above and from the side. Much discomfort may be caused by shadows thrown upon the book or paper by the shoulders, head or hand. The most injurious direction for the light to come from is that directly in front. There are, unfortunately, many schools so badly constructed that twilight commences in them quite early in the afternoon, even when poor light is not the rule all day. It is very important, whether at home or at school, to see that children in reading, and more especially in writing, maintain a position in which the head is not allowed to fall too far forward. The desk and its relation to the seat are not without their effect upon the welfare of the eyes. If a child is uncomfortably seated he is sure to lean forward on the desk, thus bringing the eyes too close to the work, and overfilling the blood vessels by gravitation and impeding the return of the blood from the head and eyes, as may be seen by the flushing of the face which occurs when the head is kept for some time in such an attitude.

How to Examine a Child's Throat.

The importance of examining the throat of a child whenever the little one seems to be ill is rarely realized by mothers. So many affections of childhood begin in the throat, or have their seat in this region, that physicians are in the habit of examining the throat of every sick child, even if there is no reason to believe that the trouble lies there. As a matter of fact, young children rarely complain of pain in the throat. One of the first things that a mother should do when her child shows signs of impending illness, is to look into his throat.

The child is held sitting upright in the nurse's lap. His head rests upon the nurse's shoulder and is slightly tilted backward. His hands are held gently but firmly at the wrists by the nurse. Holding the arms at the elbows will not do as well, because in this way we cannot control the movements of the forearms and hands. It is not necessary to hold the child's head, unless he be very restless, when a third person should place the hands on the baby's temples and thus control the motions of his head. The room must be darkened if the examination is conducted in the daytime.

The mother now seats herself in front of the nurse and lights the candle, taking care to attract the baby's attention to the bright flame. A large tablespoon is now so adjusted behind the candle that the centre of the flame is approximately opposite the hollow of the spoon. The mother grasps the candle and the spoon with her left hand. Moving her hand from side to side and from above downward, she now throws the spot of light formed by the candle upon the child's mouth. Then she moves her hand back and forth between the child and herself until she finds at what distance the spot of light appears brightest. It is very important to hold the candle at just such a level and at such a distance, for it is thus that we can get the best illumination for the throat. The spot of light is formed by the rays of the candle which are thrown forward by the bright lining of the spoon, which acts like a hollow mirror.

In nine cases out of ten the baby will have opened his mouth by this time in sheer surprise, but if it is peevish all our manoeuvres may not have attracted his attention. Gently depressing his lower jaw for the fraction of an inch, the handle of a second tablespoon is in-

introduced into the mouth and pressed upon the tongue. A little practice is necessary to execute this last act satisfactorily. The handle of the spoon should first be introduced until it reaches the back part of the tongue, and then the mother presses the spoon gently downward and at the same time forward towards the child's chin, taking care not to injure the gums or the teeth of the baby. In older children there may be so much resistance to any attempt at opening the mouth that this cannot be done in the way described. In such cases it is best to await an opportunity and to introduce the spoon into the baby's mouth as soon as he begins to cry, as he is very apt to do in this situation. The bright spot of light will now be seen at the back of the mouth, and the candle should once more be adjusted to get the brightest light into the throat. Looking past the candle the mother now sees the back of the tongue, and above it the pink arch of the soft palate, with the little tongue hanging in the middle. Behind this is seen the wall of the gullet. At the bases of the arch are two fleshy lumps, the tonsils. It is wise for the mother to become familiar with the appearances of the throat of a healthy child.

In health the tonsils are small and of the same color as the healthy lining of the mouth. They do not take up much room in the throat and do not interfere with the passage of food. Should they be unduly large, or of a

of this year's experience is simply this: That the deep bored well must increase in popularity. Where a man has to pump by hand we can understand why there is some diffidence about boring a deep well, but in these days of scarce labor, hand pumping comes very near being a thing of the past. We are resorting more and more to the use of windmills and to gasoline power, and as a result of this it is poor business practice for men to try to get along with shallow wells, when by boring down to a greater depth, an ample supply would be obtained.

The deep well is to be preferred to the shallow one even when springs are near the surface, because it means a purer water supply both for the live stock and for family uses.

After going to the expense of boring a deep well it is generally a profitable venture to carry the matter a little farther and install some kind of a storage tank. The reason for this is plainly apparent. A good pump, if kept in action for some time, will take almost any bored well down to a point where the supply is temporarily exhausted. Should the wind "go down" about that time for two or three days considerable annoyance may be caused. On the other hand, if a 100-barrel tank is kept more than half full, you are ready for any emergency. Possibly the large tank is even more necessary where a shallow well is used, but it is essential even with the deep bored wells.



In the Preparatory Stages.

darker color, or covered with whitish, yellowish, grayish, or greenish patches, or studded with minute white or yellowish dots, there is some trouble with the child's throat that requires the immediate attention of the physician. The same is true in case the arch of the palate, or the little tongue be swollen, red, or show any white, yellowish, grayish, or greenish patches, or if the wall of the gullet instead of hanging down perfectly flat, appears to bulge forward, pushing the arch of the palate in front of it.

By timely examination of the child's throat the mother may recognize that something is amiss with the baby and may avoid unfavorable consequences by calling the doctor before graver conditions develop.

Scarcity of Well Water.

There are plenty of individuals in the West who claim that streams and wells were lower during 1910 than at any previous time within their memory. In many localities there has been quite a large waste of labor as the result of a shortage of water for drinking and other purposes.

Men could be found in many places either driving their live stock or hauling water by barrel or tank, and when this expediency becomes necessary it is a well known fact that live stock does not make the most satisfactory gains.

The lesson to be learned as a result

Free Schools.—Calculations are sometimes made as to the public cost of educating a boy or girl in these days of

free schools. In Aberdeen, of all places in the world, we might expect to have a correct computation. The school authorities there have been exercising

their wise heads over the question, and announce that in their good city it costs 23s. 6d. (say, \$5.72) a year for each scholar.

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Here's an Easter Idea.

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It won't be an ordinary yellow-colored bird called a canary.

German Rollers are different. The name "Living Music Box" just fits them.

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Think of the delight your friend or loved one will experience—a daily reminder of your thoughtful kindness.

I import these birds direct from Germany where they are especially bred and trained for me. There they receive a thorough education in singing and no bird is sent to me unless it is a tested selected specimen of a singer.

I sell no "seconds."

Just now I am receiving every week exceptionally large importations for my enormous Easter trade, among them some of the best Prize Singers, birds which easily sell at \$8.00 to \$10.00 each and more.

As a special inducement to you and with the expectation of selling more of our famous songsters in your vicinity, I will send you one of these high priced birds—if you order at once—for only \$3.50.

I will select the bird for you myself, cage it, send you a generous quantity of food and seeds, guarantee that the bird will arrive at your local express office lively, unharmed and happy.

A handsome lacquered brass cage at \$1.75 (or with a guard extra at 75c.) will complete the outfit.

Complete, easy-to follow directions for unpacking, caging, feeding and tending the bird, go with each shipment.

To-day is a good day to decide. Get it off your mind and send \$3.50 money-order, or with handsome brass cage and guard complete, \$6.00. You will never regret it.

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Household Suggestions.

The Spring Clean.—Hints to Make it Easy.

By Mrs. W. A. Todd, Aldersyde, Alta.

Every housewife knows that it is not the actual cleaning of the house that takes up the time at the spring clean. It is the little, petty things of which no account is taken, the hundred and one little items that tell a big tale as the days fly past. When planning out our work beforehand, we take no account of the cupboards that must be cleaned out, the drawers and boxes, unless we just slump them together and say: "Oh, the few cupboards and drawers, they won't take many minutes!" Yet they always take longer than we think, much longer in proportion to their size than the more formidable big things.

Do these things Beforehand,

before you begin the actual cleaning, for if left to the last they invariably get "scamped"—slurred over, when one is just about tired out and longing to be done. All drawers should be drawn out, and have their contents removed. Then take out the paper, which of course you have had on the bottom, and shake it. Dust the inside wood, paying particular attention to the corners, using the ubiquitous hairpin, covered with a cloth, to remove the last traces of fluff therefrom. If you have kept the bottoms of the drawers regularly and entirely covered with paper, they will not need scrubbing, but if at all dirty, scrub with soap and clean water, and leave in the air till thoroughly dry. Then cover with fresh, neatly folded paper, replace the contents (which you have dusted or washed if it is a cupboard) and replace the drawer, if drawer it be. Anything you would call rubbish, old letters, scraps of cloth, broken dishes, etc.,

either burn or throw away, not carrying them on as an accumulation toward another periodical clean. Remember

Nothing Accumulates Like Rubbish,

so keep it down all the time. The walls of the cupboard may need to be whitewashed, papered, or repainted. If so, get this done in good time, so that it can be nicely dried and the contents replaced before the general "upheaval" takes place. Have some of the curtains down, washed and laundered, cushion slips washed and laundered beforehand, so that you can finish each room in its entirety as you go along.

Pictures Can Also be Taken Down

in some of the rooms, the frames polished with furniture polish (unless gilt), and the glasses cleaned with methylated spirits. If the

Kitchen Walls

have a washable paper, wash them down with lukewarm water and a little soda, and rub dry with clean dry cloths. If the wood work is varnished, it will only need rubbing with a damp cloth and rubbing with dry ones. If painted, remember that half the success in washing paint depends on the thorough drying of it—to use an Irishism!

A Good Furniture Polish

that I can personally recommend, having used it for years, is 1 ounce beeswax, ½ pint turpentine, ½ ounce soap, and ½ pint water. Shred the beeswax into an empty tomato can, and cover with the turpentine; shred the soap into another tomato can and cover with the water. Stand these over night in a cool part of the stove. In the morning they will be dissolved. Stir each well, then mix them together, when you

will have a nice lot of creamy furniture polish. And now a hint on applying polish! Don't use too much furniture polish—it fingermarks too quickly. Use but little, and a great deal of "elbow grease." On shabby leather chairs, use instead boiled linseed oil and vinegar, two parts oil to one of vinegar; this acts like a charm in restoring shabby leather chairs. In fact, it is a good all-round furniture polish for everything. If your

Furniture Looks Greasy

and dirty, wipe it over with a cloth wrung out of hot water before applying the polish. If the leather is good, only dirty, simply wipe it over with a cloth wrung out of hot water, and polish vigorously with clean, dry dusters.

Carpets and Rugs

should be well beaten and hung on a line in the shade; then, after being relaid they can be wiped over with ammonia and water to brighten the colors. If very dirty, wash over with carpet soap and water, doing only a very little at a time, and rubbing each part dry with clean dry cloths as you go along. Don't be afraid to use plenty of clean cloths and give everything a bath of sunshine and fresh air to sweeten it and kill the germs.

When Eggs are Cheap.

To cut hard-boiled eggs in smooth slices, dip the knife in water.

To Fry an Omelet.—Melt two ounces of butter in a clean frying-pan. Pour in the omelet. Hold the pan in a slanting position over the fire, keeping the omelet to one side, and stirring with a knife till it thickens. When ready on the under side take the pan off the fire, and hold it in front to cook the upper side. When it begins to change color remove with a slice to a hot dish, and serve immediately. An omelet should

be quite light and well raised. If turned in the pan it will become tough and flat.

Omelet.—Take three eggs, beat the whites and yolks separately. To the yolks, after they are beaten, add a half teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of rich cream, in which a heaping teaspoonful of flour has been smoothly rubbed. Lastly, stir in the whites, which have been beaten as for cake. Have ready a spider, in which has been melted a tablespoonful of lard, and which is as hot as can be without burning; pour in the mixture and cook to a rich brown.

Ham or Parsley Omelet.—Prepare omelet as above, adding a little finely chopped ham or parsley after it is in the spider, and fold together when delicately browned.

Soft Boiled Eggs.—Turn boiling water on eggs and set on the back of the range for ten minutes. They will be cooked to a jelly, and be very digestible.

Egg Salad on Shredded Lettuce is Ideal for a Hot Day's Luncheon.

An Egg Salad is a very tempting luncheon dish on a hot day. Cut hard-boiled eggs in halves crosswise, keeping the whites in pairs. Remove the yolks, and mash or put through a potato ricer. Add salad dressing to moisten, make into balls the size of the original yolks, and refill the whites. Arrange on a bed of shredded lettuce, and serve with additional dressing. If one's lettuce is not particularly finely headed, it should be shredded. When the leaves are thoroughly washed, crisped and dried, with the scissors cut in ribbons.

Dropped Eggs.—Break two eggs into boiling salted water; when the whites stiffen lift out carefully and serve hot on toasted bread that has been well buttered.

The "REO" Car

Thousands of the most successful farmers and ranchers in the United States, and many in Canada have added a Reo car to their equipment. They have realized that an automobile is now a necessity. It saves much time and money, saves heaps of labor (as the Reo can do many times more work than a team and in less time), it adds to the comfort of the whole family; brings him closer to the city and enables him to keep in closer touch with the market and current events. The Reo has been the selection of men who have studied the best cars. It has proven itself as no other 1911 motor car has.

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The ten and a half day-and-night record of the Reo from New York to San Francisco wasn't made just for the fun of beating a six-cylinder car that cost \$4000.

Certainly not. We did it because it is the shortest and surest way to prove to you, stranger, that the Reo will do everything you can possibly ask of a motor-car.

Reliability. That is the most important part of the proof. Half of the nearly 4000 miles between New York and San Francisco is desert and mountains—the very worst roads in the country; deep wash-outs, that constantly threatened the life of the car; rocks in the road, often no road at all—not to speak of the deep mud of the fertile middle west. And yet the Reo kept to its

steady 400 or so miles a day, with not a thing done to the engine the whole trip.

Power. The Rocky and Sierra Mountains and the desert had a lot harder and stiffer climbs than you will ever encounter.

Speed. In spite of bad roads and not too good weather the Reo beat the \$4000 six-cylinder car by nearly five days.

Comfort. Human beings could not have endured the strain of that trip, if the car had not the light weight and easy springs which make for extreme comfort.

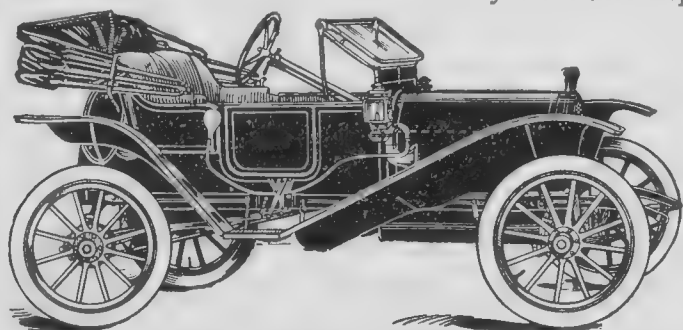
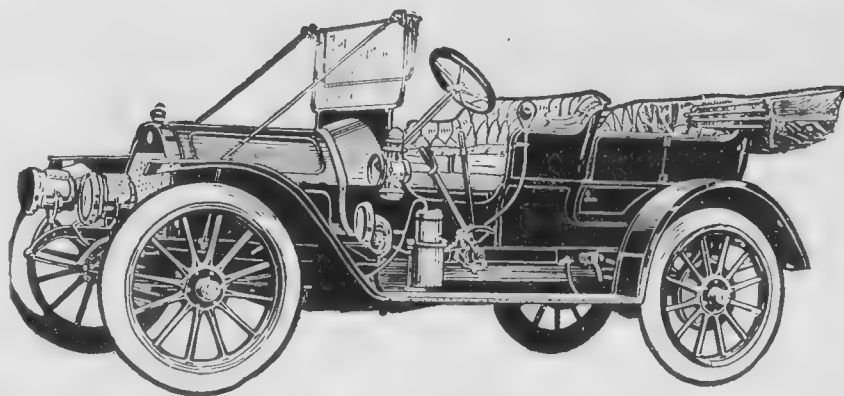
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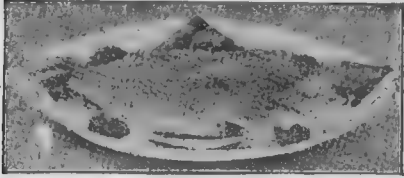
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The new fore-door model Hupmobile.

Creamed Eggs.—Cook six eggs for half an hour. While they are cooking make a cup of white sauce. Then peel the eggs and cut the whites into pieces as large as the end of your little finger, and put the yolks through the potato ricer. Mix the whites with the hot sauce and pile the yolks on top in a hot dish, or put the whites on pieces of buttered toast and scatter the yolks over all.

Nest Egg.—Take a nice fresh egg and separate the white and the yolk, so that the yolk will not be broken. Put the white into a bowl, add a pinch of salt, and beat it until it is very stiff. Have ready some little bowl that is pretty enough to put on the table but that will not break in the oven. Pour into



Eggs a la Castillienne may be quickly prepared and are universally liked.

this the stiff beaten white and make a little hole in the middle of it with a spoon. In this little hollow drop the yolk, still unbroken. Set the dish in a hot oven and cook for three or four minutes, or until the white has browned a little and the yolk is firm. There must be a separate dish for each egg. Serve right away.

Eggs with Cream Sauce.—For six eggs toast as many pieces of bread, cutting off the crusts; dip them into boiling water, lay on a warm platter, and cut in half. Boil eggs from five to seven minutes, shell them, cut in two, and lay half an egg on each piece of bread. Make a sauce of one pint of milk, butter the size of an egg, 1 tablespoonful of flour stirred smooth in a little cold water, and added when the milk and butter are boiling. Season to taste with pepper and salt. Pour this sauce over the eggs and sprinkle with bread crumbs browned in butter. Serve hot.

Stuffed Eggs.—A tempting if economical luncheon may be concocted of stuffed eggs. Even a very small quantity of roast chicken or other delicate meat will be ample. Chop and mix with the mashed hard-cooked yolks, season highly, make into balls, and put one into each cup-shaped half of the whites. Pour into the chafing dish a cup or so of made gravy—chicken preferably, or a cream sauce colored with kitchen bouquet. Set the eggs in the gravy, right side up, with care, and serve upon slices of dipped toast, with or without a touch of anchovy. Celery is the best relish.



Egg Salad on Shredded Lettuce is ideal for a Hot Day's Luncheon.

Steamed Custard.—Take a fresh egg and beat it up quite lightly; mix with it half a cupful of milk. If the custard is liked sweet, add a little sugar and extract, or if with the flavor of salt add a pinch of salt. Butter a cup, pour in the mixture, and steam in boiling water till set. If overdone, it will get curdled.

Eggs a la Castillienne may be Quickly Prepared and are Universally Liked.

Eggs a la Castillienne.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, and one and one half tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while beating constantly, three-fourths of a cupful of stewed and strained tomato mixed with one-eighth of a teaspoonful of soda. Bring to the boiling point, add one-fourth of a cupful

of milk, the whites of three hard-boiled eggs finely chopped, one half teaspoonful of salt, and one eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Cut four slices of toast in halves lengthwise, arrange on a hot platter, and pour over the sauce. Force the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs through a potato ricer or coarse strainer, and sprinkle over the toast. Garnish with toast points and parsley. Lovers of cheese think that two or three tablespoonfuls of grated mild cheese added to the tomato cream sauce make this dish much more delicious.

Egg Nog.—Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, add the yolk, and beat again. Bring milk to a boiling point, and pour over the egg, then add sugar and flavor.

Floating Island.—Whip the whites of two or three eggs very stiff; add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar to each egg; flavor with essence of almond, and add a few chopped almonds. Turn it into an oiled pudding mould, which has a fancy top; cover and place in a saucepan of boiling water to poach for twenty minutes. Leave enough room in the mould for the meringue to swell. Let stand in the mould until cold; it will contract and leave the sides. When ready to serve, un mould the meringue and place on a boiled custard served in a glass dish.

Brushes Lighten Housework.

The many different kinds of brushes which are now obtainable for all sorts of home uses are the means of relieving housework of much of its drudgery. It is decidedly easier to clean greasy pans and kettles and dishes with a good brush than it is to scrape them with a knife or attempt to scour them with a cloth. Hardwood floors look their best when cleaned and polished with the proper brush. China, silver, in fact everything that must be cleaned, is quickest and easiest done with the right brush.

One reason why brushes are coming into favor generally is that they enable the woman who does her own work to keep her hands out of the water. A woman can easily do her own cooking, and keep her hands well groomed if she adopts the modern way of using the proper brush for the different kind of housework.

Choose a pleasant day for washing blankets. Measure them, and mark your curtain stretchers. Wash in borax water and dry on the stretchers. This prevents absolutely any shrinkage, and they will look and feel like new.

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Dunlop Bicycle Tires were first made in 1888, and have been in the lead ever since. They cannot be improved upon, and the method of manufacture is the exclusive process of the Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co.



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The Clean, Easy Home Dye

Maypole Soap cleans and dyes, at one operation, cotton, silk, wool, satin, velvet, lace or feathers. Gives the freshest, most brilliant colors because it contains soap. Colors are even, free from streaks, and absolutely fast.

Being in cake form, Maypole Soap does not scatter, waste or make a mess, as powder dyes do. Does not stain hands or kettle. Has long been England's favorite home dye because it is easiest and most satisfactory.

24 colors—will give any shade. Colors 10c—black 15c—at your dealer's or postpaid with free Booklet, "How to Dye," from

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John A. Bruce & Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Feed and Seed Grain

We will be glad to name net price delivered your station, oats, barley, or flax. Write or wire. Entrust what grain you have to ship to our care to be sold to best advantage. Careful attention given grading. Large advances and prompt adjustments. If you wish to sell on track wire us for net offer soon as you have cars loaded.

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MR. FARMER, we want your cream shipped by express to us, and are prepared to pay cash for it---so soon as tested---at highest prices. Is this offer not better than making your own butter and trading it at the store? Don't delay writing us for particulars. It will pay you.

Crescent Creamery Co. Ltd.

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Authorised Capital \$250,000

Brandon

Easter Time.

QUESTION.

O, soul of mine, to life's new rapture born,
Canst thou forget the splendor of that morn,
When, through the chill and silence of the night
Stole the warm radiance of the Easter light?
Did not thy Lord, before the dawn of day,
Unseal thy tomb, and bid thee come away?
And in that sacred garden, cool and dim,
Amidst the lilies, didst thou not walk with Him?
Then why shouldst thou, all trembling and afraid,
Still bring thy spices where thy Lord is laid?
Unto the heavens lift up thy downcast eyes;
The Lord is risen, and thou with Him didst rise.

Not for the triumph of doom and judgment hour,
Waits, through slow years, the resurrection power.
To-day He lives; to-day His life may be
Eternal life begun, O, soul, in thee!

Emily Huntingdon Miller.

Boast not thy victory, Death!
It is but as the cloud's o'er the sun-beam's power:
It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and flower,
That slumber the snow beneath.

—Felicia Hemans.

VICTORY.

Tomb, thou shalt not hold Him longer:
Death is strong, but Life is stronger.
Stronger than the dark, the light;
Stronger than the wrong, the right.
Faith and Hope, triumphant say:
"Christ will rise on Easter Day!"

While the patient earth lies waking,
Till the morning shall be breaking:
Shuddering 'neath the burden dread
Of her Master, cold and dead.
Hark! she hears the angels say:
"Christ will rise on Easter Day!"

And when sunrise smites the mountains,
Pouring light from heavenly fountains.
Then the earth blooms out to greet
Once again the blessed feet;
And her countless voices say:
"Christ has risen on Easter Day!"

—Phillips Brooks.

O, chime of sweet Saint Charity
Peal soon that Easter morn:
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new born!
That Pentecost, when utterance clear
To all men shall be given;
When all can say "My Brother here,
And hear My Son in heaven!"

—James Russell Lowell.

The Happiest Woman.

By C. Grace Kephart.

She lay, a new and glorified being,
White and frail among the pillows, like a
white rose in a drift of snow.

In the glad and needed peace and rest
of her dim room, she lay very quiet,
just as the nurse and doctor had left
her, her right arm, round and lovely
where the laces fell back, outstretched
over the pillow to the edge of the great
bed.

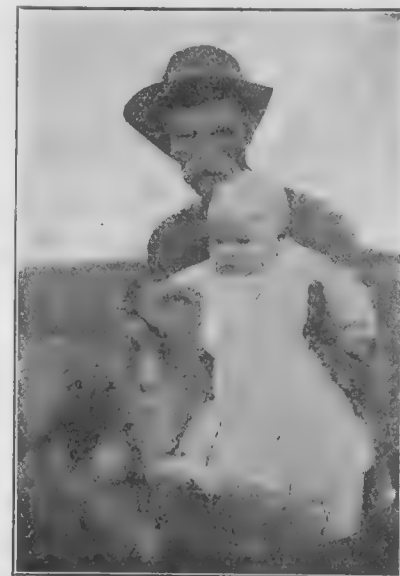
In the hollow of her left arm lay the
Little Child, its very small head cradled
close on her bosom and caressed pro-
tectingly by her white left hand with
its two seals, of sweethearthood and
wifedom, shining dimly on the third
finger.

On the Young Mother's face there
rested a look unlike all other human ex-
pressions. All that was glad and sweet
and peaceful and happy—yea, and holy
—lay there outlined. The soft, wet
tendrils of hair upon the brow were girl-
ish, and girlish was the round, white
throat, but Womanhood and Motherhood
were written on the peaceful face.

And then the door opened softly—but
though the sound was infinitesimal, she
heard it and stirred and opened her eyes.

Would not her very heart have told
her He was there, even though her ears
had not conveyed the glad news?

A flood of exquisite joy thrilled her
pale face. She put up her weak right
hand in joyous welcome and entreaty,



Comrades.

and the Young Father entered the sanc-
tified place, abashed and frightened and
awkward—yet wholly happy. He knelt
down by the bed and put his arms ten-
derly about her and unconsciously about
the Little Child, also his voice trembled
as he whispered—"My Little Girl," and
then he laid his lips on hers in a rush
of joy and gladness.

The Young Mother put up her free
hand and laid it on his face caressingly
and said, "My Dear Boy." It had always
been in this fond and foolish fashion
that they had greeted each other from
the days of betrothal.

Her soft bare arm crept about his
neck with infinite tenderness and she
laid her hand on his dark head and
pressed it to her shoulder in her gentle,
motherly fashion. She had felt the
moisture of tears on his face, but she
worshipped rather than despised this
momentary weakness that she knew had
been the outcome of fear for her safe
deliverance.

Each completely absorbed and satis-
fied with the other, they were silent a
moment in this tender caress.

She was the first to remember.

"You haven't asked to see our baby
yet, you ungrateful papa," she said hap-
pily; and at that new, strangely sweet
name they both laughed softly in ten-
der joy. And then the Young Father
watched wonderingly while she unfolded
soft white wrappings and displayed to
him his first-born child—a very small
pink creature, with no hair to speak
of, a nose wrinkled in displeasure—one

Don't Miss This

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the choicest residential section in the fashionable West End of Brandon,
commanding from an elevation of sixty feet a superb view of the City,
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Perpetually protected by reasonable building restrictions prohibiting
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Endorsed as a Rare Opportunity

by a score of Brandon's Leading Business Men who have themselves
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ous and steady advance of values in Brandon West End Realty makes
them a sure and safe investment and the pending instalment of a Street
Car Service in Brandon lends them a speculative value which no live
man can afford to ignore.

You Can Make No Mistake

the moment you buy your interests become identical with mine and your
investment will be immediately strengthened by the withdrawal of this
property from the market after the sale of only 300 lots—the remainder
will be sold to builders at continually advancing prices **after the instal-**
lation of Brandon's Street Railway System.

If you have a desire to own a piece of land and have \$25 or more to
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let. I know I can convince you that you should not miss this chance.
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BRANDON

15,000-1910

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Bank of Hamilton Chambers
BRANDON CANADA

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Real Estate Owners in

Western Canada

From the most accurate figures obtainable over ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS was made by real estate owners in growing cities and towns of Western Canada last year. This vast wealth was exclusive of improvements and represented actual increase in land values alone.

Original records gathered by the Winnipeg Free Press prove that in eight Western Canadian cities the value of land alone—not counting improvements—increased 562 per cent for the last five years—an annual increase of 112 per cent for each city during the last five years. These figures indicate that investments in live growing cities in Western Canada are as safe and sure as an investment can be, and that 100 per cent profit each year is almost a certainty.

This Year

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You have an opportunity now to participate in these immense profits by being one of the original purchasers of town lots in the Grand Trunk Pacific addition to the fast growing Western Canadian cities otherwise known as

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The Grand Trunk Pacific does not offer town sites or additions so located as to make investments in them of questionable value. The object in selling these lots at the low prices at which they are offered is to encourage the upbuilding of these cities from which the Grand Trunk Pacific will derive vastly more benefit than from the sale of lots.

Now is the time to buy. Choice lots range from \$100 upward, on easy payments of 10 per cent cash and 10 per cent a month. You make your purchase direct and secure title from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co. Write for literature and make your selection while the prices are extremely low and the possibilities unlimited. Address

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A Wonderful Discovery That Corrects Afflictions of the Eye Without Cutting or Drugging.

There is no need of cutting, drugging or probing the eye for the relief of most forms of disease, as a new method—the Actina treatment—has been discovered, which eliminates the necessity of former torturous methods. There is no risk or necessity of experiment, as many people report having been cured of failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids and other



afflictions of the eye after being pronounced incurable.

Mr. Henry E. Hendryx, Whitneyville, Conn., writes: "One of the leading eye professors told my wife that she would never see with her left eye again. But Actina has restored the sight, and it is now as good as the right one."

F. W. Brooks, Bauchene, P.Q., Canada, writes: "Owing to having severely strained my eyes writing and checking at night, my eyes became very painful, and I could not bear the light. After using 'Actina' less than four months I can read and write as well as ever."

Amanda G. Dumphy, Narwhak Village, N.B., Canada, writes: "I have used 'Actina' as directed and I can truly say it has done more for my eyes than I expected. I wore glasses for five years and suffered much pain. Since using 'Actina' I can sew or read without glasses and my eyes do not pain me."

Hundreds of other testimonials will be sent on application. "Actina" is purely a home treatment, and is easily used. It will be sent on trial, post paid. If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84B, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive, absolutely free, a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

small fist waving beligerently before its tight-shut eyes.

The father looked and wondered speechlessly.

Then he shrugged his shoulders.

The Mother's face grew anxious.

"Why, Dear!" she said, half sobbingly. "I don't believe you like her at all. I'm sorry it wasn't a boy—because—because I wanted to name it for you, but she's so sweet and small and dear!"

She drew her baby even closer as she pleaded.

"It isn't that, Dearie. A girl is all right. She'll be lots of comfort for you some day. But new babies are ugly—even yours and mine—and—"

"Now, what, Dear?"

"Well, to be truthful, I'm jealous of her. You will be so much the baby's

own action. Then he dug an awkward fore finger into its flower soft cheek and hastily laid it down again on the young mother's arm.

After that he drew the white coverings gently over both, and kissing the Mother once more, said anxiously, "I must leave you now to sleep and rest. The doctor says so." He had already turned to go when the Young Mother laid hold on his arm pleadingly and said drowsily, "Stay, Dear."

And almost before her head was once again pillowed in the shelter of his strong arm, she had fallen asleep, her breath coming soft and regular and childlike.

And as he looked upon the sleeping ones—his very own—the Father's heart was stirred unspeakably with the sweetness, the mystery, the holiness of it all.

THE HOMESTEADER.

Out on the plains of the last best West,
There's where the homesteader lives!
On land the Indians once possessed,
There's where the homesteader lives!
Where once the buffalo had his home,
O'er sage brush flats of clayey loam,
Where now the howling coyotes roam,
There's where the homesteader lives.

The land once known as the lone Northland,
There's where the homesteader lives!
Where fought the savage hand to hand,
There's where the homesteader lives!
Where now the patient oxen toil,
Pulling plows through virgin soil,
Hauling the hay into the coil,
There's where the homesteader lives!

Where wintry blizzards dim the sky,
There's where the homesteader lives!
And humble sod shacks greet the eye,
There's where the homesteader lives!
Where living is so lone and drear,
And friendly greetings come so rare,
One hundred miles from anywhere,
There's where the homesteader lives!

Working from early morn till night,
That's how the homesteader lives!
Hoping crops will turn out right,
That's how the homesteader lives!
Plowing and seeding all alone,
Stacking hay that's newly mown,
Doing the chores upon his own,
That's how the homesteader lives!

From the boundary line to the river Peace,
There's where the homesteader lives!
From Winnipeg west, where the Rockies
cease,
There's where the homesteader lives!
Where railroads new are slowly creeping,
North-west winds are wildly sweeping,
Friends and town will soon be greeting,
Out where the homesteader lives!

—H. L. Smith, Dewar Lake, P.O., Sask.

mother, you will forget to be my sweet-heart."

She slipped her arm from underneath the Child and laid a hand on either side of his handsome, boyish face, and looked long and lovingly into his worshipful eyes. Then she said slowly and reverently.

"My Dearest, it is because I am the mother of your child that I am ten thousand times more your sweetheart now than ever. I love you now, completely, wholly, as never before, dear as you were to me. I am now the happiest woman in all God's world. I think."

"Sweetheart!"

He drew her dear head to his arm and kissed her tenderly.

And then to hide his joy, he once more uncovered the Child and, wonder of wonders, took it up in his arms and kissed it, shyly and half amazed at his

William Whyte:—If ever there was an agricultural country in the world, Manitoba is that country. Our sole resource is agriculture. Yet last year there were imported into Winnipeg over twelve million eggs. For our dining cars we are now bringing in chickens from Chicago. We are also importing cream from the United States.

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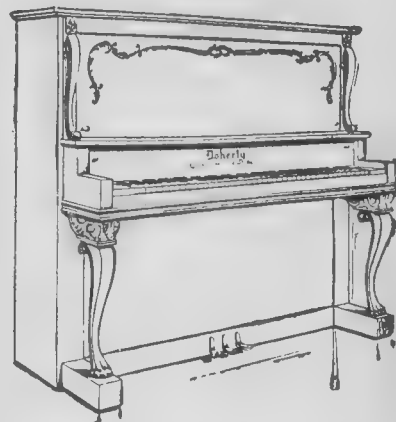
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that they will not miss a loop-hole through which they can reach the confidence of the public, believing, as they do, that the man who has confidence in himself and his product will submit to any test and take all the necessary risks in establishing that confidence in others

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Gentlemen:—Please send me illustrations of your pianos, together with prices and full particulars of your FREE TRIAL offer, explaining how I may obtain one of your pianos for 30 Days' Free Trial without expense or risk to me as advertised in the "Western Home Monthly."

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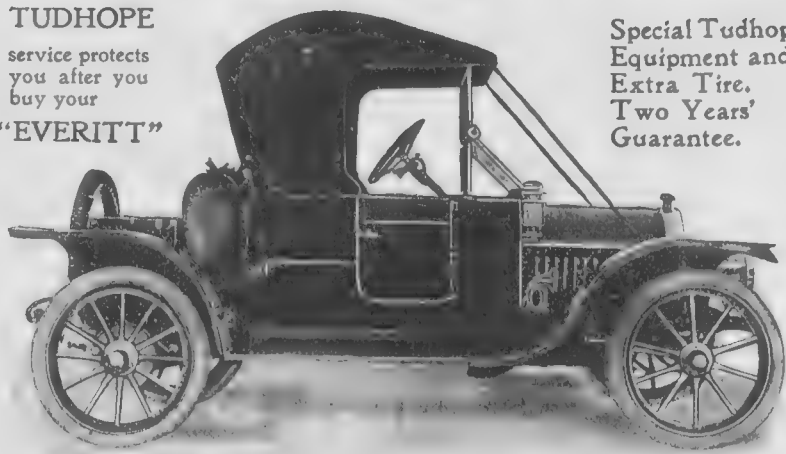
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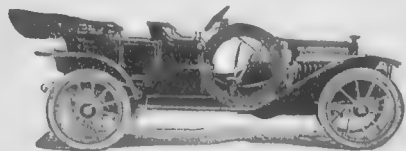
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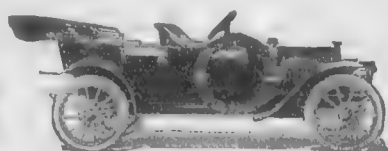


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Demi-Tonneau \$1450



Fore Door \$1500

Get Catalogue 14

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Tudhope, Anderson & Co., Ltd., Winnipeg

Regina

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Saskatoon

Woman and the Home.

Mother's Almanac.

The Value of a Smile.

I tell you when it comes to dates,
My mother's just the boss!
She tells me all I want to know
'Thout ever gettin' cross.

You'd think she'd get mixed up sometimes;
At school I know I do—
'Bout Washington and Plymouth Rock,
And 1492.

But mother says: "The war with Spain
Was fought in '98,
The year you all had chicken pox
Exceptin' Sister Kate

"The Boer war in Africa—
That was a dreadful thing—
Began in '99, I know,
For Jack was born that spring

"In '98 the Spanish ships
Were sunk in Cuba channels,
'Twas summer, for you children had
Just changed your winter flannels.

"In 1904, my dear,
The Russians fought the Japs,
That year was very cold, and you
Had chilblains and the chaps"

There's six of us, and we're mixed up
With hist'ry just that way
Sometimes it's measles, croup, or mumps,
But there's no date that ever stumps
My mother, night or day

May Kelley

Human nature never comes so near the
divine as when a royal woman pours out
the full flood of her thought, and fancy,
and love to the little unheeding and to
her as yet useless child. Where else is
she so beautiful as when she sits in the
centre of this mystic circle, as when she
sings to her babe or gazes silently as it
feeds upon her bosom? The stars have
nothing so bright, and the heavens
scarcely anything more pure and more
lovely, than the heavenly love service of
a mother to her little one, helpless and
unfashioned.

Look for one single moment upon the
power of the cradle, for all this love and
outflowing of the divinest feeling of human
nature was not meant to be expended
merely as a luxury for the maternal
bosom—there is meaning in it. It is one
of the sources of the greatest power that
exists on earth. The power of the cradle
is greater than the power of the throne,
greater than royalty in diffusion and in
its capacity for usefulness—ten thousand
times greater. Make me monarch of the
cradles, and I will give to whosoever will
the monarchy of the kingdoms and of
the throne.

Beecher.

An Echo of the Years.

"Rock of Ages cleft for me—"

Mother sang it long ago,
Sang it low and soothingly,
Rocking in the afterglow.
Sang it to me as I slept,
In my snowy trundle-bed,
As the lengthening shadows crept
Eerie-like about her head.

"Let me hide myself in Thee"
Still I hear it echo there,
As she sang it o'er to me,
From her swaying rocking-chair;
And I am a boy again,
As so sweetly back along
Distant years, I catch the strain
Of that old familiar song.

"Other refuge have I none"
Often in the long, long years
I have missed the touch of one
Who could soothe my doubts and fears.
One to whom I used to go
With each boyish grief and care.
Sometimes in the afterglow,
I catch glimpses of her there.

"Rock of Ages—" and I feel
Mother's arms about me pressed,
As to her embrace I'd steal
To be rocked away to rest.
Dreamy-like once more I hear
Softly, gently, soothingly,
That faint echo in my ear;
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

E. A. Brininstool.

The thing that goes the farthest toward
making life worth the while,
That costs the least and does the most
is just a pleasant smile
That bubbles from a heart that loves its
fellow men,
Who drive away the clouds of gloom and
coax the sun again
It's full of worth and goodness, too with
manly kindness blent
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't
cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when you
see a cheery smile;
It always has the same good look—it's
never out of style,
It nerves us on to try again when failure
makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good
for me and you,
It pays the highest interest, for it's
merely lent
It's worth a million dollars and doesn't
cost a cent

A smile comes very easy you can wrinkle
up with cheer
A hundred times before you squeeze out
a soggy tear,
It ripples out, moreover, to the heart-
strings that will tug.
And always leaves an echo that is very
like a hug.
So smile away Folks understand what
by a smile is meant
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't
cost a cent. —Chas. Kruse.

A Hint to Husbands.

Dean Hole relates in his entertaining
volume, "Then and Now," that a clergy-
man in the north of England, afterwards
a dignitary of the church, told the follow-
ing story in a sermon to a large congrega-
tion, chiefly composed of ladies, with a
request that wives would repeat it to those
husbands who were not present on that
occasion.

"There are," he said, "in this parish
many gentlemen who seem to be under
the impression that if their wives go to
church on Sunday, they are thereby re-
leased from any obligation as to their own
attendance. I had a sort of vision the
other day about these nominal Christians,
who prefer, after the manner of some
foreign countries, to send their women to
work while they smoke or slumber in the
shade.

"I thought one of them was summoned
to another world, and, not being able on
this occasion to procure a delegate, he was
constrained to go. He came to the gates
of Paradise, and St. Peter, who stood by
with the keys, inquired rather roughly,
'And who are you?'

"'O St. Peter, I'm Mr. Smith from
Newcastle-on-Tyne.'

"'I don't know you.'
"'O, if you please, St. Peter, I'm the
husband of Mrs. Smith, who went regu-
larly to church, and taught in the Sunday
School, and was kind to the poor.'

"'Why did you not do likewise?'

"'O, St. Peter, I was in business all
the week, and very tired on Sunday, and
I thought if Mrs. Smith went to church
regularly, it would do for both of us'

"'Your wife,' said St. Peter, 'was a
true, faithful Christian. She came to
these gates three years ago, and she has
gone in for both of you'

Time Women Take to Dress.

"A correctly-gowned woman cannot
dress herself in less than one hour and a
half."

Mme. Marguerite Sylva, the *prima
donna*, thus sets the feminine sartorial
time with finality

A well-groomed woman allows—
Fifteen minutes for a bath.
Ten minutes to adjust corsets and
underwear

Fifteen minutes to go over the face with
a light massage and powder.

Fifteen minutes at least to arrange the
hair

Ten minutes to adjust the hat.
Twenty-five minutes—being all that is

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Easter

Should be chosen from "Dingwall's" catalogue of Jewellery and Novelties.

In it will be found articles which will suit every purse and every taste.

Especially we would call attention to the Amethyst jewellery illustrated, as the rich, lovely purple of this stone is particularly appropriate to the "Festival of Spring."

If you have not got a copy of our 1911 catalogue, write, and you will receive one by return mail.

D. R. Dingwall
Limited
Jewellers Winnipeg

Send us \$5.50



Receive post paid this all wool serge dress. The waist is made just as pictured with sailor collar trimmed with braid and designs, silk tie in front. The skirt is made in the new pleated style trimmed with 6 satin buttons. The material is all wool serge in black, navy, dark green, dark brown, and dark red, a heavy all wool material suitable for spring wear. This suit is beautifully made and is bound to fit and please you. We can supply same suit in all wool Panama, same shades as serge at \$5.50. Give inches around largest part of bust, length of sleeve inside seam and neck measure also inches around smallest part of waist and largest part of hips also length of skirt in front. Order this beautiful suit to-day. Ordersuit No. 6. Add 35c for postage. Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Canada.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

left—in which to arrange the outer costume.

"Of course," said Mme. Sylva, "these are the necessities of a woman's toilet. She must allow, at least, every other morning:—

"Thirty minutes for a manicure.

"Forty-five minutes for waving the hair.

"An hour for a thorough massage.

"For myself, I am never late. I am afraid that the time I consider necessary for dressing would cause a learned American judge to bless a fate that never had led him to my drawing-room to cool his heels."

The judge to whom Mme. Sylva referred is Judge Crowe, who, in connection with a fine he imposed upon the chauffeur of Mrs. George W. Lederer, exclaimed:—

"A woman has no regard for time; she will take half an hour to adjust three hairpins. Women take too much time in dressing and primping. They have no idea of the inconvenience it causes their husbands, friends, and admirers."

done or said, be sure that your command is carried out. Never change your mind or relent, allowing the child to do or say exactly what you have said must not be done or said.

To talk of children in their presence makes them self-conscious, and robs them of the simplicity, which is their greatest charm.

Remember that those who are not taught good manners and courtesy at home cannot be expected to remember to suddenly do or say the right thing before strangers.

Well-bred children never pass in front of a person, without an apology, or rush into a room and address someone who is already engaged in conversation.

I fear the old saying, "Children should be seen and not heard," is seldom carried out nowadays. Most parents allow their children to break in in the midst of any conversation; and too frequently allow them to entirely monopolize the entire conversation, no matter who their guests may be.

RESURRECTION.

Breezes of spring, all earth to life waking;
Birds swiftly soaring through the sunny sky;
The butterfly its lonely prison breaking;
The seed up-springing, which had seemed to die.

Types such as these a word of hope have spoken,
Have shed a gleam of light around the tomb;
But weary hearts longed for a surer token—
A clearer ray, to dissipate the gloom.

And this was granted! see the Lord ascending
On crimson clouds of evening calmly borne,
With hands outstretched, and looks of love still bending
On His bereaved ones who no longer mourn.

"I am the Resurrection!" hear Him saying;
"I am the Life; he who believes in Me
Shall never die; the souls My call obeying
Soon where I am forever more shall be."

Sing Hallelujah! Light from heaven appearing
The mystery of life and death is plain;
Now to the grave we can descend, unfearing,
In sure and certain hope to rise again.

—From the German.

A song of sunshine through the rain
Of spring across the snow!
A balm to heal the hearts of pain!
A peace surpassing woe.

Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary Day and Easter Day
Were just one day apart.

—Susan Coolidge.

"Certainly there is one thing that no man can understand," said Mme. Sylva, "and I doubt if I can explain it. The less a woman puts on the longer it takes her to do it. Never have women worn fewer clothes than with the present fashions, and never has it taken them longer to dress.

"But, after all, the question simmers down to this," concluded Mme. Sylva; "would a man prefer to wait for an attractive woman, or to have an unattractive woman waiting for him? Whatever is worth having is worth waiting for."

The Proper Thing to Do.

Whatever is taught in regard to etiquette when a child will never be forgotten.

If good manners are expected of children they must be taught that consideration for others underlies true courtesy. But one must also remember that the children themselves must be treated with consideration.

Never nag a child, and when you say that a certain thing must or must not be

Children, as well as all young people, should rise whenever an older person comes into the room, or when they are personally addressed by a much older person.

What is more charming than a child with attractive, winsome manners, and one who does it all quite naturally, not as if it were an irksome duty?

But parents who allow their children to be rude and impertinent to them, or to those in their own household, cannot expect them to appear attractive or winsome to outsiders.

When a child enters a room where the mother is talking to a visitor, he or she should stand by the mother's side without speaking, until she presents him or her to this stranger.

Never correct a child before a guest. It is annoying to the visitor, and cruel to the child.

You cannot begin too early in a child's life to teach correct behavior at the table, how to use the knife, fork and spoon, how to sit and how to eat.

Teach them to take soup without spilling it, to take small mouthfuls, to eat slowly, and to keep the mouth shut while chewing.

WALTHAM WATCH

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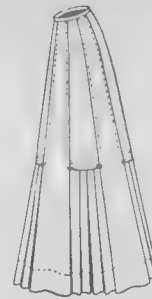
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You people who have already homesteaded—you should be able to derive some advantage from the privileges you would be entitled to as the owner of a South Africa Warrant. Under such a warrant one may homestead 320 acres and pre-empt another 160 acres. Scrip has sold as high as \$900 in the open market, but the price has dropped lately, owing to the false report receiving currency that the privileges would expire a year earlier than is actually the case. In the week ending March 4th inst. the Government statistics showed that nearly five-sixths of the Veterans' Scrip issued to Canadian Soldiers had been taken up. We have been trading in Scrips, and selling, at the market price, and if you write us promptly you may be able to take up a scrip at a figure very much to your profit. The Homestead Realty Company, Dominion Exchange Building, Toronto, Canada.

LADIES Send for our free fashion sheet and sample cloths of our famous Mail Order \$5.50 all wool panama dresses for ladies also our \$8.50 all wool tailored suits. Best value in Canada. Standard Garment Co., London, Ont.

All these matters seem so small and unimportant when a child is young, but if you will take the trouble to teach the children when little, they never will disgrace you by their bad table manners as they grow older.

If one of the elder members of the family arrives at the table a little late, the children should rise, and stand until he or she is seated.

With very little children this is hard to carry out, but you must begin the rule as early as possible.

This is, of course, especially necessary with the boys. They should be taught not only to rise when their elders come to the table, but when their sisters or sisters' friends come to the table, after the family is seated.

The best way, of course, is to make it a rule that every one should go to and leave the table at the same time, but occasionally it is unavoidable for some of the household or guests to be late.

It is also a wise plan to encourage them to write their notes of thanks themselves.

However childish the note may be expressed, it is far more acceptable to the one who receives it, than an effusive one written by the mother, besides which it teaches them good manners, and instructs them early how to express themselves well.

Children should always be taught to treat any one beneath them socially with respect and consideration.

A birthday is usually the occasion of childish hospitalities.

If a party is to be given the invitations may be written by the child on paper which is specially decorated for children, or it may be engraved in the usual formal wording on the same kind of paper.

In the late spring and summer it is best to have them play out of doors, but, of course, during cold weather all games must be held in doors.

The little host or hostess should be taught his or her part so as to entertain the guests.

Supper may be served when things begin to drag.

It always fulfills the child's idea of a good time if there is something which may be carried home, a toy, or a simple favor of some kind.

If the party is in honor of a birthday the little guests usually bring some trifling gift to the youthful host or hostess.

In taking leave, each little guest should say good-by first to the mother of the host or hostess in some such words as these, "Good afternoon, Mrs. —, and thank you very much for the delightful time which I have had." This is a conventional phrase and probably most children would say "Good-by Mrs. —, I have had a perfectly lovely time" and I feel sure this would be all that is necessary, and much more natural.

What the Colonel Wanted.

The Story of How He Managed to Get It.
By Una Hudson.

It was when he decided that Agatha Fordyce was the only girl in the world that Harold Warburton took his uncle to call.

The colonel, to do him full justice, accompanied Harold most unwillingly. He was a bachelor of settled ways and fixed habits, and he thought it a hardship

to be dragged from his own comfortable fireside to spend the evening talking to a woman for whom he probably would not care two straws.

"Harold," he said, "is it really necessary for me to go?"

His glance shifted from the young man's clean-cut countenance to his own morocco-slipped feet.

"Now look here, uncle," his nephew reproved, "it's not right for you to stop in always every evening. Why, you'll rust; you'll disintegrate; you'll crumble. How many men in the world are there, do you think, who would pause, not to say haggle, over accepting an invitation to call upon a very charming woman?"

His uncle did not attempt to say.

Harold, reverting to his original motive, was loth to permit his quarry to elude him.

"Besides," the illusionary young man insisted, "you ought to go. I should have no friends that you do not know, and the Fordyces are—very good friends."

To be sure, the colonel reflected, that put the matter in a different light.

He went, therefore, as a matter of duty. Harold was his only nephew, and he felt, in a way, responsible for the boy. It might be just as well, he decided, to look into this newly-formed friendship.

Being a person of unprejudiced mind, the colonel soon admitted that the Fordyce ladies were not only entirely unobjectionable, but even very attractive.

He smiled indulgently on Agatha, who was slender and fair-haired and pretty—just the type to attract a person of Harold's temperament. And he gave his best attention to Mrs. Fordyce, who was less slender than her daughter, and not so pretty, but quite as charming.

She was sewing lace on some lengths of cambric, and the colonel nodded approvingly. He thought women should be domestic in their tastes.

Later in the evening she rolled up her cambric and lace, and with a word of apology to the colonel left the room.

When she came back she carried a tray, on which were some tall glasses of home-made lemonade and a plate of cake.

The colonel accepted the lemonade, but he looked doubtfully at the cake. He was the unfortunate victim of a particularly distressing indigestion, and he feared the consequences of an unwonted indulgence.

"It's home-made, and very simple," Mrs. Fordyce encouraged him.

And the colonel yielded.

It was also, he found, very good, and what was even more to the point, entirely devoid of uncomfortable after-effects.

When Harold finally indicated that he was ready to go, the colonel pressed Mrs. Fordyce's hand warmly, and spoke glowingly of the pleasure his call had afforded him.

Moreover, he did not hesitate to inform his nephew that he had experienced a most agreeable disappointment, as he put it. Indeed, on the way home, he waxed positively enthusiastic. How much was due to the visit, and how much to the lack of after-effects from eating the cake, the young man, however, could not quite decide.

He required no urging at all when Harold again suggested a visit to Mrs. and Miss Fordyce, and it was not very long before he himself was unblushingly taking the initiative.

Twice he was asked to dinner with Harold, and it was those perfectly cooked and daintily served little meals that first turned the colonel's thoughts towards matrimony.

The colonel had never considered himself a marrying man. Indeed, until he fell a prey to indigestion he had been quite contented with his bachelor estate.

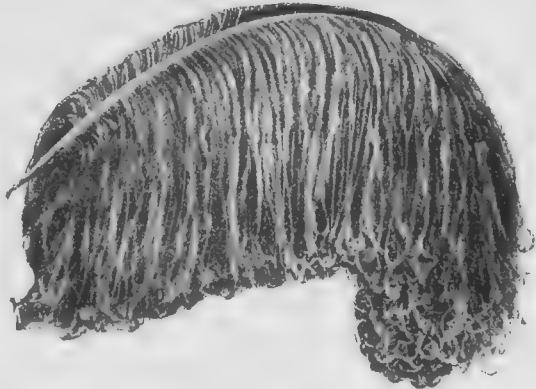
Now it occurred to him that a matrimonial alliance with Mrs. Fordyce might be to their mutual advantage. Her income, he knew, was a very slender one. He was in a position to give her all the luxuries that most appeal to the feminine nature; and, in return, he would ask only that she keep at bay this malady that so racked and worried him.

Certainly they were both of them old enough, and, he trusted, sensible enough to cast aside all sentiment and see clearly the material advantages of such a union.

The colonel's mind once made up, he lost no time in bringing the matter to Mrs. Fordyce's attention.

His was the gift of words, and he fluently pointed out that marriage, being the most binding of all contracts, should rest en-

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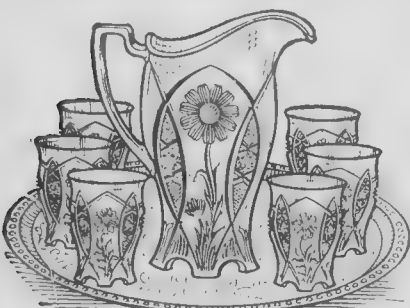
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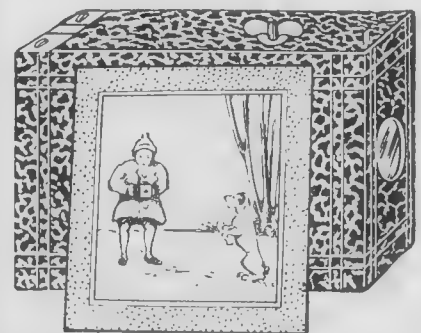
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tirely on a business basis. Then he went on to enumerate the advantages of the union he proposed, waxing eloquent in his earnest desire to make Mrs. Fordyce see the matter as he did.

She gave him her undivided attention, and, when he had finished, demonstrated her faculty of separating the basic idea from the ornate verbiage in which it was clothed.

"You mean, she stated mildly, "that you want to marry me because I can cook?"

Now, as the colonel put it, it certainly had not sounded like that. He stammered and stuttered a little, but was obliged to admit that such was the case.

"Oh, said Mrs. Fordyce, "I'm sorry; I'm afraid you've been laboring under a misapprehension. Agatha does all our cooking. She's head instructor in the cooking school, and she thinks it helps her to try things first at home. I thought you knew."

The colonel gazed at her blankly. Agatha of the fluttering ruffles and dainty ways a professional cook! It was quite unbelievable.

"Hang it!" the colonel exploded, "I thought I wanted a cook, but I don't! I want a wife. I want you! And I don't care twopenny if you don't know a cucumber from a cabbage!"

It was somewhat later when the colonel, radiantly happy and comfortably resigned to indigestion for the balance of his natural life, was saying a lingering, even tender, goodnight, that Mrs. Fordyce began nervously to twist a button on his coat.

"I think I forgot to mention," she said, "that is, it might interest you to know that while Agatha really *does* our cooking, it was I who taught her how."



Out for an early morning stroll.

The Art of Enjoyment.

"Many people never seem happy unless they are miserable." I forget who made that remark, but there is much truth in it. All of us know the woman who is never so thoroughly contented with herself and with life in general as when her circumstances cause her neighbors to pity her. Then she feels that she is an object of painful interest to all and sundry, and the feeling is so delightful that she plays up to the situation, makes the worst of her misfortunes, and is quite injured when they pass away, leaving her with nothing in which she can take a dismal satisfaction.

This type of woman is very apt to feel that Providence has a grudge against her, and will be offended if she dares to acknowledge that she is happy and comfortable. She checks all high spirits lest they may "tempt Providence, brings out the doleful side of every story, and prophesies evil where none is apparent; and, with the best intentions in life, she does an immense amount of harm by forcing others to look at everything from her own jaundiced point of view.

Some people are born with more power of enjoyment than others, but even those who have naturally depressed dispositions can cultivate happiness, and it is well worth their while to do so, for happiness is a natural condition, wholesome alike for mind and body. It is as necessary to human beings as the sun is to plants. Deprive a plant of sun and air, and it will wither away to an ugly dried stick; deprive a human being of happiness and enjoyment, and he or she will become stunted and blighted, both in body and soul.

"But what about those who are cut off from all enjoyment?" asks some reader. "You are forgetting that many people are very unfortunate, very unhappily situated, suffering or very poor." Not at all. For though some of us have, apparently, more than others to brighten our lives, happiness lies within the reach of all, for it is produced, not by externals, but by a quality within ourselves—the quality of being able to pick up all the stray gleams of enjoyment that come our way. After all, happiness depends less upon the facts that cause it than upon the person who presents it. The present of a pennyworth of sweets will give great pleasure to a little child, though his father will hardly say "thank you" for the gift. Just so any trivial circumstance—a bright morning, good news from a friend, the prospect of some little change in the day's routine—will delight the woman who lives a quiet life, while it would hardly be noticed by her more fortunate sister.

Enjoyment is an art to be cultivated. Many of us are not born with it, but all of us can acquire it if we set our minds firmly to the business. It is an art well worth possession, for it makes us not only agreeable to ourselves, but delightful to our friends. We all know how one guest who is obviously enjoying herself will bring life into a dull party, and will make all the guests feel that, because she is happy, they must be happy too.

Perhaps the best means of cultivating happiness is to start with the notion that the world is a good place, full of kindly people, who want to do

the best that they can for you. If you are on the watch for the best in them and their surroundings, you will have no time to note their failures and mistakes. Look up at the sun in the sky, and then you will have no eyes to spare for the mud in the gutters.

I remember a little incident which illustrates this point. A very wise and experienced woman was calling on a young bride, who showed her all over her pretty new house, and finally said good-bye to her in the hall and opened the door to let her out. As the visitor went down the steps, the bride exclaimed in a tone of annoyance—

"Oh, don't look at that scraper, my dear, it's disgraceful! I told Sarah to clean it every morning, and, of course, she forgot. Servants are an endless nuisance."

"Do you mind if I give you a piece of advice?" asked the visitor.

"Why, of course not! What is it?"

"Never draw people's attention to defects, my dear. If I had been in your place, I should have said—'Do look at that creeper on the opposite house; it is such a glorious color!' And so my visitor would have got safely out of the gate with her eyes fixed on the creeper, and would never have known that there was a dirty scraper within a hundred miles of her. Think and speak of beautiful, successful things—not of ugliness and failure."

That was an excellent piece of advice, for the happiness or misery of our lives depends very much upon our attitude of mind. If we try to cultivate a cheerful attitude, we may in time attain to the happy condition of the famous Mark Tapley, who welcomed poverty, illness and misfortune because they gave him the opportunity of "coming out strong" under adverse circumstances. And if we can enjoy the disagreeables of life, what truly glorious times we shall have when our "lucky days" come round!

The art of enjoyment grows with cultivation. I do not say that it can be brought to such a pitch that it will enable us to enjoy toothache or unexpectedly heavy bills; but at least it will help us to appreciate the freedom

from pain which follows the extraction of the tooth, and to feel a certain satisfaction in the knowledge that we are helping trade by paying a fair price for our goods. And when once we have attained the power we can pass it on to others, for happiness is infectious, and every nappy person does much to make the world a better, brighter place.

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This Belt, with special attachment, will restore your vigor. It will check all loss of vitality, and affects every organ of the body. It cures Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Lumbago, Sciatica, any case of Kidney Disease that has not gone as far as Bright's Disease, Stomach Trouble, Constipation.

IT IS ALL I CLAIM IT TO BE.

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Dear Sir:—I have been wearing your Belt since the 8th of October and I am well satisfied with it. I think it is all you claim it to be, as my health has improved wonderfully during that time. I have gained in flesh, and can eat as much breakfast as I could at dinner before. You may use my name as you please.

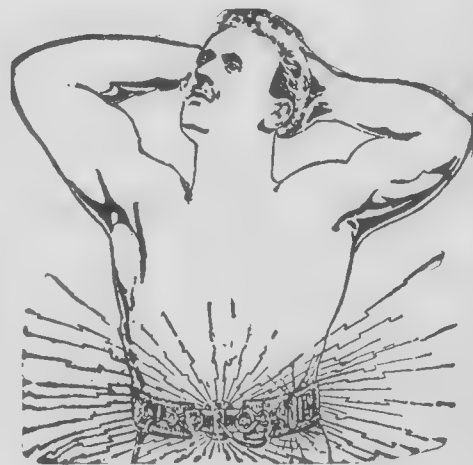
Yours truly,

Archie T. Cole.

All I ask is reasonable security that I will get my pay after you are cured. I will send you my New Belt with its Electric Suspensory and all attachments necessary for your case, and you can

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Dear Sir:—I wish to say, concerning the effects of your Belt, that I wore it for about a month and my backache left me. I have not worn it now for six months and the trouble has not yet returned and I feel quite healthy.

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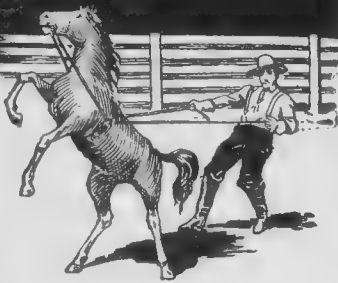
A. W. Bower, Tipton, Ind., writes, "You have made me a practical colt trainer, have all the work I can do and make more money than ever before."

S. M. Ryder, Mercersburg, Pa., writes, "I am making money buying 2-year-old kickers cheap, handling them a few days and selling them, perfectly broken, at a large profit."

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The Undiscovered Country.

The flowers that in thy garden rise
Fade and are gone when Summer flies,
And as their sweets by time decay
So shall thy hopes be cast away.

The Sun that gilds the creeping moss
Stayeth not Earth's eternal loss;
He is the lord of all that live.
Yet there is life he cannot give.

It is not far, it is not near,
Name it hath none that Earth can hear.
But there thy Soul shall build again
Memories long destroyed of men.
And Joy thereby shall, like a river,
Wander from deep to deep forever.

Henry Newbolt, in the Spectator.

The Incubator.

Practically, the incubator marks the boundary between the conditions under which poultry growing may be made profitable and those under which it cannot be made to pay actual expenses, normally at all events. Of course it must not be asserted on the strength of this that at all times and under all circumstances it is impossible to make a profit out of poultry raising without the help of the incubator. One man may have a particular strain of birds for which he can be sure of ready sale at

contemplated by anyone who has given the matter a moment's consideration. A decently managed incubator will hatch a far higher percentage of chicks than will the most skilful and motherly of hens, and then, after the chicks are out of the shell, the simple, inexpensive mechanical brooder will, with proper management, put the hen, in the matter of mothering, still more to the bad by comparison.

In considering the incubator and its bearing on poultry production, however, one must take into consideration, that the use of the incubator and the brooder is the inevitable outcome of thought and system in poultry raising, and this must of necessity count for much. The poultry raiser who even takes a serious view of the proposition, cannot fail to be impressed at once with the folly of permitting the hens to do the hatching and brooding. This is the beginning of the introduction into poultry raising, and it takes into its wake regulations and restrictions which mark the difference between profitable and unprofitable poultry production.

The farmer who uses an incubator will not permit his hens to run all over the place and get beyond his observation and control. He cannot permit them to do so if he wants them to spend their time in laying eggs for the incubator instead of hatching whenever they feel like it. To keep them under observation, they



Threshing on the Portage Plains with gasoline outfit.

fancy prices. Another may be located in a place where poultry products are sure to bring extravagant figures; while still another may have such a low cost of living, and such a total lack of other employment and such an overflow of help in his own family, that he can make money out of his hens by the old-fashioned methods of poultry production; but these will, after all, be found to be the exceptions that prove the truth of the general rule.

The incubator is to the poultry raiser what the horse-rake or the self-binder is to the hay and grain grower, and all who have given it anything like a fair trial, will willingly bear testimony to this. One good sized incubator will do the hatching, which, if done by hens, would take the time that would represent the laying of over nineteen dozen eggs worth, in round figures from three and a half to four dollars at moderate market rates for good fresh eggs for table purposes, while if produced by high class pure bred fowls, they would be worth double or treble that sum at a low computation.

Then again, the life of a good, well-made incubator properly taken care of, is such, that it need hardly enter into the farmer's calculations, and the cost of furnishing it with oil for one hatching of eggs, is also very trifling, so that it is safe to reckon that the time spent by the hens in doing the work of one incubator after the farmer had furnished them with eggs, would cost the equivalent of 200 chickens already hatched.

Let it be looked at from any viewpoint, and the employment of hens for hatching and brooding chicks is a miserable waste of capital and energy. The wonder is that it can be even seriously

should be held within a walk or yard where they will be fed and watered regularly, and where they will lay eggs in clean sanitary nests which have been carefully prepared for them with several important purposes in view.

First, they must be kept free from vermin, dirt and disease, and germs of all sorts, and they must be so arranged that the eggs will come out of them absolutely clean and free from soiling. The nests are so arranged that the poultryman knows not only the age of his eggs but the identity. This is an important matter for various reasons. It enables the poultryman to know just which of his hens are good producers, and which are not, and at the same time it enables him to have the eggs gathered as fast as they are laid, thus insuring their freshness. Every farmer who has paid any attention to poultry raising knows that whether eggs are intended for hatching or for the table, it is undesirable that they should be subjected to the animal heat from the body of the hen any longer than is necessary, and that they should invariably be removed before another egg is laid in the same nest. All these precautions contribute to the market value of the eggs whether they be intended for hatching or the table. True, their observance costs a little attention, but everyone knows that the advantages gained, more than make up for the extra labor.

The use of the incubator reduces the poultry business to something more closely resembling an exact science than usually characterizes farming operations, no matter how carefully they happen to be conducted. It enables the farmer to work out experiments in breeding and mating his fowls and thus encourages

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The 1911 Planet Jr illustrated catalogue is invaluable to every progressive farmer and gardener. 50 pages brimful of helpful hints on labor-saving. **Free and postpaid.** Write for it today.

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All "asphalt roofing" is not Trinidad Lake Asphalt Roofing—there's a great big difference. Look out for that when you buy your roofing.

Ordinary so-called asphalt roofings are made of artificial products masquerading as real asphalt. They are nothing more than the residue from petroleum oil or native bitumens made into a black pitch, which is easily affected by changes in weather.

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is made of genuine *natural* asphalt—perfectly stable and uniform in quality.

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The artificial asphalts have oils *mixed* with them, but they haven't the quality of the oils in the natural product; and they soon evaporate and leave the roofing "dead"—and it cracks, breaks and leaks, although at the first it may look like Genasco, the real Trinidad-Lake-Asphalt roofing.

To make sure of roofing that will permanently protect, ask your dealer for Genasco, the Trinidad-Lake-Asphalt Roofing, with either mineral or smooth surface. Fully guaranteed.

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and facilitates the material improvement of the flock, generation by generation, by the reservation of the best producing individuals and their offspring for breeding purposes. The poultryman is enabled with accuracy to trace the breeding of his fowls, and thus insure straight line breeding while making desirable family crosses of individuals within the tribal lines. It also enables him to protect his flock from the very undesirable effects of close and continued in-breeding, and this would be nearly if not quite impossible without the incubator.

In short, practically everything that makes for the intelligent and systematic production of poultry and eggs of the best types is contributed to by the employment of the incubator.

It is not pretended that none have failed to use the incubator with satisfactory results from the beginning as they have made mistakes as all human beings are liable to do at times; but if every allowance be made for these failures which never have been made, the balance of profit would be found overwhelmingly in favor of the incubator, as one of the most important and even essential appliances of any profit-producing poultry plant.

By the employment of the incubator, the hens may be kept up to the highest possible point of productive efficiency from the beginning to the end of their career. The hatching hen is apt to be thin and badly out of condition after having brought out eight or ten chicks, and reared half the number to partial maturity, and if the greatest care is not exercised, she is liable to become infested with vermin, which, if not carefully eradicated, may bring serious trouble into the whole flock. Hens with ragged coats, and with comb and gills pale and colorless, have no place in the poultry plant which is operated with incubators and along up-to-date lines. The poultryman feels that he cannot afford to have useless and inefficient fowls about the place. It will cost more to put hens which have fallen so far back, into good marketable condition, than it would to produce a good, fresh and healthy pullet by the incubator route.

It appears strange that there should be any conservative feeling among Canadian agriculturists in the matter of recognizing the value and even the necessity of the incubator on the farm today.

The only point that the purchaser of an incubator wants to bear in mind, is that he gets a machine which is built for the cold climate of the Dominion. One of the best known machines of Canadian types, is the Peerless Incubator made by the Lee Manufacturing Company of Pembroke, Ont. The advertising of this company will be found on another page of this issue.

How to Have a Good Lawn.

A. B. Cutting, Peterboro, Ont.

There are two methods of producing turf on a lawn, viz., sodding and seeding. For immediate results on small lawns, the former method may be employed. Sods are used also for making the borders of walks and drives and of flower beds. Their use is almost imperative for terracing and for covering steep banks. Where the latter are apt to be gullied by rains, they may be strengthened by a low stone fence at the bottom which will prevent slipping.

Sodding may be done at any time during the growing season, providing that the plot to be turned is convenient to a constant water supply. Springtime is best where plenty of water is not available. Secure sods from an old pasture or from a road side where the growth is as free from weeds as possible. Use a spade and cut the sod in strips of about twelve or fifteen inches in width. With the spade or sod knife shave off these strips to a depth of about two inches and roll them up. Transport them to the place to be sodded. The method of laying sods will be mentioned when we discuss the question of repairing lawns, another operation for which sods are useful.

Seeding Lawns.

Where haste is not necessary on small lawns and where the area is large, seed-

Do You Realize That SHARPLES Tubular Cream Separators Save You What Other Separators Lose?

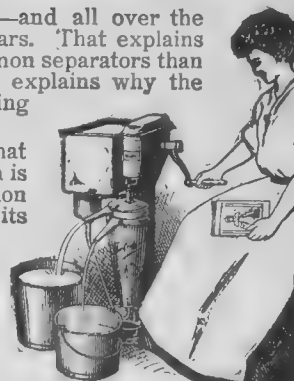
That explains why farmers all over Canada—and all over the world—are discarding other machines for Tubulars. That explains why Tubulars are probably replacing more common separators than any one maker of such machines sells. That explains why the manufacture of Tubulars is one of Canada's leading industries. These facts will set you thinking.

You can't afford to use a common separator that loses cream which a Tubular would save. Cream is money to you. It is cheaper to throw away a common machine, if you have one, and put a Tubular in its place than it is to keep on losing cream.

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You can own and use a Tubular for less than any other make. Then how can you afford to waste time or risk anything on any "peddler's" or other inferior machine? Our local representative will be glad to show you a Tubular inside and out. If you don't know him, ask us his name. Write to us now for our complete catalog No. 248.

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Keeps out dampness, too, for it is waterproof, just like Ruberoid Roofing. It will not rot nor become mouldy; is odorless and strongly fire-resisting.

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Don't worry about Spavins, Growths, Swellings or Lameness, but use Kendall's Spavin Cure. It cures every time. The world's best liniment for man and beast.

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ing is the best method. By this means, one can have the kinds of grass that will do best in the particular circumstances. Grass seed may be sown either in fall or in spring. In mid-summer, there is not sufficient moisture for best results. In a previous article, it was stated that the ground for lawns is best graded in the fall to allow for settling. When this is done, probably, on account of the settling, it will be necessary to do some extra grading in the spring. When the grading is completed, level the surface and make as fine a seed bed as possible. Sow the seed in freshly-disturbed soil. To prevent scattering by the wind, sow early in the morning or on a still day. Sow liberally and evenly. For an even distribution, it is better to divide the quantity of seed and to sow both ways of the plot.

Different quantities and kinds of grass seeds are recommended and used. When blue grass or kindred seeds are used, it should be applied at the rate of about four bushels to the acre. Do not sow oats or other grain for the purpose of shading the grass. Oats rob the grass of plant food and moisture. After sowing cover the seed with a rake or by means of a piece of brush. The soil should then be rolled. It is important to firm the soil, particularly in a dry season or where the soil itself is naturally dry, so as to raise moisture from lower depths to the roots.

The kind of grass seed to use depends chiefly upon the character of the soil and upon the location of the plot. It is almost safe to say that the grasses that make the best pastures will make the best lawns. It may be observed that pastures are made up of many species

fered for the first time. At experiment stations where this grinder has been tried out, it has given the utmost satisfaction, and in a very short time it has sprung into pronounced popularity.

This popularity is due to its perfect fitness for farm work, and to the fact that all the grinding and polishing wheels are made of alectride.

Alectride is used both to polish the most delicate china and to shape the pistons on the engines of our great ocean liners. "It hones the razor and puts an edge on the sword. It polishes the diamond and points the tool that punches rivet holes in the armor of great battleships. It polishes the shoe sole and the kid glove and smooths down the angles of the great telescope lens."

The story of the invention of this compound is of great interest. The very same substances which go to make up sapphire and the ruby were subjected to intense heat in electrical furnaces, and the result was not precious stones but alectride. Instantly it was found that alectride was the hardest substance in the world excepting the diamond, and alectride will even scratch the diamond.

The inventor saw that even though he had not produced diamonds, he had produced a substance which would be of greater benefit to the world—an abrasive so far ahead of emery wheels, grindstones, etc., that there was simply no comparison.

In the manufacture of alectride, electric furnaces are employed. When the current of over 2,000 volts is turned on, the almost inconceivable heat of 7,000 degrees Fahrenheit is obtained. This heat is so intense that nickel and platinum, the most refractory metals burn



On Wm. Buchanan's Farm, Dauphin, Man.

that produce feed for stock throughout the season, one or more species in spring, others in summer when it is dry, and still others in fall.

Kentucky blue grass is the mainstay for lawns. It grows strongly, is hardy and will endure drought and shade on both sandy and clay soils. Red top and Rhode Island bent, strong growing, hardy and early germinating, are also good grass seeds for lawns. They spread by means of creeping root stalks. They are adapted for use on low ground but are seldom satisfactory when sown alone. In all lawn grass mixtures there should be a little white Dutch clover seed. This grows close to the ground and fills the spaces between the other grasses. For lands that cannot well be drained, Canadian blue joint may be used. There are other species of grass seed that are valuable for certain places and purposes but the foregoing are usually sufficient.

Grass seeds for lawns should be sown in a mixture. The proportions of each will depend upon local conditions. If the locality and soil are dry, use proportionately more white clover than the others that may be chosen. A good general mixture for lawns is Kentucky blue grass, red top, and white clover in equal parts by weight. On small plots sow this at the rate of about one quart to the square rod.

A New Farm Grinder.

A farm grinder, made of alectride, the new abrasive which has entirely displaced the emery wheel in all large manufacturing plants, is now being of-

like beeswax, and bricks are consumed as if made of pine.

For thirty-six hours this heat is maintained. When the furnace finally cools, the alectride is found within in huge irregular blocks. These are reduced in crushers to a size that allows them to be formed into grinding wheels. As such they are not only replacing the old-fashioned grindstones, but emery and corundum as well.

Alectride is the only known substance that rivals the diamond in hardness. Alectride always forms in sharp-faced crystals. Even the diamond lacks this characteristic. A diamond may be polished to a smooth surface, but Alectride always has a sharp cutting edge. It is this quality that helps to make it the finest abrasive the world has ever known.

Alectride is about twenty-five times as hard as the ordinary grindstone, and about eight times as hard as emery or corundum. It sharpens the hardest metal with almost no effort, and no matter how long it is used, alectride never becomes smooth or has to be dressed, as the emery wheel must.

Alectride has proved very successful in the commercial world, where it is rapidly replacing the emery and corundum wheels. It is no less successful on farms, where it has accomplished with the utmost ease the sharpening that was the hardest kind of work with the grindstone. An Alectride grinder especially designed for farm use is now being manufactured by the Harman Supply Company, of Chicago.

The Harman Grinder is really ten machines in one. The various grinding wheels, polishers, etc., make it possible

WESTERN FARMERS LOSING \$1,000,000 YEARLY



through selling unclean grain. Hon. Sydney Fisher says: "Universal prevalence of weeds in Canada is the greatest evil we have to contend with. If Canadian agriculture is to flourish the nuisance caused by weed seeds must be stamped out." Let me show you how you can separate and grade ALL kinds of seed, eliminate ALL weed seed, all shrunken grains, smut and dust, easily, quickly and thoroughly with the

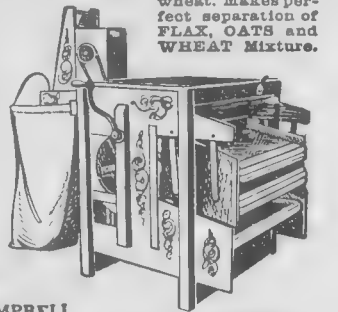
CHATHAM FANNING MILL and Seed Grader

Absolutely separates wild and tame oats from wheat. Makes perfect separation of FLAX, OATS and WHEAT Mixture.

Saves its cost every year in better crops, work saved, higher market prices for your grain. Ask about my free trial offer.

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Screens and Riddles Enough for Every Purpose
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We will teach you, by mail, the Real Estate, General Brokerage and Insurance business and appoint you our **Co-Operative Representative** in your own town. We are the oldest and largest co-operative real estate company in **CANADA**. Representatives are making \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year without capital. One student, upon completing his course, and without capital, made a profit of \$2,714 in his first month's work. **Be Your Own Master**. Good judgment and ordinary education and ambition with our course of instruction, will quickly win for you an independent life. Free legal advice to each representative.

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Any person, however inexperienced, can readily cure either disease with

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—even bad old cases that skilled doctors have abandoned. Easy and simple; no cutting; just a little attention every fifth day—and your money refunded if it ever fails. Cures most cases within thirty days, leaving the horse sound and smooth. All particulars given in

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Best Fruit Land

in British Columbia, "Carlin Orchards" Upper Okanagan Valley. Mild climate. Finest fruit grown without irrigation. Railway through property. Low prices, long terms payment. Write for illustrated pamphlet "W".

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When writing advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly.

to do all the farm grinding, and much more than can be done on the ordinary grindstone.

Mower sickles, plow shares, cultivator blades, scythes, axes, corn knives, kitchen cutlery, chisels, hatchets, pocket knives—in fact, as a customer said, "everything from a razor to a plow point"—can be sharpened quickly and easily on the Harman Grinder.

The wheel revolves at the rate of 5,000 revolutions per minute, so it is impossible to take the temper from steel. For the diamond hard alecride wheels cut the steel, and cut it so fast that it does not have time to become heated.

The Harman Grinder will also remove rust from all farm tools and will polish silverware, being provided with two polishing wheels especially for this purpose.

The distributing house which is putting this machine out has announced that it will send out a limited number on free trial, merely to secure universal introduction as quickly as possible. One of the announcements of this house, the

the potatoes planted out doors

In that part of both Scotland and Ireland where the countries are near together, especially in parts of Ayrshire, this plan is put to commercial use, and their potatoes follow on the London market those from Jersey and the warm Channel Islands

The whole, small tubers are sprouted in handled crates, holding about twenty pounds each. These crates are taken direct to the field and the potatoes set by hand in the furrows. A sufficiently larger crop is claimed to cover the expenses of crates, extra seed and labor, and the earlier market supplies a handsome profit.

Colorado brings in \$228,000 worth of early potatoes from Cuba, Florida, Texas, Oklahoma and Nebraska, \$90,000 worth in the month of July. We should be able to supply the market during that month.

The crates cost 15 cents each in large lots and good hands in Ireland are said to be able to set an acre a day each.—C. L. Fitch, Colorado Agricultural College.



An Amateur Taxidermist.

Harman Supply Co., 610-612 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada, appears in this issue.

Earlier Potatoes for Home Use.

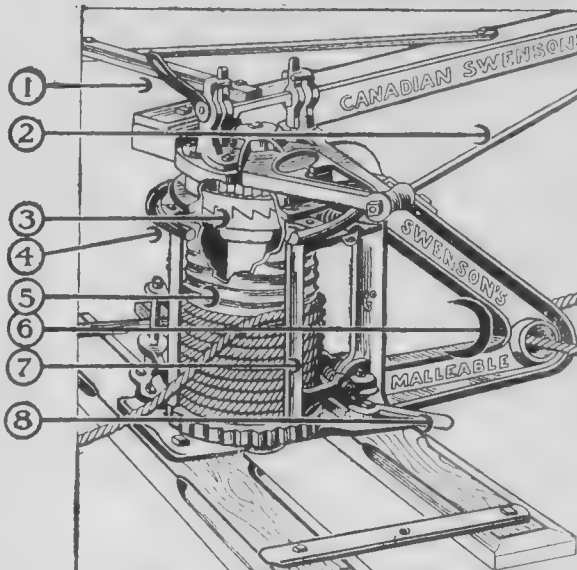
Now is the time for the man to be awake who wants to have new potatoes sooner than his neighbor. For this purpose in the home garden he may start the potatoes by the kitchen fire. If the very earliest are wanted he should get some 1909 Triumphs or Red Bliss potatoes. The new potatoes on the market will not do because nature gives them a dormant time during which they will not grow. White Ohios will be nearly as early and of much better quality for that Fourth of July dinner.

Put three or four inches deep of uncut tubers into pans or peach crates, during February or March, and keep them warm and dark until sprouts start. If then the ground be not warm enough, the potatoes may be checked by cold and light or be planted in old berry boxes in earth, and, later, set box and all in the ground—ahead, by a month, of

Old Hoss.

Old hoss, your race is nearly run,
You're no account, it's plain to see;
I reckon I must take my gun
And put you out o' misery.
That crooked right hind leg that you're
Always a favorizin' so
Jest won't admit of any cure—
Old hoss, I 'low you'll have to go!
I mind when you and me was young,
Come twenty years this next July;
I mind the nights the old moon hung
O golden glory in the sky;
We hitched the ribbons 'round the whip,
My Jane and me and didn't care;
'Twas us that needed gardeenship.
'Twas you that exercised it there.
I mind the night my little Jane
Took down with croup—old hoss, I
mind
How you went tearin through the rain.
The buggy rockin' on behind;
I've not forgot that two-mile climb
You took without a minute's loss—
I heard the Doc say, "Just in time!"
And thanked my God I owned you,
hoss.

THE ONLY STUMP-PULLER SOLD WITH A REAL GUARANTEE



The only Malleable Stump Machine made, and the only one sold on a positive guarantee that it will do more than any other. Now it does not matter what kind of stump-pulling work you have to do, we make the right Machine for the purpose.

THE ONE WITH ALL THE GOOD POINTS

- 1—Rocker Shaft puts machine in and out of gear from either end of sweep, without lifting the sweep or sweep casting.
- 2—Truss Rod full length of sweep. Takes the strain off the sweep, puts it on the sweep casting.
- 3—Gear Clutch raises and lowers on hub by a half-turn of the hand lever.
- 4—Hand Wheel takes up the slack cable in a jiffy. Saves team, men and time.

5—Large Diameter Grooved Drum takes absolute care of the cable and makes it last many times longer.

6—Heavy Anchor Frame is so constructed that the strain is equalized on the machine whether the cable is high or low on the drum, and holds the machine in a rigid position.

7—The Rope Guides, adjustable hinged, held by springs, take absolute care of cable, prevent it from over-lapping, crossing, or shearing.

8—Back Ratchet takes strain off of team when pulling big stumps, and makes whole machine safe.

This is the only Machine in which every casting is warranted for one year, FLAW OR NO FLAW. Try this Machine under our Guarantee—that it far EXCELS any other—or you pay nothing. Hundreds of your friends and fellow farmers have tested and approved this Machine. So will you once you try it.

REMEMBER YOU RISK NOTHING

If you have land to clear of stumps, standing trees or willows, standing or burnt over, or poplars, or scrub of any kind, this is the machine you want, and the only one you will buy after you see it work. For it has every good point a Stump Puller should have, not merely one or two. We ask you just to test it for yourself under our most positive guarantee, that it will do the work better, easier, and quicker, that it will clear your land cheaper than any other machine on this earth. Isn't that plain?

Ask for catalogue showing the five different sizes, etc.

Canadian Swenson's, Limited, George Street, Lindsay, Ont.

Simmers' Seeds Complete Vegetable Garden Collection

Contains 25 packages of the best Vegetable Seeds, sufficient to furnish vegetables throughout the year, and one package of Flower Seeds, which we will send postpaid to any address in the Dominion of Canada for the extremely low price of \$1.00.

BEAN—Simmers' Giant Wax
BEET—Blood Turnip
CABBAGE—Vandergaw
CARROT—Scarlet Intermediate
CELERY—White Plume
CORN, SWEET—Cory
CUCUMBER—Long Green
CUCUMBER—Chicago, Pickle
LETTUCE—Simpson's Early
MUSKMELON—Montreal Green
Nutmeg
WATERMELON—Cuban Queen
ONION—Yellow Danvers
ONION—Prizetaker

PARSLEY—Champion Moss curled
PARSNIP—Improved Hollow Crowned
PEPPER—Sweet Spanish
PEAS—American Wonder
PEAS—Stratagem
PUMPKIN—Mammoth
RADISH—Scarlet Turnip, White Tip-ped
SALSIFY—Mammoth Sandwich Island
SQUASH—Summer Crookneck
SQUASH—Hubbard
TURNIP—Purple Top; Strap Leaved
TOMATO—Early Ruby

And packet Wild Garden Flower Seed Mixture. Also a copy of Simmer's Vegetable and Flower Garden (New Edition), and a copy of our handsome

1911 Seed Catalogue

which in itself is a mine of valuable information. Don't miss this.

J. A. Simmers, Limited
Seeds, Plants, Bulbs,

TORONTO

ONTARIO

INVESTIGATION OF ALL SEPARATORS EMPHASIZES IHC SUPERIORITY

You cannot separator before others. You should not you investigate all separa- be impressed with IHC know how much closer the IHC skims, how much longer it lasts, how much easier it is to clean, and how much easier it is to turn. There are no weak spots in an IHC Cream Harvester.

IHC Cream Harvesters are the only separators with dust-proof and milk-proof gears, which are at the same time easily accessible. The frame of an IHC Cream Harvester is entirely protected from wear by phosphor bronze bushings. The IHC has large shafts, bushings, and bearings; it has a perfect oiling system; the flexible top-bearing of

afford to buy any comparing it with take chances. The closer tors, the more you will superiority. You will then

IHC Cream Harvesters

is the strongest and most effective found in any separator; it has only one spring. IHC Cream Harvesters always run steady—without vibration. IHC Cream Harvesters are equipped with a patented dirt-arrester which removes the finest particles of dirt from the milk before the milk is separated. The crank is at the right height for easy turning, and the tank is at an easy height to fill.

The IHC local dealer will be glad to point out the above features and many others. Made in two styles—Dairymaid and Bluebell—in four sizes. Write direct for catalogue, or nearest branch house.

CANADIAN BRANCHES—International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton. International Harvester Company of America Chicago (Incorporated) USA

IHC Service Bureau

The Bureau is a clearing house of agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distribute the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problems to the IHC Service Bureau.

Old hoss, I can't! It ain't no use For me to talk o' killin' you; I just can't give you that abuse, Account o' things you used to do. That leg o' your'n has run its race, But right here now is where we jine; I'll keep you hobblin' 'round the place If I must loan you both o' mine!"

The Colt in Harness.

The first step toward getting a colt going successfully in harness is to properly bit and mouth him. In the old countries a common practice is to back the colt into a slip stall and hold him there by cross-ties snapped in the bit rings. He thus works against the iron, first bearing, then yielding, until he becomes accustomed to its presence and the pressure exerted by it. The dumb jockey, or more simple biting rig, commonly used here, serves much the same purpose, but no mechanical device is as effective as the pressure of the hand on the rein; better mouths are made in this way. Inasmuch as the conveyance of the master's thought to the horse's mind, for execution is via hands, reins, bit and mouth, no progress can be made and none should be attempted until this fundamental means of communication has been established. Simple physical power is a poor means of control when applied to the horse. On the contrary, control is a matter which involves to a greater extent the mental faculties of both horse and master. If he has been inspired from colthood with the idea of man's dominance, obedience will receive a great deal more consideration from him than rebellion will.

While teaching the horse subordination by leading him to underestimate certain of his powers, it is also essential that he be made to believe that there is no limit to certain others. For instance, the first time the colt is tied up by the head, see to it that the halter will hold him in case he pulls. If it does and he fails in the first few attempts, a string will probably serve as well as a chain to keep him in place thereafter, while if he succeeds in freeing himself at the first few attempts he will never cease trying to repeat what he has once accomplished. In the breaking process the kick strap should not be left off until the habit has been acquired, nor should any pains be spared to prevent an initial performance at either rearing, backing, wheeling or running. On the other hand, it is just as important not to overload a pair of draft colts, with a view of creating in them the notion that they can pull anything with two ends loose. Thus by exaggerating our equine servant's notion of those of his powers which are most useful to us and at the same time deceiving him as to those attributes, which, if realized, might impair his usefulness, we promote his serviceability.

The superiority of brain over brawn as concerned with the control of horses is well demonstrated in the admirable performance which occasionally good women drivers can get from horses which were unmanageable to most men. A light hand and a steady nerve are the requisites. The word, like the whip, should be well chosen, as to kind and time of application, and used with a definite meaning; but the fewer the better.

It is not necessary here to discuss the various systems of breaking, nor the art of driving. The idea is simply to impress upon the breeder the importance of properly handling the colts and fillies which he has bred. At all events give them a liberal education and begin early. Then, when the buyer comes along, the colt so handled is more likely to sell well for three reasons: i. e. that he is worth more; the owner has a better opportunity to show the colt off to his own advantage, presenting him with the best foot forward, as it were; and the buyer has a much better chance to observe the real merit that he possesses

THE TIRE THAT ALWAYS LEADS.

Dunlop Detachable Bicycle Tires are in a class by themselves—first-class. They hold that position against all comers.



Oak Grove Poultry Yards

Eggs for hatching from pure bred Buff and White Orpingtons, Rhode Island Reds, White Leghorns, White Rocks, Barred Rocks, White Wyandottes, Golden Wyandottes, Mammouth Bronze Turkeys, and Imperial Pekin Ducks. Write for catalogue. Address G. C. Mallory, Box 1482, Winnipeg, Man.



Strawberry Plants.

Forty leading varieties. Catalog and price list free; special instructions given for growing large red luscious berries in the western provinces. 100 plants sent post paid to any address in Canada for \$1.

John Downham, Strathroy, Ont.

Cards! Cards!

I will write your name on 12 cards for only 10c. The finest writing you ever saw. I will give a beautiful set of business and ornamental capitals

J. H. Glidden

free with each order. Agents wanted. Lessons in card writing a specialty. Address

G. L. WHITE, PENMAN
Box 266, Fredericton, N.B.

Scratched for Forty Years

Used D. D. D. Six Months—All Itching Gone.

This is the actual experience of Anne Croman, Santa Rosa, Cal., with the wonderful D. D. D. Prescription.

D. D. D. is the proven Eczema Cure, the mild wash that gives instant relief in all forms of skin trouble.

Cleanses the skin of all impurities—washes away blotches and pimples, leaving the skin as smooth and healthy as that of a child.

Write to-day for a free trial bottle of this wonderful Eczema Cure to the D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. "M," 49 Colborne Street, Toronto. It will give you instant relief.

Eat and Get Thin

This is turning an old phrase face about, but modern methods of reducing fat have made this revision possible.

If you are overfat and also averse to physical exertion and likewise fond of the table and still want to reduce your excess flesh several pounds do this: Go to your druggist (or write the Marmola Co., 1412 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich.) and give him (or send them) 75 cents. For this modest amount of money the druggist will put you in the way of satisfying your ambition for a nice, trim, slim figure. He will hand you a large case of Marmola Prescription Tablets (compounded in accordance with the famous Marmola Prescription), one of which you must take after each meal and at bedtime until you begin to lose your fat at the rate of 12 to 16 ounces a day. That is all. Just go on eating what you like, leave exercising to the athletes, but take your little tablet faithfully and without a doubt that flabby flesh will quickly take unto itself wings, leaving behind it your natural self, neatly clothed in firm flesh and trim muscles.

Order this Bargain Today—Only \$5.50

Receive a nice tailored suit made from melton cloth in black, navy, cardinal, dark brown and dark green.

It's a soft, smooth finished cloth and wears like iron.

The coat is cut in the new spring style with deep roll collar which is trimmed with satin and braid as pictured.

The skirt is cut in the new straight style with a wide fold of the goods at the foot.

The coat is lined in good quality satin and the whole suit is a great bargain at only \$5.50. Give number of inches around the largest part of the bust and smallest part of the waist also around largest part of hips, sleeve length and length of skirt from belt to desired length. Send to day.

NATIONAL SUIT CO.
5 Knox Block, London, Ont.



Buy Direct from my Factory—Save the Big Profits

Usually paid to the middlemen—the jobbers—the salesmen—the agents and dealers. I charge you only for the actual cost of the material and labor that goes into my Separators with just one very small profit added.

The Wonderful Galloway BATH-IN-OIL

CREAM SEPARATOR

Absolutely the lightest running, closest skimming and best built machine ever devised. Automatically oils itself. No oil holes to clog up or bother with. All gears run in bath of oil and all working parts enclosed in dust-proof case. This feature alone is worth \$25.00 on any cream separator. The low tank and high crank make work easy and save backache. The Swing Supply Tank is another great feature found only in the Galloway, and will prove a great convenience. Galloway Cream Separators are made in all sizes, ranging from 200 lbs. to 1,200 lbs. capacity, and are sold with the positive guarantee of absolute satisfaction or your money back at the end of thirty days. Just think of it! A standard, high-grade Galloway Cream Separator for only \$27.50! At this price there isn't a farmer or dairyman anywhere who can afford to be without one.

Send for My Free Cream Separator Catalog

It tells all about how to make the most money from your cows—how to increase your profit—15.00 annually from every cow you own, and many other things you will be glad to know about if you are interested in increasing your profits.

Remember, there is no duty on Cream Separators and there is no reason why you should pay more than our prices for a machine of any kind.

Write me this very day and let me send you my free Catalog and other printed matter that will surely interest you.

The William Galloway Co.
708 Galloway Station, WATERLOO, IOWA

\$27.50

—And your money back if not satisfied in 30 Days



'Tis blissfu' 'mang the hills to be,
Wi' lightsome steps to wander;
The sounds to hear, and scenes to see
Of Nature's wildest grandeur.
And I will sing here while I stand,
Where Scotland's sky is o'er me
O, she's the land o' mountains grand,
Of freedom, love and glory!

Henry Scott Riddell.

Early and Late Moulters as Winter Layers.

By Homer W. Jackson.

For two or three years I have been calling attention to the possibility of loss from following the common advice to select the early moulting hens and discard the late moulters. Where late moulting is not due to ill health, it is usually due to persistent laying, and sending late moulters to market is pretty certain to result in sacrificing the most persistent layers in the flock. In the experiments made along this line last year and the year before, the late moulters proved to be the best, or among the best, of the lots from which they were selected; but I have not been able to follow the records of individual hens until this winter, when I installed trap nests in a number of pens and have the following data to submit, which supports in a striking manner my contentions. The condition of 23 hens was noted November 1, all being pure-bred White Wyandottes one year old. They were not all kept in the same pen, but were in the same house, under identical conditions, and on the same ration.

Table of Egg Record of Early and Late Moulting Hens.

Average No. Eggs per hen
From Nov. to April.

9 hens fully or nearly feathered out Nov. 1	20.5
3 hens new feathers half grown Nov. 1	48.7
4 hens bare, or nearly so Nov. 1	45
2 hens beginning to moult Nov. 1	46.5
5 hens not noticeably in moult	48.6

Since winter eggs are supposed to be the long suit of the early moulters, compare these records for November-February:

9 hens as above, average Nov.-Feb.	8
3 do. do. Nov.-Feb.	18
4 do. do. Nov.-Feb.	15.2
2 do. do. Nov.-Feb.	21
5 do. do. Nov.-Feb.	20.8

The reason the second lot makes so good a showing is that the best layer of the entire number happened to come in that class and gave it a better standing than it really deserves.

I am able to see only one important objection to carrying over late moulters, which is that they are somewhat more liable to take cold when moulting in winter. Of the 23 hens included in this report one of the late moulters was sick in February, but recovered without treatment. One of the early moulters died in March. This is a better showing for the late moulters than in previous years, though they were kept last winter in an open front house.

The Fall Pullets.

These pullets are a mixed lot, about one-third being Barred Rocks and Brown Leghorns, balance mostly grade White Wyandottes. They began laying in February, and have been very good layers since April. The table does not do them entire justice, as they laid to some extent with the other pens. This is the most serious objection to experimenting with range flocks and must be kept in mind in studying the table. The eggs from these fall pullets are too small to bring the best prices and have been snipped separately. The discrimination against them has never amounted to more than two cents on the dozen, which is very satisfactory to me.

Eggs in Water Glass.

An inquirer asks how to preserve eggs in water glass. This recipe is clipped from a poultry paper whose identity is

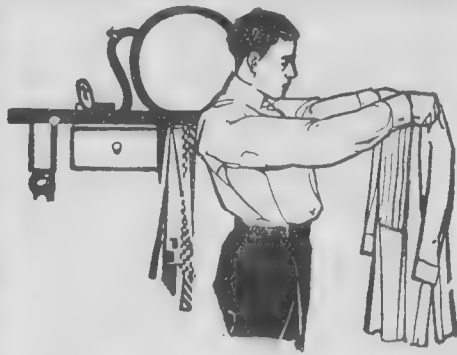
now uncertain, and we give it for what it is worth:

To one gallon of water glass (silicate of soda or liquid glass) add nine gallons of soft water. Pour this in a ten-gallon stone jar or two five-gallon jars. Cover with a cloth to keep out dust and place

in a dark, cool spot. Gather eggs fresh daily, discarding all soiled ones, and put in jar. When filled, tie cloth over mouth of jar and the work is done. To put up larger quantities barrels can be used, care being taken, however, that they are perfectly clean and sweet.

Kindness to the Horse Pays.

After mingling with tens of thousands of farmers, my observation is that they are, for the most part, men of intelligence, blessed with a goodly degree of human kindness, and know without being



Use Sunlight Soap This Way

Soak the clothes, then lather well. Let stand half an hour, rub out the suds lightly, rinse, wring and hang out to dry. Could anything be more simple?

IDEAL FOR FINE LINENS

SUNLIGHT SOAP, free from chemicals or adulterants, requires no hard boiling nor heavy rubbing to aid it. It does its own work without these clothes-destroying helps—works equally well in hard or soft water.

Sunlight Soap leaves clothes pure white, clean and sweet-smelling—absolutely free from yellowish color and strong, musty, soapy odors.



Use Sunlight Soap according to directions—try it just once—and convince yourself that it will do twice as much as other soaps.

14 5c

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Refuse Any Roofing Which is NOT Guaranteed for at Least 25 Years

Why should you take ANY risk when you can make the maker take ALL the risk? The cost to you now will differ very little, no matter what roof you put on. So you might as well get the most you can for your money. Don't you think so?

OSHAWA Steel Shingles are clearly, positively, responsibly guaranteed—signed guarantee written in plain English—which plainly states that if your roof of Oshawa Steel Shingles gives any kind of roof trouble within 25 years from the day it's first put on, you get an entirely new roof free. There's \$365,000 capital, 50 years of honorable dealing, and the biggest business of its kind in the British Empire back of this written guarantee making it as legally binding as any that could be given you. Now then, why on earth will you take chances with any other kind of a roofing?

IT'S only natural that salesmen for other roofing should "knock" this guarantee of mine. How else are they going to get around it and induce you to buy their roofing, which is NOT guaranteed? What do you think my business reputation would be worth in a year or two if I issued a guarantee that wasn't absolutely square? Don't let any man bluff you—get his promises down in writing, and signed—like mine are. Then the roof will HAVE TO make good. Then FIRST cost will be the WHOLE cost, and you'll know what you can count on.

The ONLY Roof That is Guaranteed At ALL

If other roofing makers are so sure their roofing will last as long as mine, why can't they do as I do—give a guarantee that's good for a new roof if the first one gives any trouble? Is it because they are afraid to take the risk of having to give you a new roof? They want YOU to take that risk. Will you do it? Or will you buy my guaranteed Oshawa Steel Shingles, and have something you can positively depend on? Which is the best bargain from your point of view.



Here I offer to sell you a roof which you know to be good, and which I guarantee (with a guarantee I have to back up or go out of business) to stay a good roof for all of 25 years. Now will you please give me any good reason why any man—YOU, my friend for example—should not be interested enough in getting the best roof for HIS OWN buildings, to send for my book and get all the particulars about my Oshawa Steel Shingles? The book is free—the information it contains is valuable to any man who owns or will own any kind of a building.

Will YOU please write for it? *G. A. Pedlar*

PEDLARIZE All Your Buildings—Inside and Out

By "Pedlarizing" I mean doing for the whole building what Oshawa Steel Shingles do for the roof. I make other kinds of sheet metal building materials—for ceilings, side walls, outside—that make your whole building more fireproof, more sanitary, more beautiful, more substantial. May I send you a booklet and pictures that tell the whole story? It's free. Just ask me to tell you about "Pedlarizing."

Isn't This The Kind of Roof YOU Want

A roof that you pay the same for NOW as you pay for other kinds of roof, but which will need no patching, no fixing or replacing for the next twenty-five years. A roof that makes your building absolutely weatherproof, with never a crack or hole for water or wind to squeeze through. A roof that is fireproof, wind-tight, lightning-proof, a roof that needs no painting, no summer or spring or fall, summer or winter, for all of twenty-five years. Then get my Oshawa Steel Shingles.

Can't Leak, Rust, Rot, Warp or Burn

Oshawa Steel Shingles cover your roof with one big seamless sheet of heavyweight galvanized steel, without a crevice or crack anywhere for water or wind to get into. And it stays that way for twenty-five years. I guarantee it. No leaks of any kind. Keeps out the cold of winter and heat of summer—and being steel affords the best kind of fire protection. Can you imagine any better roof?

I Want to Send You My Valuable Book—"Roofing Right"

Let me have your name and address, please. I want you to read my book. I believe that when you really get a clear and correct understanding of all sides of this roofing question you'll never be bamboozled with flimsy, unsatisfactory roofs which soon become little better than no roof at all. Do get my book of facts. Write the address nearest you (see below) and they'll send you a copy entirely free.

Write to Address Nearest You. Ask for "Roofing Right" Booklet No. 34

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314A ADDRESS OUR NEAREST WAREHOUSE. WE WANT AGENTS IN SOME SECTIONS. WRITE FOR DETAILS. MENTION THIS PAPER.

told that kindness to the horse pays in dollars and cents. There are some, however, who seem to think that when a reasonable amount of feed is given, and sufficient shelter provided to prevent downright suffering, their whole duty has been done, and the animal has no right to expect anything further than thumps, jerks, kicks, curs-words, and other little attentions of like nature. They seem to think that with the dominion God gave to man over every beast of the field came the right to neglect, overwork and otherwise abuse.

But, worse than this, haven't you seen men who seemed to take a kind of devilish, cowardly delight in torturing any dumb brute they may have in their power? These are the men (?) who, when a crisis arises requiring either moral or physical courage, are the first ones to show the white feather. When fetched up to account for their barbarous treatment they always cry out, "Carping sentiment!" Thanks to the farm paper and the institutes, these agricultural "Squeers" are becoming scarce.



"No room for me." On J. Caswell's Farm, Rosthern, Sask

Let us hope that we may soon class them among the other extinct brutes.

How does kindness pay? The comfort of any animal has a great influence on its health, thrift and usefulness. That horse can be neither thrifty nor useful that is worked beyond his strength, with bad-fitting collar and sore shoulders; that has but a scanty supply of feed, and that of poor quality; that has wet or frozen manure for a bed in winter, and a scanty pasture with foul water and no shade in summer—in short, is an entire stranger to any real kindness. These are the ones that are debilitated, ill-tempered, breachy, balky and break down, entirely worthless at ten or twelve years old, when they should just be in their very prime.

Old Bill and Old Charley.

To show what may be expected of a good horse when well treated, one of my neighbors had a horse that died a few years ago at the age of twenty-eight. For more than twenty years he did regular and almost constant work on the farm and road. He was agreeable to handle, and had no bad habits, the result of kind treatment. Even after he was placed on the retired list he was well treated, and paid for his keep several years doing the light work about the farm. Had he been mistreated as many horses are, he would have been good for only about half this number of years, and to replace him would have cost about two hundred and fifty dollars. Besides, no horse can do efficient, satisfactory work unless well fed and well treated. Then our friend can always carry the pleasing thought that he did the right thing by "Old Charley."

I have on my farm at this time a horse that is past twenty-three years old. I began working him at two years old, so for twenty-one years he has done regular work, and is at it to-day. This will hardly continue for twenty-one years longer, but there is no sign of breakdown as yet. He is a fine looker, good style, not a blemish on him. When strangers see him and are told his age they are prone to size him up as a youthful horse and me as an aged liar, but here is where they fool themselves—on Old Bill, I mean.

I sometimes wonder if there is a heaven prepared for the Old Bills and Old Charleys. Of one thing I am sure, there ought to be. And the Scripture teaches that there is a place of torment prepared for the cusses who abuse them. This is a precious promise, and very full of comfort. And there is joy in the thought that there will not be many of these, and there will be torment enough to go round, for the common instincts of the gentleman teach most of us to be kind to the Old Bills and the Old Charleys. And it pays, too.

J. Al Dobie.

Auglaize County, Ohio.

Building a Hotbed.

For early vegetables some provision for starting certain plants earlier than can be done in the open air is desirable; for this purpose nothing is better than a good hotbed, and its construction is so simple and the expense so slight that every garden should have one. A hotbed proper not only protects the plants from the cold, but also supplies bottom heat. By this term the gardener means that the soil is constantly kept several degrees warmer than the air above, that being the condition, so far as heat is concerned, which is most favorable for rapid and vigorous growth, and gardeners usually secure it by making a compact pile of some fermenting material and covering it with the earth in which the plants are to grow.

Heating Material.—The best heating material that is easily available is fresh horse manure, containing a liberal quantity of straw bedding. Such manure, if thrown into a loose pile, will heat violently and unevenly, and will soon become cold. What is wanted in the hotbed is a steady and moderate, but lasting, heat. To secure this the manure should be forked over, shaken apart, and, if dry, watered and allowed to stand a few days, and then be forked over again,

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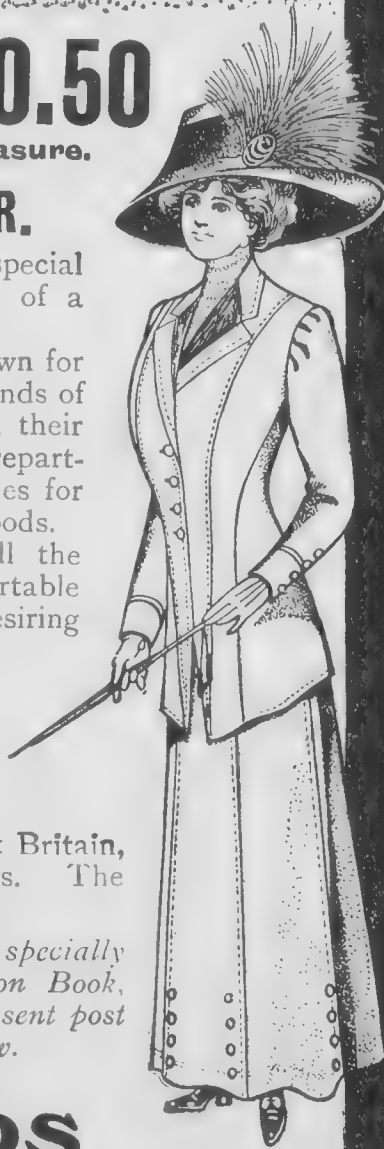
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Let me send you my Free Book on horses, and the opportunities open to you. Write today, now, while you think of it, for Free Book. Also tell me about your horse. (14)
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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
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Mr. M. G. Weightman, Monteville, Man.; writes: April 8, 1907. "I have used ABSORBINE with good success on soft swellings."

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piled and allowed to heat a second time, the object being to get the whole mass into a uniform degree of fermentation, and as soon as this is accomplished it is fit for use.

Sash.—Some gardeners use sash made especially for hotbeds, and glazed with small lights cut from odds and ends, and so furnished at very low rates. Such sash can usually be procured in any of our large cities, and costs much less than if made to order. For garden use, however, we much prefer a smaller sash that can be easily handled, and the use of larger and better glass. We recommend that for home gardens the sash be about 2½ by 4 or 5 feet, and that the glass be not less than 10 by 14, laid with not more than ¼-inch lap. In giving the order to one unaccustomed to the work, it would be well to state what they are to be used for, and that they need to be made like skylight sash.

The Frame.—This may be made of sound 1-inch lumber, the back 12 to 14 inches high, the front 10 to 12. It should be well fitted to the sash, so as to leave as little opening as possible, and yet allow the sash to be easily moved up and down, even when the frame is quite wet.

The Soil.—This should be light, rich, friable. Any considerable amount of clay in it is very objectionable. If possible, it should be unfrozen when put into the bed; for this reason it is much better to prepare it the fall before, and cover the pile with enough coarse manure or straw to keep out the frost.—Extracts

may do. Laws against leaving camp fires burning are already on the statute books, but it is quite evident that their observance rests mainly with the tourist himself. He must be impressed with the very serious nature of his offence. If a man sets fire to a building, he is convicted of arson and sent to prison as a felon, but if his unextinguished camp fire burns down millions of dollars' worth of timber, and perhaps destroys human life as well, he is, at best, made to pay a small fine. When public opinion views this carelessness of the camper as a criminal act, and frowns upon him accordingly, considerable progress will have been made in lessening the number of forest fires from this cause.

But it is the railways that spread the most destruction. Traversing as they do the great lone stretches of uninhabited timber areas, the sparks from their locomotives start numerous fires that gain great headway before being detected. Too often the right-of-way, piled thick with inflammable rubbish, furnishes a tinder-box for these conflagrations. The owner of destroyed property along the line has found it almost impossible, under the present laws, to get damages from the railway company, so difficult is it to fix the responsibility and so expensive is the process of litigation. In order to lessen the number of fires due to this cause, the Committee on Forests of the Commission of Conservation has proposed to make the railways



Doukhobors Harvesting.

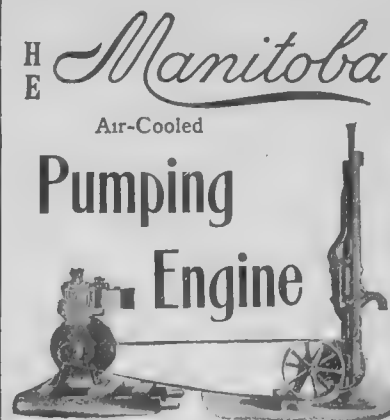
from a pamphlet issued by the Wm. Rennie Co., Ltd., Seedsmen. Making the bed and management will be dealt with in later issues.

Forest Fires.—A National Menace.

During the past summer forest fires have been devouring the growth of centuries with ruthless rapacity. Northern Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia have suffered most. Fine tracts of merchantable timber, worth millions of dollars, have been destroyed; square mile upon square mile of young growth, coming up to supply the demands of the future, has been wiped out of existence. In Northern Ontario, where but a thin layer of vegetable mould covers the rocks, the soft, oozy forest floor, the only hope of vegetation and equable stream flow, has been completely destroyed, leaving a cheerless rocky waste for generations to come. Even if no thought be given to the number of lives lost, it must be admitted that the loss occasioned this year by forest fires has been nothing short of appalling.

Can nothing be done, then, to prevent this loss? The answer is that much can be done. The solution of the problem is indicated in two words—public sentiment. The two principal causes of forest fires are campers and railways, and public opinion must be brought to bear upon these. The tourist-camper does not at all realize the extent of the damage which his unextinguished camp fire

peculiarly responsible. It has recommended that there be added to the Railway Act a clause making them liable to a fine of \$1,000 recoverable by summary prosecution before a stipendiary magistrate or two justices of the peace, for every fire started by sparks from their locomotives. It makes no difference whether the fire begins outside the right-of-way or spreads therefrom to adjoining land. The railways are exempt from this fine if they can show that they have the best modern appliances on their locomotives to prevent the emission of sparks, that their employees have not shown negligence in conducting to the starting of the fire, and that they have maintained an efficient and properly equipped staff of fire-rangers. In other words, the Committee proposes to lessen the number of fires caused by sparks from locomotives by having the railways fined for the damage they do, unless they take every possible precaution to prevent such damage. This is obviously a fair recommendation as regards both the railways and the public, and the effort to have it made law is worthy of public support. Every Canadian is deeply interested in the protection of our forests; for each forest fire means that he and his children will have to pay higher prices for every foot of lumber they use. Such a measure for the preservation of our forests as that recommended by the Committee on Forests of the Commission of Conservation should, therefore, commend itself to every public-spirited citizen and newspaper in Canada.



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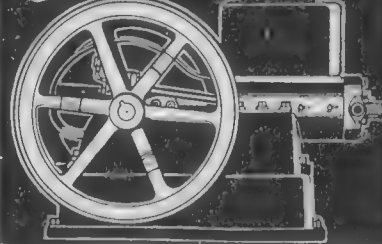
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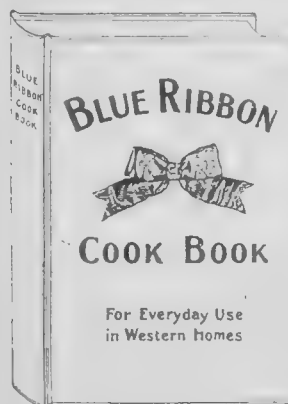
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Not a cheap advertising booklet, but a complete, reliable cook book, strongly bound, clean, white, washable oilcloth. And here's your chance to get it.

Send \$1.00 for Western Home Monthly for one year and we will send you a copy of Blue Ribbon Cook Book, FREE.

In Lighter Vein.

The Saddest Part.

When little Elsie Bess was but a child
She came to me one day
And laid her head upon my cheek
In her sweet baby way.

"Papa," she said, "I want a doll."
What could her father do?
With heart quite full of parent love
I straightway bought her two.

The years sped on. The crown of youth
Lay on her maiden brow.
Again she came to me and said,
"I want a pony now."

The pony came. How glad was I
To see her happy face,
And on my wrinkled heart there lay
No blighting sorrow's trace.

Alas! how easy 'tis to give
Our treasures of the heart
To those we love, but oh, how hard
It is from them to part.

For yesterday she came again,
Just as a child of three.
And, blushing, said, "He's there down-
stairs."
Papa, and he wants me."

Love Stories in Brief.

The Shortest Proposal of Marriage on Record—Jocularities.

Here are some paragraphs concerning the tender passion. They were found floating about on the sea of anonymity:

A gentleman was deeply in love. He met the object of his affection one evening at a crowded ball, and, as he could not find an opportunity of talking to her he contrived to slip into her hand a piece of paper with the two words "Will you?" written upon it.

The reply was equally brief:
"Won't I!"

A student once remarking in company that he could make an impromptu rhyme upon any word that might be given to him, was requested to try his powers on "di-do-dum," whereupon he gave the following: "When Dido's lover to Dido would not come, Dido sat moping, and was Dido dumb."

A good Rochester, N.Y., pastor, a widower, proposed to a young lady a short time since, but was rejected. His feelings had the second severe test when a widow neighbor sent him the following text to preach from: "You ask and receive not, because you ask a miss."

He—Is this the first time you've ever been in love, darling?
She (thoughtlessly)—Yes, but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last!

Winter in the Country.

"This is good, old-fashioned winter weather," said one of the shivering men in the cable car. "This is when I'd like to be out in the country."

"Would, eh?" asked his companion.

"Yes, it must be great to sit by a warm fire and look out across the snowy fields."
"Oh, it's great. Did you ever hitch up a team of horses with the thermometer at zero, and you had to take your gloves off?"

"No. I never did."

"Did you ever try to milk a cow that was cold and fretful and didn't like to be handled?"

"No."

"Did you ever dig the woodpile out of a snowbank and find all the sticks covered with ice? I guess you didn't. Did you ever get up at five o'clock to build a fire out of brown paper and hickory knots? Oh, and say! did you ever sneak up-stairs and go to bed in a room colder'n Greenland's icy mountains; have to crawl in between two sheets that puts goose pimples all over you, make your teeth rattle? Then, of course, it's a good deal of fun to shovel a path to the barn. Pump freezes up and you pour ten gallons of hot water into it. No use.

You have to drink melted snow. You don't see your neighbors once a week. Have to sit around the house and read 'Family Cook Book,' or something like that. You can have all the country you want at this time of the year. I'll stick to my little hotel room, with the steam heater in the corner."

Really Crowded.

A friend was complaining the other day to Captain Barber, Port Captain of the State pilots, about the crowded condition of the steamboat on which he recently made a trip.

"Four in a room?" replied Barber. "That's nothing. You should have travelled in the days of the gold rush to California. I remember one trip out of New York we carried more than one thousand passengers, and if you put fifty on that ship today there'd be a holler that would reach Washington and make trouble for somebody. To show you how crowded it was, and what 'crowded' really means, three days out from New York a chap walked up to the old man and said:

"Captain, you really must find me a place to sleep."

"Where in thunder have you been sleeping until now?" asked the old man.

"Well," says the fellow, "you see, it's this way: I've been sleeping on a sick man, but he's getting better now and won't stand for it much longer."

A Boy's Disillusion.

A few inspectors have such a kind, friendly, and familiar way with them, that their official visit to a school savors more of the nature of a treat than an examination.

A certain gentleman of this type once put a class of village scholars quite off their guard by his blandness and affability. After having passed a few words with the master, he stepped into one of the class-rooms just like any ordinary "visitor," stood before the boys, chuckled one of them under the chin, and began as follows:

"Now, Tommy, suppose that you and I were playing at marbles. At the start, you have ten, and I have eight."

The boys all pricked up their ears with interest. They thought it was the beginning of a story.

"Well, when the game is over you have won half my marbles. So I want you to play again, in order that I may win some back."

The boys hitched still closer up.

"In the next game, I win half the whole number of marbles you have. Now, Tommy, my question is this: How many marbles have you got left?"

Then Tommy, utterly disgusted, suddenly drew his face away from the inspector, leaned back in his desk, and exclaimed:

"Well, I'm blowed—then its sums after all!"

The Original Cheese Joke.

A gentleman dines. He dines well, finishing off with coffee and cheese. At least, he has the coffee, but the cheese plate is empty. He waits patiently, and then gently beckons the waiter.

"Garcon," he says questioningly, "I ordered Rochefort!"

"Yes, sir; quite right, sir; I brought it, sir."

"You brought it? Then where is it?" indignantly.

"Where is it, sir? Why, haven't you eaten it, sir?" in astonishment.

"Certainly not!" in wrath.

"Then, sir," with decision, as one who knows from experience, "it must have got away, sir."

The Wisdom of the World vs the Wisdom of the Children of Light.

Young Jerry was present at Sunday school for the first time. He was interested in the class proceedings mostly as a spectator, but at the collection, when each child recited a scriptural verse as he deposited his penny, Jerry decided to come in. The boy next to him had declared, "He that giveth to the poor lend-

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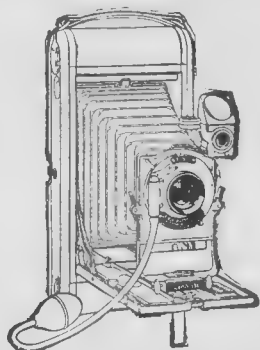
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JOHN CALDWELL, Virden Nurseries
VIRDEN, MAN.

eth to the Lord." when Jerry arose and asserted, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

A Horrible Example.

A temperance orator of note states that whenever his audience is unresponsive he resorts to the following fact story, which has never failed to bring men forward to sign the pledge.

A husband stood before the court, convicted of having attempted the life of his wife's mother. Perhaps there might have been extenuating circumstances, the judge reflected, hoping somehow to apply the unwritten law. Then he addressed the prisoner:

"My man, was it drink that made you shoot at your wife's mother?"

"No, your honor," confessed the unhappy wretch, "It was drink made me miss her."

Almost Lost His Bet.

"Jimmie, I kin carry me hod to the givnth flur full of bricks and niver touch hand to the ladder!"

"Ye kin? An' I say ye kin not."

"Jimmie, I will aven carry ye along on top of the hod. Come now, I'll bet ye the price of a hat!"

"It's yerself's a fool, an' I'm a bigger wan, but I'll go ye."

At the fifth floor Patrick wavered, slipped about all but fell with his cargo. But he recovered his balance and at last arrived safe at the seventh floor.

thank yer" de nex' ter one ob He children; but how much 'tension does yer reckon He am guyn' ter pay to yo', my brudder?

You better not trust yer reperation ter a man what don't care nuffin' fur he own. De ole Marster ain't guyn' ter set a blind nigger ter watch de hen-coop on a dark night.

Rich folks has dey trials same as poah folks. W'en yo' is at de barbecue, yo' jes' watch an' see how ebrybody am ready to baste de fat hog an' let de lean one burn.

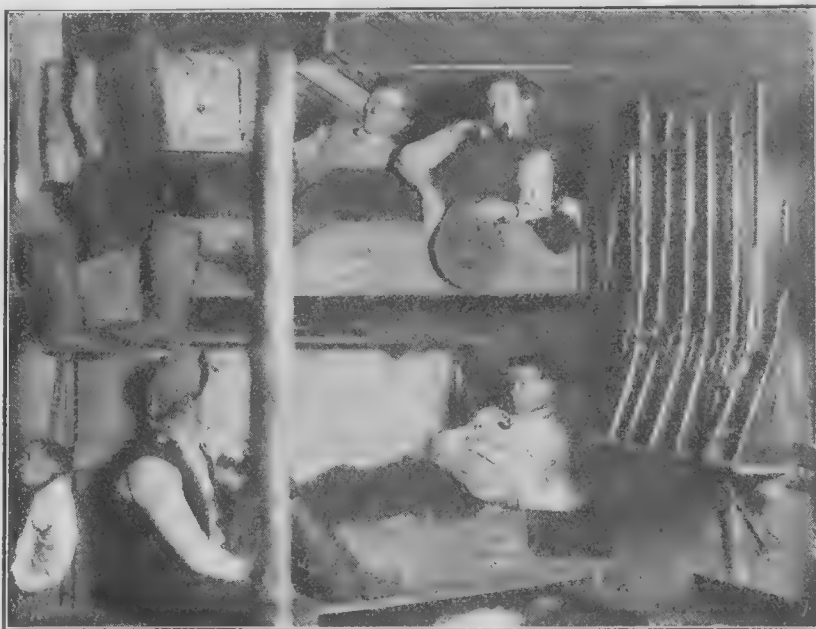
De nigger what steal he marster's goose better not gib de wings ter he wife ter teck ter church ter fan wid. You better sabe 'em fo' yo'se'f, brudder, 'ca'se dey is all de Lord guyn' to let yo' hab, lessen yo' change yer ways.

Dere am a heap ob preachers what blow so hard at Satan dat dey gits de dust frum de road ob hell in dey eyes twel dey can't reckernise de Lord's own friends when dey come dat er way.

Mity few niggers am guyn' ter act jest de same way up at de big white house on de hill es dey do in de leetle cabin down in de valley.

Be jest as kind es yer please, brudder, but nobody am a-guyn' ter thank yer long ef yo' am kinder dan yo' can afford to be.

We aint got no faults dat de debbil don't keep count ob same as aiggs, ready ter hatch 'em inter vices jest es soon es we gibs him er chance ter nuss 'em a leetle while fur us.



Story telling in a Western Camp.

"An' what did I tell ye?" he exulted. "Tis well done," admitted Jimmie, feeling about him for the money. "but I tho't I had ye there at the fi't flure."

Then He Shook Hands with his Son.

"You look like a fool!" thundered the disgusted man to his swell son just in from college. "More and more like a conceited, harebrained, helpless fool every year!"

Just then an acquaintance of the old gentleman entered the office and saw the youth.

"Hello, Charlie, back, eh!" he exclaimed, genially. "Say, you're getting to look more and more like your father every year!"

"Ya-as," said Charlie, "that's what the governor's just been telling me."

Apropos.

"That's the end of my tail," as the tadpole said, when he turned into a bull frog."

Random Reading.

What is that which plays when it works and works when it plays?—A fountain.

Sparks From Dark Altars.

De man what marries a woman jest 'ca'se she am pretty, gits ebout de same satisfaction dat de man what eats a mockin' bird on ercount ob his fine sing in' gits.

Hits mighty easy ter ax "Please God" ter de Lord one minute, and say "No,

A pretty woman widout modesty am like a fine gold box wid pizen in hit.

A quiet conscience 'll sleep ter de music ob de thunder, but a guilty one thinks de Lord am p'intin' he finger at him ebbery time de lightnin' strikes.

De angel Opportunity ain't a-guyn' ter fold he wings twice on de doorstep whar nobody come ter tell him "How-die?" when he fust come.

Ef yo' is 'shamed ter ax God or yer mammy fur a thing, yer had better do widout hit.

Trouble am a mule what often totes yer ter de Palace ob Wisdom.

Here yo' all is in yer Sunday close, lookin' mity fine. I hope yo' is brung Sunday hearts, too, brudders an' sisters; but I doan' know 'bout dat, 'ca'se a heap ob folks wears clean gloves fur ter kiver dirty stained fingers.

Ef yo' puts de arrow ob yer hopes inter de bow ob one ob God's promises, yo' am mity apt to hit a golden mark.

Compliments don't cost no money, but a heap ob folks gib all dey got fur 'em, an' frow in dey self-respect, erfore dey larn de true valyure of dem.

Bear and forbear am two bears dat is guyn' ter 'arn yer things a heap more precious dan a hatful ob coin, ef yo' ain't ashamed fur ter show dem often enuf.

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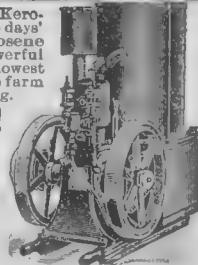
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Boys and Girls.

Victory in Defeat.

Betty Haskins lived on a farm ten miles from the academy. Her three years' course of study had been bought by many sacrifices and by much patient work. Betty had not counted her own toils—boarding herself, walking home on Friday nights, making one gown do for Sundays and week-days, ignoring worn shoes and a hat of a forgotten fashion—and now the end was in sight, and Betty was valedictorian of her class.

It was the Saturday before graduation. Betty's essay was finished and committed to memory. Her white gown was freshly ironed. As she stood on the chapel steps after her last rehearsal she was glad to be alive, and conscious only of that joy—save for one pin-prick of anxiety as to why she had not had her usual note from her mother during the week. But that was lost in the happy surmise that the parents meant to surprise her by a visit to-morrow.

Suddenly she caught sight of her father in a buggy, driving rapidly down the street. She sprang to meet him, quick to see that his face was grave.

"Betty, child, you'll have to come home with me. Three of the children are down with the measles. Mother is killing herself. The neighbors have been good, but they are worn out, I can see. Mother wants you. Seems as if nobody else would do. The baby—my dear, I'm afraid he's going to die!"

subject of that same essay had been "Victory in Defeat."—Youth's Companion.

The House in the Garden.

Johnny would never have known anything about it if he had not been digging dandelions out of the lawn, when with his weeding fork he opened such a queer little house.

At first it seemed to be nothing but a long passage. Johnny pulled out his knife, and cut open the roof. The floor was smooth and clean, although it was made of earth, and the ceiling was prettily arched.

"Where does it all go to, anyway?" said Johnny, getting quite excited. He dug on and on, but there seemed to be no end. Here and there were other little passages opening into the long one. Last of all, he came to a little room with an arched roof. Maybe that was where the little miner lived.

"I wish I knew what sort of a fellow made it," said Johnny musingly.

While he was wondering, the ground began to move and rise. You see, the master of the house was not a bit discouraged. When he found his home in ruins, he began at once to dig out another.

"Now, if I can only catch him!" whispered Johnny to himself. He put in his knife carefully, not to hurt the busy



Prize Winning Shetlands.

"O father, he mustn't! I'll be ready in five minutes."

Not a word was said of the relation of this hasty summons to the coming Wednesday and its valedictory.

When Wednesday came, Betty was too busy to think much about the academy. She was grateful that she had had a course of emergency lessons there, and that the doctor said she was as good as a trained nurse. She was fighting for the baby's life.

Three weeks later the baby was getting rosy and plump again. Mother was back at her post, but Betty was tired and restless, and could not sleep very well. She found herself dreaming herself back at the academy and wondering how the chapel looked on commencement day, and finding it hard to see how her disappointment had been right.

One afternoon, however, the principal of the academy knocked at the door of the farmhouse. He had in his hand a blue-tied roll.

"I've come to bring you your diploma, Betty," he said. "I thought you would be glad to hear that Kate Fisher read your essay at commencement, and it had more applause than any of the others. The folks seemed to like your being at home with the baby. And, by the way, the trustees want to know if you will come over to the academy to teach English next year. They seem to think that a girl who could write that essay could teach other boys and girls to write. The salary would be ten dollars a week and 'found'!"

Betty's face was worth seeing just then. It was a curious coincidence, too, that the

little miner, and tumbled him out into the sunshine. What a funny little fellow he was! He was dressed from head to foot in the softest, silkiest fur you ever saw; and his rose-colored hands were not a bit like the grimy fists of the coal miners that Johnny saw once. He was almost blind. Indeed, Johnny thought he had no eyes at all; but he was strong and sturdy for all that.

Johnny carried him home for a pet; but Mr. Mole did not enjoy his life above ground, so he was taken back to the garden, where he could enjoy his digging and delving.—Youth's Companion.

Lotta's Burglar.

By Ruth Mortimer.

It was unprecedented at Ersham for the students to break out so late in the term. Still more unprecedented was it for a potent, grave and reverend senior to have any share in the mischief. Yet, only three nights before Commencement, the students "made things howl," and Tom Anstruther was head and front of the offending. They nailed up over the chapel door the sign: "To Providence and way-stations," stolen from the railroad. They serenaded obnoxious members of the faculty in terms anything but flattering. They built a huge bon fire on the campus and indulged in a promiscuous song-and-dance performance around it.

In the midst of the uproar there was the cry of "Faculty! faculty!" followed by an instant hush. The students sent

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tered in all directions, Anstruther as fast as any—faster, indeed, when he found himself closely followed. His pursuer appeared to be one of the younger and more active of the professors, who quite caught the spirit of the chase. Tom found it impossible to shake him off. Was the valedictorian of the graduating class to be caught thus ignominiously?

An open basement window gave him an inspiration. He sped past it; then, doubling cleverly on his foe, sprang through it and laughed to hear his footsteps grow fainter in hot pursuit up the street.

Upstairs Lotta Desmond was brushing out her pretty brown hair preparatory to retiring. On her daintily frilled toilet table, looking oddly out of place, lay Cousin Jim's revolver. There had been a great many pokes about that revolver. Her uncle and cousin had solemnly installed Lotta as man of the house during their absence. Jim had reminded her of the exploits of brave Mrs. Brown and plucky Mrs. Peters, as recorded by the Daily Chronicle. The first of these ladies had, alone and unarmed, held a burglar captive until help came. The second, under like circumstances, had completely routed two desperate villains.

And Lotta had demanded Jim's pistol and declared that she only longed for a chance to emulate their heroism. And Jim had promised to watch the papers for a similar mention of daring Miss Desmond.

So Lotta smiled when her eyes fell on the pistol, for as yet no opportunity for glory had come to her, and Jim would be home to-morrow.

Just then her aunt came into the room, fancying, as she had fancied every night since her husband's departure, that she "heard a noise, and would dear Lotta, who was so fearless, mind going downstairs to investigate?"

So Lotta thrust her little bare feet into slippers, threw on a wrapper, and sallied forth, pistol in hand.

Aunt Lucy detained her with a last word—in case it should be anyone, to "let her know immediately, immediately; but otherwise not to disturb her, as she was extremely fatigued."

With a dim recollection that the dining-room window had not been closed, the young girl made her way thither at once. The gas had been put out and a miserable candle left burning. What Lotta saw by the dim light was a tall young man rather roughly clad.

Alas! Tom, usually something of a dandy, had that night donned his poorest array, his hair disordered, his clothes grimed with dust and soot, from which not even his face had escaped, coolly examining her uncle's silver. Spirit of Mrs. Brown and Mrs.—the other lady—inspire her!

"Drop that or I fire!"

Tom turned with a start. What he saw was a pretty girl in a charming negligee, whose voice and hand both shook as she uttered this doughty threat, and in whose face a certain timid determination, a look of one frightened at her own daring, appealed to his sense of humor. But it would not do to laugh at her. Besides, that pistol in her, uncertain, unfamiliar hand was no joke. So he said with due humility:

"I surrender. But for heaven's sake put up that revolver! You are as likely to shoot yourself as me."

"Not at all," evidently nettled. "I am perfectly accustomed to using it."

Need it be said that this was a deliberate lie, uttered with intent of striking terror to the bosom of the robber?

For the same purpose Lotta continued to level her pistol and eye him with much outward severity and not a few inward tremors, thinking withal that your housebreaker is not the bold desperado he is painted. Still, keeping watch over one is weary work, heigh-ho! Tom rapidly determined to see the adventure through. Time enough to make his escape should she call for help or should any fresh complication arise. He hoped she was not going to keep him standing all night. Presently he ventured to suggest that she could mount guard over him quite as well seated.

Lotta assented gladly. Her burglar was quite a model, she thought. And why should she encumber herself longer

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with that unnecessary pistol, of which, she acknowledged to herself, she was much more afraid than was her prisoner?

Accordingly she laid it carefully down within reach. Then, with what seemed to Tom a most amazing under-rating of his strength, she announced her intention of holding him until assistance should arrive.

To him the situation was not without its charm. It does not often happen to any of us that a pretty girl will insist on sitting next us and holding our hands—and that she was pretty, exceedingly pretty. Anstruther managed to satisfy himself in spite of the stingy light.

Once or twice he addressed a remark to his fair captor, but she discouraged all attempt at conversation. And so they sat in silence, while the candle burned low and finally went out, and the cold gray light of dawn crept into the room. Even this did not cause Lotta to change her position. And, looking curiously at her, the young man discovered that his stern guardian was asleep!

How long and dark were the lashes resting on the fair cheek, he thought, gazing down at the sweet, peaceful face framed in its wealth of nut-brown hair. Surely none of the young lady's ball dresses could set off her beauty as did that old blue wrapper.

Tom was strongly tempted, in his character of robber, to steal a kiss, but



Mrs. Howard A. Moore, of Roulean, Sask., and her Welsh pony.

there was a certain odd chivalry in his composition that kept him from taking any advantage of her unconsciousness. He withdrew his hands from hers without awakening her—such cold, little, soft hands! And no wonder. The chill breath of early morning made him shiver, although it was June.

He might as well make her comfortable before he went. He groped his way into the hall. On the hat-stand lay a heavy shawl. In it he wrapped his unconscious captor as well as he could, then left through the still open window.

If Miss Desmond was not the belle of the college ball it was because, strictly speaking, there are no longer belles of balls. But, in the language of the other young ladies, she "received a great deal of attention." And how she did enjoy herself!

About the eleventh hour Cousin Jim begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Anstruther.

Lotta's large eyes grew larger with astonishment. Mr. Anstruther composedly requested the pleasure of a dance, and before she could collect herself sufficiently to refuse, his arm encircled her and they were gliding over the polished floor in perfect time and measure.

"You have my step exactly," said Miss Desmond, when they stopped.

"Have I? Then it must be by direct inspiration, for I never was known to keep time with anyone before."

Now did ever a man waltz to perfection without knowing it? Lotta looked at him a little contemptuously. Her thought did him injustice. Tom was not affecting modesty, only making talk to keep off the question he expected.

"May I take you into the library? There is an anxious looking youth I should like to avoid. I suspect that I have stolen his dance."

"If you have, you are only pursuing your profession as a robber," laughed

Miss Desmond. "What were you doing that night in uncle's dining-room?"

Then it all came out, and Tom, explained and apologized, seated in an alcove of the great college library.

"And how frightened you were when I and the pistol appeared on the scene!" said the young lady, maliciously.

"I was not!"—indignantly.

"You turned very pale."

"Then we must have been a well-matched pair for courage. The pistol shook so in your hand that I was afraid it would go off accidentally. That was the worst feature of the case, for I do not believe yet that you would have been bloodthirsty enough to shoot me."

"I am sure I would not. I was immensely relieved to wake up and find that my captive had fled."

"What did you do?"

"Counted the spoons and went to bed." "The spoons were all right. There was but one thing stolen that night."

"Mercy! What was that?"

"Only the burglar's heart"—sentimentally.

Lotta looked at him and began to laugh. Then she said:

"You might advertise for it as people do for stolen articles. And you might say, 'Of no value to anyone but the owner.'"

"Thank you, but I am not sure that I want it returned," said Anstruther, laughing too, but letting his eyes rest upon her fair face until the warm color surged up beneath his gaze.

"Thou hast a thief in either eye. Would steal it back again."

he quoted low.

Lotta was a little glad as well as a good deal sorry that her ill-used partner at this moment appeared in the doorway.

"Before that fellow comes, can't you promise me one more dance?" murmured Anstruther.

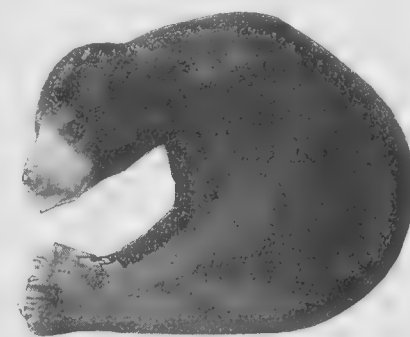
"I am engaged for all but the last. I can give you that one if you are going to stay till the end."

How Miss Desmond contrived to pacify the rightful claimant, and how partner succeeded partner until the end of the evening, need not be told. It is certain that she enjoyed no dance as she did that last one with Tom. And then Tom's worst enemy could not criticize his dancing.

As he relinquished her to her cousin's care, Anstruther heaved a sigh of exasperation but very real regret.

Then Lotta put out an impulsive little hand and said, hastily:

"Mr. Burglar, if you can conquer your fancy for entering people's windows



The Malay Bear.

enough to call in a more orthodox way, I shall be pleased to see you."

"Thank you," murmured Anstruther, pressing the soft hand with unnecessary warmth.

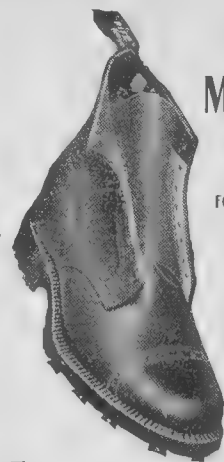
"Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing."

The acquaintance so oddly begun was prosecuted with ardor. Lotta's burglar laid hot siege to her affections, and before long induced her to set up house-keeping—I had almost written house-breaking—with him.

How the Fellows Helped Joe.

"Hello, Joe! What're you doing?" "You've got eyes, haven't you?" snapped Joe.

"Why, Joe Douglass, ain't you ashamed of yourself!" cried his little sister May. "You mustn't mind what he says,



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The rancher is accompanied by two old and faithful friend, his collie and the Western Home Monthly.

Nat," she said to the boy on the sidewalk: "he's cross as two sticks 'cause father told him he had to clean off the yard."

"Father knew our match game was coming off this afternoon," grumbled Joe, "and I think he might have left the old yard alone till next week."

"I think so too," said Nat. You see, Joe and Nat, and the other boys of the third grade had challenged the fourth grade boys to a game of ball.

"I tell you what," said Nat, after thinking over the matter, "I've got a plan, and I believe the other fellows'll agree to it too," and before Joe knew what he was about, he was off and back again, with Frank and Rufus and Jim, and the rest of the fellows.

"Say, Joe," shouted Jim, the captain of the team, "let's divide into two companies and have a race to see which side can clean its half of the yard first."

"All right," said Joe, "the very idea!" "You fellows, get you some rakes and old tow-bags," said Jim, "while Joe and I mark off the yard."

In a little while the rakes and bags were all ready, the yard marked off, and the boys waiting for Jim to give the signal.

Jim waited a minute. Then he gave a sharp, shrill whistle. The boys fell to work as if their lives depended on it. Some raked; others filled the bags; others carried them down to the back lane, emptied them, and brought them back to be filled again.

In a wonderfully short time every leaf was gone.

"Hurrah!" cried the other side almost at the same instant. "We are through!"

"Three cheers for the champion yard-cleaners!" cried Joe.

"Rah! Rah! Rah!" shouted the boys; then away they ran to the ball ground.—Youth's Evangelist.

Helping to Pull

It was cold, wintry weather, and the streets had become coated with ice. This made it very hard pulling for the horses, especially up the hill near where Robbie lived.

"Papa," said Robbie, when his father came home that evening, "I helped a horse pull a load of coal up the hill to-day."

"How did you do that?" inquired his father.

"Why, it was just this way," answered Robbie. "The hill was covered with ice, and the horse was slipping all around; but I went and got some ashes and sprinkled them under the horse's feet, and all the way to the top of the hill. The driver thanked me too, and said that I had helped to pull that load of coal up the hill."

"Well, I think you did myself," was the reply; "and I'm very glad my little boy is ready to help in a case like that. Keep that up as long as you live, Robbie, for it's a noble thing to help poor dumb animals."

Service Promptly Accepted.

Many are the absurd tasks that the candidates for initiation into certain college fraternities are compelled to perform before they are entitled to full membership. Miss Nancy Shykes, an

elderly spinster whose home was in a college town, was surprised one morning by a visit from a young man in fantastic garb.

"Good morning, madam!" he said, lifting his jaunty little straw hat—it was in the dead of winter. "This is Miss Shykes, is it not?"

"Yes, sir. What do you want of me?"

"I am sent here," he replied with the utmost solemnity, "by the Eta Bitta Pie Society, to sweep your kitchen, paint your house, attend to your stoves, milk your cow, or do anything else you may want me to do. I await your orders, madam."

Miss Nancy, who was a woman of rare self-possession, reflected for a moment.

"All those things have been attended to, young man," she said, rubbing her nose, "but you may pay off the mortgage on my house."

"How much is it?"

"Four hundred dollars."

"It shall be done, madam," he said, without the slightest change in the expression of his face. "I wish you good morning!"

He lifted his straw hat again, bowed profoundly, and was gone.

It only remains to add that the young man, who was the only son of rich parents and could well afford the sum out of his allowance, was as good as his word.

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Correspondence.

Archibald Praised.

Notre Dame D'Auvergne, Sask.

Sir,—Though a subscriber only as a one-year old, I sure have found great pleasure in the W.H.M. correspondence column. The battle waged against our friend and beloved brother “Archibald,” is of an amusing nature and through the criticism of your November number entered by “Brown Eyes” and “Atina.” First, I wish to mention that brown, especially in eyes, is the color most adored by myself, but I mind that very few who were ever ushered to this earth having brown eyes or even name ever had anything but the so-called brown taste; they seem to have been born with a mania for finding fault and in this particular instance poor Mr. “Archibald” seems the present target. I suppose they would or do fancy a hoof-footed M.D. like the one who signs “Doctor,” but, girls, this present target isn't the sort of a fellow you seemingly think him. You, like most others, should love honesty, and in this case we find this fellow has a frank way of putting things; he comes along and gives us a sample of his belief and does it openly. Now wouldn't you rather take a chance on him than one who is ever ready with a taffy stick? We all have a perfect right to announce our feeling, and just because he thinks that a little chicken money is sufficient for the ordinary woman to spend during the course of

A Sympathiser in the Old Country.

Exeter, England.

Sir,—I have been a deeply interested reader of your paper for over three years and you may judge how highly I think of it when I tell you that in 1907 I spent five months in Winnipeg where I used to purchase The Western Home Monthly and ever since my return to the Old Country I have had it sent to me regularly. I have, of course, often read your correspondence columns and have been both interested and amused at the letters contained therein. This month I was more than interested in several from different correspondents, and although perhaps old-fashioned, people may not consider it quite “the thing” to try to bring about anything matrimonial through the medium of a newspaper, yet I must confess it does seem hard that there are men and women located in different parts of the Empire, absolutely yearning for someone to love them, and yet nothing to bring them into touch with one another. I think a paper such as yours, which gives people the opportunity to at least correspond with others, is a perfect blessing, if used rightly. I am very interested in “Manchester”; I can sympathise with him very, very much. I am a widow, so I know just how he feels. If he should see this and would care to write, I shall be pleased to hear from him. I like men who



A Subscriber at Berry Creek, Alta., sends us the above interesting sketch as his conception of Homesteading Comforts

a year is no criterion or clue for such abuse as you girls seem capable of pouring forth. His message to you is a safeguard and you should envy his honesty. There are, of course, several dainty, jelly-fingered maids like yourselves who are forever wondering why a fool is crazy and most likely lay themselves open to world wide criticism such as you are presently doing. Young men will know of your traits and ways soon enough, even without your self-advertisement. Better be a little shy. Don't you think so? By the way, should you chance to get in the luck channel, you will come to know a Mr. “Archibald” personally and in him find a person who possesses a heart equal in size to a full grown ox. Just pat him on the back. Don't allow yourselves to be dragged among those who forever preach what women shouldn't do. Now I don't just fancy “Archibald's” ideas, but I do envy his ability as one who is openly willing to confess his actual view and will say that what a chicken or hen can earn is much to the excess of what some women can handle and do so with merit. It's seemingly fashionable, as one would suppose who glances at the various letters in the W.H.M., to give a description of one's self. Am 28 summers on my way, 5 ft. 8 inches in height, class as a heavy weight, dark hair, large blue eyes, have a medium fair complexion. I do not drink or smoke and am jolly good natured and so far as looks go have made many an approach and have a record for making good. I am of Irish descent and open for correspondence in a general way as I have no favorites. Anything good is good enough. My address is with our dear editor. I will sign “Lone Star.”

smoke, I think it is lovely, but I don't like men who drink. I must say goodbye to all the readers and wishing the correspondents a happy coupling and the W.H.M. tons of good wishes. Ever yours sincerely,
“The Merry Widow.”

Honeysuckle, Please Note.

Mortlach, Sask.

Sir,—Having been a reader of the Western Home Monthly for some time I thought I would write a few words to the Correspondence column. I am 5 ft. 6 inches in height, dark curly hair, blue eyes. I was one of the pioneers of this place, had a homestead and sold it. I understand farming but like working with machinery better. I would like to correspond with “Honeysuckle,” as I have some socks with holes in them.

“Sunny Jim.”

Africanus Wants a Wife.

Edmonton, Alta.

Sir,—I am a new subscriber to your paper and think it good, bright and interesting. There is only one thing I don't like about it and that is the way the stories are placed, I mean, continued on page so-and-so; it would be much better, I think, if you could run the stories straight on instead of jumping about so. The correspondence columns are a good idea and some of the letters there amusing. I should like to see this, my first letter, in print; also would like to correspond with “Pansy No. 2,” her letter appears in January issue just to hand. I am a bachelor who has lived a very lonely life in South Africa, stock farming for the last 12 years. I came to this

A GRAND MEDICINE FOR OLD PEOPLE

“Fruit-a-lives” Restores The Health and Strength of Youth.

GRANDE LIGNE, QUE., Jan. 2nd, 1910.

“I heartily recommend “Fruit-a-lives” to all who suffer from constipation and the painful consequence, Piles. I am now over 80 years of age and suffered for more than 10 years with Constipation and Piles. I tried all kinds of remedies, but nothing cured me.

About four years ago, I received a sample of “Fruit-a-lives”. After taking a few doses, I felt that “Fruit-a-lives” were doing me good. As “Fruit-a-lives” were not sold here then, I wrote to Ottawa for several boxes.



“After taking four boxes, I felt well—my Bowels were regular—and the Piles had disappeared.” N. JOUBERT.

By taking one “Fruit-a-lives” tablet half an hour before meals—or one or two at night—old people can correct all Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles. “Fruit-a-lives” the famous fruit medicine is mild and gentle in action—pleasant to the taste—yet no other remedy has been found to be so effective in keeping old folks in good health.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

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They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

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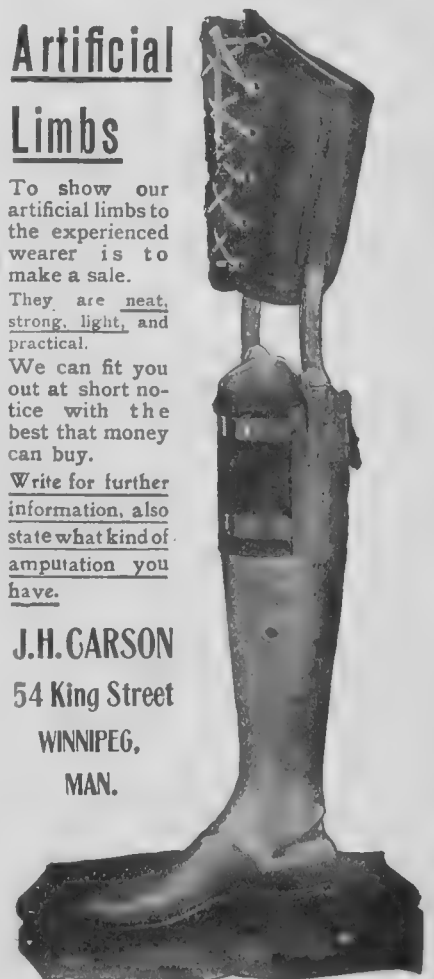
Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J.H. CARSON

54 King Street

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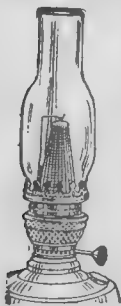
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country last May with the intention of buying a farm near by as soon as I am able and have learnt something of the conditions of Canadian farming. I am 33 years of age, 5 ft. 4½ inches in height, fairish, and long for a home of my own with a good God-fearing wife, one who would do her best to help her man along. I would like to correspond with some nice ladies a few years younger than I am and would be willing to exchange photos. Editor has name and address. I sign myself

"Africanus."

An Irish Girl.

Cheshire, England.

Sir,—I have written to you once before but I did not see my letter in print. I do hope I shall see this before long. My friend lends me the W. H. M. as she knows I am interested in its contents, especially the correspondence column. Her brother sends it to her from Canada and what with one and another it is well read. Now as for a description of my-

away very seldom, except to town where I have considerable business. Most of my time I spend reading or painting. I have also made a large collection of eggs of the birds of Western Canada, so leave myself as little time as possible to be lonely. Homesteading I think is a detriment to the nation, either as a whole or taken as individuals. The first stone in the foundation of an empire is social understanding of whatever element environs you. A homesteader loses all the society that one needs so much. By living alone he becomes morbid, sensitive, self-indulgent and unmanageable to a certain extent. If on the other hand he is married, unless he be well off, the privations he has to undergo ruins temper of body and soul until he becomes a grasping, unsatisfied person. The settlement of the country is far too promiscuous and the people of Canada are becoming deteriorated by it and allowing the imported foreign element to surpass them in many points. Why, I don't really know, unless it be that the



The Kelly Block, Bannatyne Ave. Winnipeg, the day following the disastrous fire of January last.

self. I am 5 ft. 5 inches in height, dark and of a lively disposition. I am an Irish girl and a Roman Catholic. I've been thinking I should like to go to Canada, but I am anxious to make friends beforehand and should be pleased to hear from any of your correspondents. All letters will be answered. Apologizing for taking up so much of your valuable space and thanking you in anticipation. I will sign myself

"An Irish Lass."

A Busy Schoolmaster Gives His Views.

Sir,—I have long been an interested subscriber to the W.H.M., but have never felt like writing. I pass no criticism on the letters sent; some are amusing, others instructive. I am a school teacher, have a good homestead, well improved with all modern conveniences; live in a well settled district near town and do my own housekeeping as the school is on my farm. I have little enough company as I go

foreigners are applying new lives with new conditions while the resident of Canada is simply applying his old life to renewed conditions and loses interest and stamina by lack of scope for his faculties. I am enclosing you a poem I have written myself. Don't think I am a "long haired variety" for I am not, but I do love poetry and sometimes when one has spare time and takes a long ride on horse-back across the prairies in the evening, there steals over him a feeling which cannot be rightly described except a "painful happiness."

The Afterglow.

In the afterglow of the summer time,
When the hills are brown and bare
And a thousand sheaves the fields adorn.
For the reapers are finished there
The air has grown so strangely still
And a haze drops down over vale and hill.
In the afterglow.
When the birds have gone to their
Southern homes,

HERE IS A TALE WITH A MORAL

Little Edith Harris Cured of Dropsy by Dodd's Kidney Pills

Two doctors said she would die, but today she is a healthy, happy girl.—Healthy Kidneys in children the guarantee of a happy, useful life.

McTaggart, Sask. (Special).—That no child is too young to have Kidney Disease, even in its worst form, and that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it in any form has been abundantly proven in the case of little Edith Harris, of this place.

In May, 1903, this little girl, then two years old, was so swollen with Dropsy that her waist measure was increased from 18 inches to 34 inches. Two doctors said she must die. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her, and today she is as merry and healthy a child as is to be found in the neighborhood.

In a recent interview her father says: "Edith is better than ever. She has had no return of dropsy since she was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, over seven years ago. She goes to school and is healthy. I always keep Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house."

There's a moral for parents in this story. Many a child has grown up to a life of pain and suffering because its kidneys were neglected. A life of health and usefulness is assured if the Kidneys are kept in order with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Every Woman
is interested and should know about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

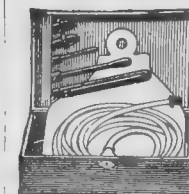
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are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P. D. F. 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

CONSTIPATION

CURED BY THE USE OF

MILBURN'S

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Constipation is one of the most frequent, and at the same time, one of the most serious of the minor ailments to which mankind is subject, and should never be allowed to continue.

A free motion of the bowels daily should be the rule with every one who aspires to perfect health.

Mrs. Fred. Hall, 299 Hibernia Road, Montreal, Que., writes:—"Having been troubled for years with constipation and trying everything I knew of, a friend advised me to use Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I used four and a half vials and I am completely cured. I can gladly recommend them to all who suffer from constipation.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per vial, or 5 vials for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Are the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of WM. MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores. MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist. SOUTHAMPTON, ENG

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SOLID GOLD WATCH PUZZLE
GREAT OFFER BY A RESPONSIBLE FIRM.
IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

To any person who can supply the correct names of these two well-known Canadian Towns, and fulfils conditions below, we offer our 15-Dollar Lady's SOLID GOLD WATCH. English Government Stamped, fully jewelled, as a FREE GIFT. (Silver Watches are presented to Gents.) Send your attempt on a sheet of paper, together with stamped addressed envelope for reply, to FELLOWS & CO., Wholesale Watch Merchants, Birmingham, England. The winner is required to purchase a Chain from us to wear with watch. The name of this paper must be mentioned. Prize-winners of last competition were:—

Mrs. A. I. F. PETERS, Berry Creek P. O., Alberta.
Mr. A. J. DOIRON, Blue Cove, Gloucester Co., N. B.

And we hear not their welcome songs,
Yet we do not regret, in the shortening days,
The days we wish to prolong.
And the trees have changed from gold to green,
And marvelous beauties are ever seen.
In the afterglow.

When the sun sinks low in the west at night,
With its flaming colored sky,
We are lifted up from the toils of life
To a purer world on high.
And we gaze and wonder in depths untold:
Dreaming what the future for us will hold.
In the afterglow.

Our hearts as the beauteous world around.
Seem to take a delightful rest,
And bask in affection's sweetest charms.
As we think of ones loved best.
And a longing unspeakable arises within
To flee from the noise and bustle and din
To the afterglow.

When our days are numbered in life's great field,
And our lives are almost fled.
We look with rejoicing, far beyond
To our still and silent bed.
And wait in trust for His will to decide.
For this time on earth we now abide,
Is the afterglow.

I am not averse to correspondence and should anyone care to write I will answer. I think it unnecessary to describe myself as I am only an ordinary person. Hoping to see this in your columns, I remain, Yours faithfully, "G. C. H."

Here's a Lucky Chance for Some Bachelor.

Rosburn, Man.
Sir, I see so many are writing to you that I thought I would write again. I suppose I had better do as the rest do and describe myself as I see myself in the glass. I am not a beauty by any means; I have big blue eyes, red cheeks and a lot of brown hair. Measure about 5 foot 4 inches and weight 125 pounds. I am fond of sport of all kinds; can shoot, skate and dance. I love music and books but cannot play very much. I can keep house and sew. I am a farmer's daughter and I am proud of it. I am in my twenties but have no notion of getting married yet. Of course I might change my mind if I met the right kind of a man, but I do not wish to meet him for some years yet. I think some girls are in too big a hurry to get married. I am very sorry for those poor bachelors but we have some here without going farther west. I like some of the letters very much. I quite agree with Carrots, of Kamloops, B.C., about girls chewing gum; I do hate to see it and also hate to see a man using tobacco. But tobacco is not bad compared with liquor. I intend going to B.C. first chance I get, as I would just love to go west. I have lots of friends there. Well I guess I had better stop or you will be getting tired. I will write to Carrots if he writes first. My name is "Temperance Sue."

Some Backbone in this Farmer.

Cooking Lake, Alta.
Sir,—The "Doctor," writing in the Correspondence columns says, "As months pass on we all grow wiser." He is right in one sense but wrong in another, if what I have been told is true. More than once I have been told (when I was suddenly taken bad with swelled head as most young fellows, including the "Doctor," are apt to be taken), that I will know less twenty years hence than I do at present. Most of you will be able to guess who gave me this piece of good advice. To me, his saying that he didn't think Mr. "Farmer" had any reason to be proud of his occupation is childish in the extreme. Another item I will mention for the "Doctor's" edification is, "If he doesn't know more about his own occupation than he seems to think he knows about farming he will be a valuable aid to the undertaker." If he is a farmer's son, he is one of those same eleven that he mentions who make themselves and everyone else about the farm miserable by their eternal grumbling

CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW!

Take it in hand at once. If you don't get rid of Catarrh now, in the spring there's certain peril ahead, for you'll meet the extreme trying weather coming with your system terribly weakened and undermined by this treacherous, poisonous trouble. Remember—if you keep on neglecting Catarrh, later on it's sure to mean danger—disease—perhaps Death itself.

It's a horribly loathsome disease—is Catarrh. It makes you an object of disgust to your friends—though they're usually too kind to tell you so. As a matter of fact your hawking and spitting and constant nose-blowing fairly make them sick. They turn away nauseated by your foul, fetid breath. Such things hurt you tremendously, not only at home but also with outsiders—with the people you meet in daily life.

But Catarrh is more than a loathsome trouble—it's a fearfully dangerous one. People make a terrible mistake in saying "Only Catarrh." It isn't "Only Catarrh"—it's CONSUMPTION if you don't stop it in time. Once the minute, abnormally active and poisonous Catarrh germs get a foothold in the lungs, there's no hope whatever for you. You're doomed to a Consumptive's grave—there's no escaping it.

Cure your Catarrh now before it becomes Consumption. Don't be discouraged if other doctors or the widely advertised so-called "Catarrh remedies" have failed to help you. Seek aid at once from one who thoroughly understands all about Catarrh and its cure. Accept the generously proffered help of Specialist Sproule, B. A., graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service) the great Catarrh Specialist known the world over. He will give you



Don't be a nuisance to your friends,
And that's just what you are,
With hawking, spitting, and a breath
Made loathsome by Catarrh.

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

THIS FREE COUPON
entitles readers of this paper to medical advice on Catarrh free of charge.

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Does your nose feel full?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have pains across your forehead?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

NAME
ADDRESS.....

and explain to you just how you can be cured. For years he has studied the causes and cure of Catarrh. Today he is recognized as a leading authority of the age on this common but dangerous disease. His success in conquering it is unparalleled; yet with all the benevolence and open heartedness of a good as well as a great man he now offers, free of charge, the benefits of his amazing skill and knowledge to all who need his help. He has saved thousands from Catarrh after all other treatments had failed to help them. They came to him sceptical and unbelieving, he cured them and their cures have been PERMANENT. He will send you the names of people, living right near you, who will tell you how successful he was in their cases. Without its costing you a cent he will gladly give you the most valuable and helpful Counsel. Don't miss this golden opportunity. Answer the questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and send it at once to

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When your back aches just above the waist-line, BEWARE! That is Nature's danger signal—the sure sign of out-of-order kidneys. Heed the warning—cleanse the kidneys and stop the aching quick.

Get Your Kidneys Well

Easily done—with Dr. Clark's Sweet Nitre Pills. These are the pills that work directly on the kidneys and urinary organs—affect no other part of the body—and tone, invigorate and make healthy the whole urinary tract, whence so many diseases arise. Use them with confidence and you will be healthier than you ever were. Sold everywhere or mailed direct.

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If you have any of these sure symptoms, something's wrong with your Heart, and this fine treatment is just what you need.

Don't make the mistake of thinking it's only your Stomach, Kidneys or Bowels that are troubling you. Lots of people make that mistake. They say, "It don't amount to anything—it will go away of itself,"—and some day, all of a sudden, they drop dead of Heart Disease—just as you read and hear of every day.

Six out of every ten persons have Heart Trouble! Sixty thousand people die of it every year. They doctor the Stomach, Kidneys, or Female Organs when it's really the Heart that's causing all the trouble, and that's crippling these other organs.

Don't take any more chances, no matter what you may think your trouble is, but if you have the slightest symptom of Heart Trouble, write us today for this full free treatment and book. We will send both by mail in plain package, securely sealed, postpaid, and there will be

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for it in any way. Remember, this isn't just a little "sample" but a generous, genuine, full-size treatment. No matter how bad off you are—no matter if you think Heart Disease incurable—no matter if some common doctor has said that you can't be cured, be fair to yourself, give us a chance—don't fail to test this grand treatment! It has cured—we don't mean just helped, but cured—thousands of cases of Heart Trouble, many of which were thought hopeless.

It will set your stomach right, remove constipation, clear your blood, steady your nerves and build up your whole system, besides strengthening and curing the Heart.

Don't let this chance go by—accept our offer NOW! It's made in all sincerity and friendliness from our true desire to show without cost to every sufferer who needs it just what this treatment will do. Our offer is **absolutely, completely HONEST**, as the Publisher of this paper will gladly tell you.

Read the questions carefully, write your name and address plainly in the Free Treatment Coupon, cut it out and mail to us TO-DAY. We will send you the full free Treatment and Illustrated book at once. Address



DIRECTING ADVISOR CLEARWATER
Head of the Famous Heart Cure Co.

Read these questions carefully. If you can answer "Yes" to any one of them you need this Heart and Nerve Treatment that we are giving away **FREE**. Do you tire easily? Do you have Headache? Does your Heart flutter? Does it ever skip beats? Does your Heart palpitate? Do you start in your sleep? Are you short of breath? Do you feel "weak and run down"? Do you have numb spells? Do you have dizzy spells? Do you have weak, sinking spells? Are you nervous and irritable? Do your feet, legs or ankles swell? Does your Stomach have an "all gone" feeling? Have pain in your Heart, side or shoulder blade?

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Please send me entirely free of charge your regular full size Heart and Nerve Treatment and your free book.

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"Eat and Be Merry!"

Stop starving yourself—stop suffering the pangs of indigestion—stop worrying about what you dare and dare not eat.
Eat hearty meals of wholesome food, take

NA-DRU-CO DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

and you'll feel like a new person. Sour stomach—heartburn—occasional indigestion—chronic dyspepsia—all yield quickly to NA-DRU-CO Dyspepsia Tablets. The properly digested food restores your strength, your stomach regains its tone, and soon requires no further aid.

50c. a box. If your druggist has not stocked them yet send 50c. and we will mail them.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED. MONTREAL.

that the farm doesn't pay. I could say lots more but I suppose other farmers will be wanting a "slap" at him also. I have enclosed a slip of paper cut from the "Family Herald and Weekly Star," which do me the favor of inserting along with my letter if you can possibly find room.

Industries Dependent on the Products of the Farm—Railways Make Profit on Increased Yields.

Who is the most interested in a good crop and a sure crop? The farmer, the manufacturer, the railroad man, merchant, or the banker? The more the problem is studied the more it looks as though the farmer is the best fixed to stand a poor crop, and that it hurts the others more. The farmer loses less sleep over it than any of the others and proportionately fewer farmers fail than any of the other lines of business mentioned, in a time of poor crops. The farmer can get his living from the farm, can reduce expenses and economize in a way that the others cannot. From this it is plain that it is of vital interest to all that good crops be a sure thing for each year, and each of these industries which has really grown out of the farm, ought to put forth their best effort to see that the farmer handles his farm according to the best that we know of farming.

A most wonderful change has been brought about in the last two generations. Then nearly everybody lived on the land. Now less than one-half of the people get their living directly from the soil, and the others are in one sense working for the people who live on the soil. They make machinery. They make clothes. They manufacture their grains. They build railroads to transport these grains to the factory and other products back to the farm. So that while industry has developed into this complicated system, the farm remains at the foundation of it, and as this development goes on it becomes more and more necessary that the soil shall be made to produce up to its capacity.

A vast fund of information has been worked out during the last sixty years on how to manage farms, and institutions are now at work digging out more of this kind of information. Other institutions are at work giving this to the farmer and these need every support, as the products of the soil are going to depend upon how much of this information gets to the farmer and is put to work, and as we have said before, all lines of industry are conditioned on the amount of crops produced, so that such institutions as experiment stations, agricultural colleges, farmers' institutes, and the extension departments, are advancing farming as fast as their means will allow; and in advancing farming, they advance all forms of industry. So that they might in one sense be called "the prosperity makers of the nation." The wise men have realized that, and support these institutions from the national treasury to some extent, but do not furnish sufficient funds for them to develop to their full capacity, so that they have been left partly dependent upon the state. The railroads are anxious for more traffic and they realize the agencies that bring it about. They were the first ones to furnish money to run demonstration trains. The Great Northern Railroad at one time gave away large numbers of pure-bred cattle and hogs that the farmers along their railroad could produce a higher quality of stock that would give them a larger return for the feed that they fed them. In all these cases it was a business proposition with the railroad to increase the traffic along its lines.

It is well to stop and consider the great developments that have taken place and the new duties that this devolves on us, and also to consider what it is necessary to do in order to have this development go on and in order to bring it to its highest perfection.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Wishing the W.H.M. the success that it deserves, I am, "Farmer II."

Hiawatha Criticised.

Calgary, Alta.

Sir,—I am a subscriber of the W.H.M. and like the magazine very well. I have been amused over some of the letters in the January number and if I had "Acadian" within reach I should clap him



BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on" method, with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

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Neglected Bronchitis is very often the direct cause of Consumption, and on the first symptom appearing Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup should be used and the Bronchitis cured.

The symptoms are, tightness across the chest, sharp pains and a difficulty in breathing, a secretion of thick phlegm, at first white, and later of a greenish or yellowish color, coming from the bronchial tubes when coughing, especially the first thing in the morning.

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a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitis, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England copyright.

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Some Cynic Said
"A man's heart lies in his stomach".

Abbey's Effer-Salt

keeps the stomach sweet and clean.

25c and 60c.

At dealers. 66

on the back for his manly letter. Keep it up "Acadian," we need more just like you in this world. I was highly amused with "Hiawatha's" letter. Poor fellow! He doesn't want to correspond with any girls who dance or play cards. He might have added skating or theatre-going. One is just as harmless as the other; of course if one's mind is naturally evilly inclined, he will take harm out of the most innocent pleasure. I have danced a great deal and played cards as well and I hope I am none the worse for it. I am afraid if the girls were as particular about the men as the latter are about the former, there would be a much greater number of "old maids" in this world. "Hiawatha" says he would not want to marry a girl who would deceive a man. I think he is looking out for an angel, don't you, girls? What if we all said: "I want a man who doesn't smoke, chew, swear, drink, gamble and all the rest of it?" I am afraid we would all be old maids, wouldn't we, girls?

Many have been the long winter evenings we have passed pleasantly in a quiet game of cards or a nice dance and I am sure the readers of these columns will agree with me when I say they are both quite harmless. If they are not harmless to some let them stay away from such things, but at the same time, not to censure those who thoroughly enjoy such pleasures, I call such a person unjust. I quite agree with "Hiawatha" when he says it is not right to correspond in view of matrimony. It is too "risky," as "Lulu" puts it in her letter. I hope I have not taken up too much of your valuable paper, I will sign myself (as it is indeed true), "A Happy Wife."

Some Suggestions.

Holland, Sask.
Sir,—Are you open to some suggestions towards the improvement of the W.H.M.? If so, I would suggest a Camera Club with an exchange column and occasionally reproducing some of the members' work.

The Correspondence column is very amusing, at times it seems to take a serious aspect. Now, dear editor, am I getting offensive if I propose a set of rules for the correspondence page which would be apt to increase the interest of all readers and would often act as an education. First, all letters published to contain a description of the town or district lived in by the writer during some period of his or her life or the description of some curious incident that has come to the knowledge of the writer, an opinion on some interesting subject as a change from the usual type of letter appearing, which states the height, weight, etc., of the writer, which may not be interesting to everyone. I do not wish to imply that all letters appearing are of this type as I have come across, during the years I have been a subscriber, many letters which were very interesting and others instructive. I only wish to imply that all letters published in your columns should be of interest to all the readers and make the W.H.M. Correspondence page a veritable geography with a detail not found in our school books. Yours truly J. Herring.

A Breezy Letter.

Strathclair, Man.
Sir,—A neighbor gave me some of the late numbers of the W.H.M. which I enjoyed reading very much. The stories are very interesting; the Young Woman's column should be very helpful and the patterns are both pretty and practical. I think some of the letters in correspondence are witty, others wise, and some otherwise.

In considering the chore problem, don't you think "circumstances alter cases"? As to men's habits I like to see a man enjoy a good cigar while he is resting, provided he does not rest too often. Also enjoy watching a number of men talking and smoking, they seem so sociable and happy. But it is no pleasure to see a man smoking during business hours or to see him go about all day with a pipe or cigarette in his mouth. That surely is an intemperate habit. I should like to correspond with any of the girls and boys as a pastime during the long winter months. I am tall and slim, with brown hair, freckled face and turned up nose. Am old enough to vote. Fresh air is my hobby. "Outdoor Girl."

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I can show you how to restore your youth and how to keep it. A "Health Belt Man" CANNOT grow old; he must be young forever. Years count for nothing in this life, so long as you have great vitality. Weakness, Nervousness, Unmanliness are conditions to be laughed at by the intelligent user of my great appliance, for it gives in abundance, all that vim, vigor and nerve force which the weakened system craves—Worn every night and all night for two or three months, it sends a great, warm, glowing volume of electricity into your body through the nerve centres at small of back; from the first hour's use you experience a decided benefit; there is a great, mysterious force which gets right to work. No drugs to be taken; no conditions imposed except that dissipation must cease. Help Nature that much; the Belt will do the rest. It takes the weakness and kink out of your back; it drives rheumatic pains away from all parts of your body, you will feel and look young and strong again; women and men noticing your physical change will be more attracted toward you on account of your new vitality and life; in two months you can experience the full vigor of perfect manhood, or you need not pay. I give my belt to all sufferers on trial until cured or a discount for cash if you prefer to deal that way.



Let Me Send You These Two Books FREE

They fully describe my Health Belt and contain much valuable information. One is called "Health in Nature," and deals with various ailments common to both men and women, such as rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders. The other, "Strength," is a private treatise for men only. Both sent upon application, free, sealed, by mail.

If in or near this city, take the time to drop in at my office that you may see, examine and try the Belt. If you cannot call, fill in the coupon and get the free booklets by return mail. It is better than a fortune for any one needing new vigor.

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Dear Sir: Please forward me your Book as advertised, free.

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The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

Mental House-Cleaning.

This is the month when there is a general cleaning up process. Women are digging out the corners and letting the sunshine in. It is well that we have these times, as it is necessary for the health of the family. There is another kind of cleaning that is likewise essential. We need mental house-cleaning to get the unhealthy thoughts out of the corners of our brains. Just as the housewife lets light into the corners that she may see the dirt and untidy accumulation of things, so we need to open the closets of our minds to intellectual and spiritual light. We can all cultivate the habit of pleasant thoughts. It is not hard to recognize the girl who has this habit. Unpleasant thoughts are unhealthy. The sweet serenity which comes from healthy thoughts shines out of a girl's eyes. In her manner of saying "good morning," her step in the sunshiny atmosphere which surrounds her, you recognize the result of habitually thinking of what is helpful and uplifting.

Diseased, unsound thoughts create an ugly disposition, and no cosmetic can hide the deformity of a sour temper, no face powder can cover up the wrinkles of a fretful face.

Often I have admired the tasty dress and hat on a girl, but when she turned her face toward me I felt a mental shock. It seemed so old for such girlish attire.

Maxine Elliott says: "People who are at the heart of things keep young. The busy woman is the thinker. The busy woman remembers: the woman with no active work is the sluggard—the sluggard forgets. The busy one has the bright, intelligent, alert expression. The sluggard looks inanimate and stupid. She who has no brains is tiresome. Active brains improve the looks. They have more effect on the appearance than lotions. Regularity is something to be cultivated by those who would keep well and youthful looking. Make your life revolve around someone big, important, necessary thing. The finest gift one can have is that of making people laugh and forget."

There is a little germ that breeds cruel thoughts and selfish hearts among girls—found in the tiny seed "it." In a crowd of school-girls Mary wants to be "it" in every affair. If she be not first in her examination, if the teacher choose another girl to represent her class, if she be not the leader of the class party—in other words, if she be not "it" all the time, she makes life most uncomfortable for all about her. Often other girls give in because they dread the shadow of ill humor that they would be compelled to live in for a week or more. "It" whines, but she does not realize that whining never compels sympathy. I presume the battle for "it" is the most important, and is fought more frequently than any other on the battle ground of school life. Some of the most sweetly patient people in the world are those who have most to endure. Girls who are "it" at school grow up into women "its," and create havoc in their homes and in society.

"It" is responsible for bribes, suicides, murders, and for thousands of broken hearts in social, political and commercial worlds.

There is a lot of downright selfishness back of all desire and determination to be first in everything, and such people are sure to come up against many disappointments in life.

The trouble among many school girls is that they are unreasonably ambitious. A normal ambition is a fine thing. It acts as an incentive and keeps one to her tasks when her energies flag, but distorted, abnormal, dangerous ambition—in other words, the ambition to be "it" ruins a girl, because she thinks more of getting certain marks than she does of learning something that is of real help.

This aspiration is the cause of the dishonesty which is practiced in schools, and also of much misdirected effort. I like to see girls ambitious—you know I am always preaching it, but I want you to direct your ambition in the right path. I once offered a prize to a class of high school girls. Later I learned that the girl who won the prize for her essay did not write it herself—her older sister at college wrote it. The prize winner had an attack of "it-itis." Do you think the prize aided in developing in her womanly qualities? Your business, my dear school girl is to make as much of a woman of yourself as you can out of the materials you have. Your aim should be not to do better than somebody else, but to do the best you can. Climb, climb, climb up beyond the petty position of "it"—the higher up you get, the harder it will be for others to bother you with diseased desires. There is such a thing as living too high to be touched by the arrows of malice.

A Little Secret.

All normal girls like to be admired, and many wonder why their young men friends drop them and seek other company. One day an engaged young couple sat near me at lunch. The young man, with an unusually kind expression, asked considerably; "Well, dear, how have things been going today?" The girl replied: "Oh, just terrible. I could not find anything I wanted while shopping, and I've had a most wretched time. My sister had a headache and could not come with me, and Kathleen is so selfish that she would not come either. It's horribly sloppy out, and everything has gone wrong." The girl ended with a decided frown. I wish she had noticed the shadow of disappointment that crept over the face of her companion. If you want a man to enjoy your society, be cheerful. Do not fill his ears with all the disagreeable things you can think of or he will soon begin to say to himself: "I've made a mistake, this girl is too fond of the doleful side of life. I'll draw back while there is yet time." We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

Teachers.

Young women in the teaching profession need to be highly commended for the splendid training they are giving our western boys and girls. I am greatly interested in their work because I was a teacher myself, and yet, how strange! I have not yet written a word to teachers in this department. The boys and girls in Western Canada are fortunate indeed to have the privilege of educational advantages such as are offered today. I have visited school exhibits here where I have been lost in admiration at the display of all that is not only educational but extremely practical. Our schools are educating girls for the home. They see in it a vision of life purposes, and appreciate the grandeur of common things. This education is enlarging the little things of daily living and it glorifies the whole realm of woman's work. It will develop in this country, women fitted for home life, and that is the secret of a prosperous, happy and powerful nation.

I wish the teachers could realize just how much their present training is appreciated by parents. I have often heard a tired mother remark: "Janet is such a help to me, she makes splendid bread and such nice cakes, and it helps me so much, and she learns it all at school." Then mothers appreciate their assistance in mending and sewing more than they can express. Furthermore, in the present system, they really gain more in real text learning than we did when we were children. This extra practical education has done away with that awful system of discipline that we experienced.

The girls are interested, they love their work and do not need the proverbial discipline of former days. This condition has changed the irritated, sour and snappy teacher of the bony, squint-eyed species to the happy, sympathetic and lovely young woman of the ideal kind.

Home work is a life purpose, and it helps the teacher as well as the pupils. Teachers are now the interpreters of life. Someone says real culture comes from association with action, and in this specializing in life's purposes the girl students are developing a culture that reaches the soul. They develop strength that will create beauty in the darkest of surroundings, and when they leave the school and are in homes of their own, this training will create boys and girls that this country will need. I know that teachers have problems—I have experienced them, but I am not going to mention them because these very problems are usually solved into blessings.

A Sermon on the Stage.

"This is a man's world. Man sets the standard for woman. He knows that she is better than he is, and he demands that she be—and if she isn't, she's got to suffer for it." This is the theme of the play, "A Man's World," which was acted at the Walker theatre last month by Mary Mannering, an actress who is an artist in every sense of the word; I saw it, and it was an impressive sermon to me. I wish every young woman among my readers could have seen it. The play was so full of moral lessons that I have been trying to teach to my club of young women that I advised every girl I met that week to go to the play.

Ever since the serpent tempted Eve there has been a double standard for men and women. Really, girls, the majority of men want you to be pure, they demand it, and they are disappointed if they learn you are weak. I wish girls could realize this. My young women are never quite agreed on the double standard question, but they admit that it exists.

Young men of fast tendencies seldom marry girls of their own sort, but demand a wife above suspicion.

Here are some quotations from the play: "Women give too much—they're fooled too much."

"Don't blame nature for ruining the life of a good woman."

"If women decided that men should be equally disgraced for the same sin, they would be."

Is there any reason why young men should not be as virtuous as young women?

If the loss of your society and love be the price they have to pay for immorality they would not pay it.

Pure, sweet girls, kept from the touch of evil through the years of their girlhood, give themselves with their costly dower of womanhood into the keeping of men who have lived in vice and corruption.

There is but one way out of it. Let the young women demand in association and marriage, purity for purity; sobriety for sobriety, and honor for honor.

I believe there are enough thoughtful, earnest girls in our country to work a decided reform in this evil existing condition. Why should the prodigal son be received with open arms and invited to partake of the fatted calf while the prodigal daughter is driven out to starve or die in those cold, friendless dungeons that are filled with other prodigal daughters that have been driven from other parental homes.

The play, "A Man's World," is one of many splendid sermons I have seen acted on the stage of the Walker theatre—a theatre that the public of Winnipeg appreciate. By the way, many do not appreciate the fact that some of the best actors and actresses on the stage today are doing a great deal of sincere reform work. A young actress recently refused to play a part which she considered objectionable because of its immoral teaching, and in defense she said: "I have Maude Adams as an example. She never played a part that her own mother or father would not have wanted to see her play. She is at the head of her profession, and if I ever get there, I am going to get there in the same way."

Miss Rose L. Fritz.

Have you ever stood in the presence of a mind that was entirely concentrated on a piece of work? If you have, did not a feeling of reverential awe thrill every nerve fibre of your body?

I stood in the presence of such a mind this month. Hundreds of stenographers watched her marvellous execution on the Underwood typewriter, and the words, "She is a genius," were whispered through the great crowd that gathered to see the demonstration of the world's champion typist. She—a genius? No. She has mastered the power of concentration; she has developed unusual will power, she has conquered difficulties. There were those who thought it was easy for her. They were mistaken. After the demonstration she told me that she was tired. It had been an evening of strenuous work, honest work, conscientious work, hard work. She remarked: "During the last part of the ten minutes I felt the blood warm up all over—it was a great strain."

Miss Fritz is a young woman with frank, cordial address, pleasing in her manner and remarkably self-contained. Like most people who have won fame in the world of renown, she is kindly, approachable. This young girl of twenty-three had a high ideal, and she trained her power of concentration towards it. I am told that Miss Fritz commands a salary of five thousand dollars a year from her company, and has four months during the year for a vacation. This champion of thirteen world's type-writing contests was heartily cheered by a crowd of stenographers and business men who gathered to see a demonstration, and they were not disappointed. The outstanding feature of her work is accuracy, for an error is rarely found in her work. The large audience burst in applause several times. Miss Fritz's demonstrations included the following: One minute test from ordinary dictation, 131 words; one minute test from dictation, writing blindfolded, result, 129 words; one minute test from copy, during which time Miss Fritz carried on a conversation with a man, result, 152 words; one minute test from new copy, result, 158 words; two minute test from copy, during which she performed a problem in mental arithmetic, result, 299 words; one minute test on memorized sentence, result, 265 words; ten minute copying test, result, 1,500 words, or 150 words per minute. This surpassed her best previous record on this test. During the last test everyone jumped at the explosion of a flashlight picture, but Miss Fritz worked on entirely unconscious of it. She had absolute control of her will.

In personal appearance she is a small clear-eyed girl with blond hair. Her hands are short and plump, and her arms above the wrists show well developed muscular power. At the typewriter the hand reminds one of "flying fairy fingers."

Her toilette is dainty and simple, in excellent taste.

When this little queen of typists felt an ambition to become the world's champion typist she bent every energy in that direction. She practiced concentration until she learned to shut herself off from every disturbing influence. When she is writing she sees and feels only the copy and the keys before her.

Miss Fritz travels constantly for the United Typewriter Company, attending business shows, conventions, visiting commercial colleges on this continent and in Europe. When in England she demonstrated before our king. After watching her demonstration he exclaimed: "It is wonderful!"

It is one thing to wish for something, and quite another to work for it. Rose Fritz wished to become the world's champion typist and she was willing to work for it. I have admired her ever since I heard of her achievement in mind concentration, and now, since I have met her, I admire her not only for this very marked accomplishment, but for her sweet, womanly personality. What do you think the manager said to me? "Miss Fritz says she will give a demonstration Saturday morning in the office; I can depend on her—when she says she will, she will, for she never fails to keep an appointment."



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Colgate's is the antiseptic, anti-acid cream, delicious without the presence of sugar, efficient without "grit" and all that is beneficial without any injurious effect. The dentifrice which proves that a "druggy" taste is not necessary to efficiency.

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